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Derwent-Water.

# A TOUR

THROUGH THE

# NORTHERN COUNTIES

OF

# ENGLAND,

AND THE

# BORDERS OF SCOTLAND.

BY THE

*Rev^d. Richard Warner.*

In Two Vols.——Vol. I.

Σα γαρ εστι κεινα παντα.

"Creation's Tenant, all the world is thine!"

NEW-YORK.

BATH, PRINTED BY R. CRUTTWELL;

AND SOLD BY

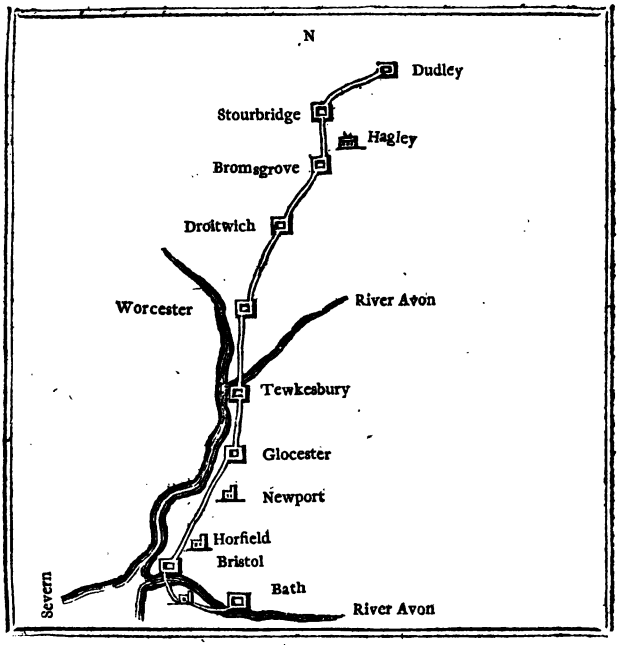
G. AND J. ROBINSON, PATER-NOSTER-ROW, LONDON.

1802.

# ITINERARY.

| | | Miles. |
|---|---|---|
| From | Bath to Glocester | 38 |
| | Tewkesbury | 10 |
| | Worcester | 15 |
| | Bromsgrove | 15 |
| | Hagley | 7 |
| | Stourbridge | 2 |
| | Dudley | 4 |
| | Walsal | 8 |
| | Lichfield | 9 |
| | Burton | 13 |
| | Derby | 11 |
| | Ashbourne | 13 |
| | Mapleton | 3 |
| | Oakover | 1 |
| | Dovedale and Islam, and back | 10 |
| | Matlock | 11 |
| | Chatsworth | 9 |
| | Tideswell | 10 |
| | Buxton | 7 |
| | Castleton | 12 |
| | Sheffield | 16 |
| | Rotherham | 6 |
| | Bank-top, by Lord Fitzwilliam's | 12 |
| | Wentworth-Castle | 33 |
| | | 235 |

| | Miles. |
|---|---|
| Brought over | 235 |
| To Wakefield, through Barnsley | 12 |
| Leeds | 9 |
| Harewood | 9 |
| Harrowgate | 8 |
| Knaresborough | 3 |
| Borough-Bridge | 7 |
| Newby | 3 |
| Rippon | 6 |
| Studley | 7 |
| Hackfall | 3 |
| Masham | 3 |
| Bedale | 6 |
| Catterick-Bridge | 8 |
| Darlington | 14 |
| Rushford | 9 |
| Durham | 9 |
| Cocker | 5 |
| Lumley-Castle | 3 |
| Sunderland | 9 |
| Newcastle | 13 |
| | 381 |




## LETTER I.

## To WILLIAM JOHNSTON, Esq;

DEAR SIR, *Dudley, June 1st,* 1801.

THAT "success leads to rashness," is a truth established by daily experience; and I cannot help fearing, that I may assist its confirmation, by adding my own example to the numerous instances in which it has been already manifested. Emboldened by your favourable reception of my

letters from the West,* you see me once more preparing to tax your time and patience in a similar manner, though to a greater degree, by pressing upon your notice the fruits of a much more extensive tour into the North. As an excuse, however, for the increased bulk of my communications, I flatter myself I shall be enabled to offer you novelty and variety in an equal proportion; since my present expedition will embrace several subjects which could not present themselves to my notice in a journey through a part of England more remarkable for the beauties of nature, than rich in the productions of the fine or useful arts. Commerce, œconomics, and manufactures, will now occasionally claim our attention, and an increased interest will be given to my correspondence, by descriptions of classical sculpture, accounts of the productions of the Italian and Flemish schools, and biographical notices of characters great and distinguished in their day, who now only live in the page of the historian, or the portrait-galleries of their descendants.

Directing our attention first to Bristol, we quitted Bath by the lower road, which takes for the most part the level, and in a great measure the course, of the river Avon, nearly the whole of the

* Vide Western Walk, &c.

distance between the two cities. This stream, however, excites in us, as it "flows mournfully muddily on," none of those poetical ideas which seem to be necessarily connected with a river synonymous to that on whose banks the immortal Shakespeare "warbled his native wood-notes wild." But though it do not feed the imagination, the Avon has more substantial claims to our regard, since it enriches with its sluggish waters a long tract of meadows that let for 5l. an acre, and carries on its patient bosom the heavy traffic which passes betwixt the two towns. From this flat road all distant prospect is precluded, the scene being confined to the acclivities of Lansdown which rise to the right, the vale which shoots forward in front, and the ascending lands of Newton and Corston parishes to the left.

A little diversion from the turnpike on this side introduced us to Newton-Park, the seat of William Gore Langton, esq; member for the county, the noble woods of which, crowning the summit of the higher grounds in the demesne, have a particularly grand effect in a country not remarkable for massiveness of shade. The house, handsome and substantial, of modern architecture, is placed with judgment on a spot at once sheltered and commanding, taking in from one of its fronts a beau-

tiful home-scene (in which the factitious piece of water and its banks make elegant ornaments) and a diversified distant prospect. It rose, phœnix-like, from the ruins of a more ancient edifice, begun probably by its original lords, the Norman family of St. Lo, or De Sancto Laudo, who in the latter end of Henry IIId.'s reign numbered this manor on the list of their possessions.

Amongst the other instances of royal oppression which the *Pipe-Rolls* of John's reign afford, (a prince as wicked as he was weak, and as extortionate as avaricious) is a *fine* mentioned to have been levied on Roger de Sancto Laudo as a heriot, on the demise of his ancestor, for the manors of Newton and Publow, to the amount of one hundred pounds and two palfries, a sum of considerable importance in the twelfth century. Justly irritated by the extravagant levy, Roger joined the association of the Barons who rose in arms against the tyrannical John, and had the satisfaction, if tradition may be believed, of keeping him for some time as a captive in one of the towers of his castellated mansion at Newton, the scene of the monarch's rapacity. All vestiges of this edifice, the prison of a king, have long since disappeared; but an embattled gateway of a later date is preserved, as a memorial of the venerable edifice which frowned

over the park of Newton St. Lo in the fourteenth century. The estate continued in the family of St. Lo till the reign of Richard II. and then passed, through female branches, by marriage, successively into those of Lords Botreaux, Hungerford, and Huntingdon. It became vested in the present possessor in right of his wife, the daughter of the late William Langton, esq; who added, on that occasion, the family name of his lady to his own.

As we passed the handsome Gothic church of this agreeably-situated village, we looked (according to my accustomed practice) into the holy structure, in order to survey the memorials of the more noble dead, who here enjoy the *last* distinctions which rank and riches can command—interment *within* the fane, and costly monuments spread upon its walls. On casting our eyes over these memorials of extinguished consequence, we were struck forcibly with the absurdity of *Latin epitaphs*, which occur here in a greater number than usual. Nothing, indeed, can be more inconsistent than enveloping those communications, which are intended for the information of the many, in a language understood only by the few. Commodore Trunnion's dying request has always struck me not only as admirably characteristic of this celebrated commander, but also as a

good satire on the affectation of clothing epitaphs in execrable modern Latinity. "I do desire that "it may not be engraved in the Greek or Latin "lingos, and much less in the French, which I "abominate, but in *plain English*, that when the "angel comes to pipe all hands at the great day, "he may know that I am a British man, and speak "to me in my mother tongue." Little less absurd is the *formulary*, or set of phrases, with which these precious *morceaux* sometimes commence —such as *Siste iterum, Viator*; *Audi, Viator*—both occurring on a monument in the church of which we are speaking; apostrophes highly appropriate on the Roman sepulchral altars from which they were adopted, these being placed by the side of the common highways, and consequently seen by every *viator*, or traveller, who passed along them; but altogether incongruous in a place of worship, whither people go for other purposes than to read the puerilities of vanity, or nonsense of pedantry.

Newton church stands upon a bed of white *lyas*, in which are imbedded astonishing quantities of the casts or impressions of that singular fossil the *Cornu Ammonis*. These accompany our road through Corston and Keynsham, exhibiting themselves of all sizes, from the dimensions of a half-crown to a diameter of twenty inches, forming a

striking feature in the geology of this curious county. When we see around us such abundant marks of the former presence of an animal in these parts, that is not now found in a live state throughout the known world, curiosity is awakened, and we naturally enquire the cause of their present disappearance. Was their race extinguished when the continents were raised from the bosom of the great deep? or do they still reside, far removed out of the reach of human vision, at the bottom of the present world of waters? or has the whole race been extinguished by the increasing power of their enemies? or is it the nature of some animals to transmigrate into other forms, and in time to become new *genera?* These questions instinctively occur to the mind, with such a phœnomenon before us; but it ought to humble the pride of *human knowledge*, to reflect that, deep and extensive as we proudly boast it to be, it is unable to give a satisfactory answer to any one of them.

Dropping again into the great road, we passed through the village of Keynsham, seven miles from Bath, famous formerly for its abbey, and afterwards for its woollen manufactory; both of which have fulfilled the doom of all sublunary things, and are now no more. Its name is said to have been connected with a miracle, which, if allowed to

be authentic, would at once settle all the doubts of the naturalist with respect to the frequent appearance of the *Cornua Ammonis* in these parts, by accounting very satisfactorily for their production. A Welch lady, by name Keyna, daughter of the king of Brecknockshire, lived in the year 490, and being very beautiful as well as rich, suitors poured in to her from all quarters of Cambria. A rash vow, however, which she had made of living and dying a virgin, precluded the possibility of her listening to any of them; and in order to avoid solicitations which became irksome to her, and to indulge her fondness for meditation and solitude, she secretly quitted the court of her father, crossed the Severn, and wandering into the neighbourhood of Keynsham, pitched upon the banks of the Avon at that place for the scene of her solitary devotions. It was necessary, however, for her to request permission of the chieftain of the district to reside there; which he (too well bred to refuse the request of a lady) immediately gave, lamenting at the same time, that the place was so infested with *serpents*, as to render a residence upon it extremely dangerous. To this the virgin replied, that she had no doubt of being able to destroy the whole race in a short time by her prayers, the efficacy of which had often produced

equal wonders. She accordingly took possession of the place, and setting actively to work, exorcised in a short time the whole family of snakes, and like another Medusa, converted them into the serpent-stones which now strew the surface of the country in this neighbourhood.

In after times Keynsham became again, for some centuries, the theatre of lying miracles and gross superstition; William Earl of Gloucester founding an abbey of Black Canons, in the year 1170, which, being enriched by several earls of that family, disgorged its wealth into the coffers of Henry VIII. in the year 1539. No vestige of it remains at present, but the fine broad flat meadow in which it stood, washed by the waters of the Avon, evinces that it enjoyed a pleasing and judicious situation. After the destruction of the conventual buildings, a noble house was erected on its scite by a branch of the Bridges family, into whose possession Keynsham came by grant from Edward VI. in 1452. Chiefly constructed with the materials of the abbey-church, where the bodies of several of the earls of Gloucester and other great men were interred, the manor-house, "built in the eclipse," and marked by sacrilege, did not endure so long as its massiveness or grandeur promised or deserved, but was taken down,

and every vestige of it removed, in the year 1776. Many of the former possessors of the manor of Keynsham, after it had passed into the Bridges' family, have been buried in the noble Gothic church placed in the centre of the town; a most immaculate race, were we to believe their epitaphs, each individual exhibiting a pattern of every human excellence! But sepulchral adulation is so common, that I will not tire you with any examples of what every tomb-stone may afford you; the following epitaph has another claim to your attention, that of singular quaintness and conceit. It is only to be regretted, that the tomb does not cover the remains of a butcher, as the wit would then be compleat:

" Grim Death the eater meate doth give;
" By that which did me kill, I live.
" The grave devours me, but I shall
" Live to see its funeral;
" After some ages more are spent,
" The gluttonous grave shall keep a Lent."

To that striking feature in the natural history of Keynsham, mentioned above, the profusion of *Cornua Ammonis* which it produces, may be added two other curious circumstances attached to it; the quantities of that precious dying plant the *woad*, produced round the town, and a luxury which its inhabitants occasionally enjoy in the

early season of the year, when the tide, whose influence is perceived as far up as Keynsham, comes accompanied thither by that delicious little fish called the *elver*.

On passing through Brislington, two miles from Bristol, we could not help smiling at an instance of modern credulity which an inscription on an ancient stone in the church-yard hands down to posterity. About thirty years ago, the active churchwardens of Brislington, in clearing the church-yard and its accompaniments, discovered on an old tomb the following notification of a remarkable instance of longevity: "1542. Thomas "Newman, aged 153." With due regard to the preservation of so curious a fact, they had the tomb repaired and brushed up, and the following inscription added to the original one: "This stone "was new faced in the year 1771, to perpetuate the great age of the deceased." It was not till their official authority to repair and beautify, pull down and remove, had ceased, that they understood the figure 1 had been prefixed by a wicked wit; and themselves duped by this false addition, which gave an antediluvian age to an honest man who died before he had reached his grand climacteric!

Frequent evidences of the wealth of Bristol occur on all sides as we approach that city, in nu-

merous handsome mansions, the quiet retreats of its successful citizens, forming a rich picture of rural decoration; in which, however, it must be confessed, that expence, generally speaking, is more predominant than taste. But all elegance is confined to the outside of the city, for its entrances are bad, and its streets for the most part ill-built and inconvenient, and rendered, indeed, in some degree dangerous by the formidable *sledges* which are used here instead of carts; and which, pursuing a zig-zag course, threaten to crush or overturn any lighter carriage they may chance to encounter in their devious way. Standing partly in the county of Somerset, and partly in that of Glocester, Bristol belongs to neither of those shires, but is a county in itself, and has its own magistracy and peculiar jurisdiction.

The situation of this place is at once pleasant and salutary, a rising ground between the rivers Avon and Frome, up the northern acclivity of which the city has gradually crept, and was still extending its progress, when some failures among the principal adventurers suddenly checked its growth, and left a large proportion of the most elegant edifices that Bristol could boast, in a state of incompletion. Nor is it probable that these additions to the parent city will ever be finished;

the trade of the place having been in a state of gentle decline for some time past, owing to the inconvenience of its rivers, and the oppressive nature of its port-dues. *Capital*, however, will always command a certain quantity of commerce; and the riches of Bristol (larger in proportion to the size of the place than those of any other town in the kingdom) wafts into its ports, in spite of these disadvantages, a share of the West-India trade. More than a moiety of this traffic has indeed been enticed away from hence to Liverpool, by the superior convenience of the river and docks there; but if Bristol have relinquished to her rival the palm of honourable commerce, she has thrown into her arms at the same time a trade that tarnished her own mercantile character as long as she continued the favourite of commerce, (the African slave-trade) and thus revenged herself amply for her loss, by blasting the honour of the spoiler. Under a decreasing population she still contains seventy thousand inhabitants; is ornamented with nineteen churches, as many dissenting chapels; and exhibits a numerous catalogue of manufactories, amongst which are twenty glass-houses; several copper and iron foundries; two large speculations for fabricating floor-cloth; a patent shot manufactory; lead-

works; brass-mills; potteries; a patent rolling-machine for paper; and a curious patent manufactory, which has for its object the facilitating the rotation and lessening the friction of an axis, by means of auxiliary wheels.

In the walks of literature, science, and natural philosophy, also, Bristol has made and still makes a respectable figure, vindicating her character from that charge of Bæotian dullness, and indifference to every thing but objects of interest and money speculations, which it has been the practice to attach to it. The gigantic intellect and sublime genius of Coleridge, which were here first publicly developed, evince that this city is not ungenial to the cultivation and encouragement of the higher gifts of the mind; Chatterton, second only to his monodist* in the rare endowment of lofty fancy, here first saw the light, and tuned his infant pipe; Southey's muse here, also, poured forth those beautiful effusions which rank the author of the Joan of Arc amongst the first poets of the day; and the two Cottles, "*Arcades ambo,*" having given, from their own press, works which would add to the fame of any poets of the day. The justly-celebrated philosopher and physician

* See Coleridge's Monody on the Death of Chatterton.

Dr. Beddoes has proved that the Bristolians do not want that laudable curiosity in their character, which is the only parent of real knowlege, when a proper stimulus is held out to excite it, by the useful scientific institutions he has been able to establish under their munificent encouragement. This distinguished medical author held some years since the professorship of chemistry at Oxford; but circumstances occurring which induced him to resign his situation, he withdrew from the university, and established himself at Clifton. This situation he was induced to make choice of, as a place of all others best calculated to afford opportunities of trying some new modes of practice in consumption, deduced from ingenious and profound speculation upon that important subject. The same spirit of scientific and philanthropic investigation which turned his attention to the means of ameliorating this dreadful scourge of youth, innocence, and beauty, led him also to the formation of an establishment in Bristol, (by private subscription) called the *Pneumatic Institution*, for the purpose of ascertaining the peculiar medicinal properties of some new chemical agents, as well as for the general extension of chemical physiology and philosophic medicine. Here his exertions were seconded by the liberality of the citizens, and

his labours assisted by the co-operation of extraordinary talent, in the person of a young man, Mr. Humphry Davy, (a phœnomenon in chemical knowledge and its adjuncts) who is since removed to a wider scene for the display of his genius, the chair of the Royal Institution, in Albermarle-street, London. Under the auspices of these two great philosophic characters, the *Pneumatic Institution* has made considerable progress in the discovery of new facts for the enlargement and improvement of medical science. To it we are indebted for the very ingenious and able analysis and application of a new gas, by Mr. Davy, called the *nitrous oxyd*; which is found to produce effects upon the nervous system and organs of sense equally extraordinary and delightful. It excites a flow of the most pleasurable ideas and exhilarating emotions, unattended with consequent debility, languor, or depression; effects which lead to the hope that it may be capable of restoring decayed nervous energy, and of arresting its premature diminution. The institution has also afforded a field for extensive trials of a new and valuable remedy in consumptions, the *Digitalis* or Fox-Glove; and with a degree of success that establishes its powers as incomparably superior to any means hitherto employed in this cruel and depopulating disorder.

These and other particulars connected with the cure and prevention of consumption are developed in two admirable essays on the disease by Dr. Beddoes; publications which no parent or person entrusted with the care of youth should be without.

The spirit of laudable curiosity, and the diffusion of useful and ornamental knowledge, are kept alive and assisted at Bristol by another establishment of a more general nature than the one I have been describing to you; a public Library, founded originally by an individual, who bequeathed his collection of books for that purpose, since enlarged, and at present supported by regulations the most liberal and judicious. To become a member of this institution, it is necessary to pay five guineas in the first instance, and one guinea annually; which gives a property in the books, transferable by sale, or devisable by will. Two large commodious rooms contain the collection, which, disdaining to be fettered by party prejudice, receives volumes written on every side, provided they have merit for their recommendation. The anteroom, or first apartment, is fitted up after the manner of the Bodleian and Manchester libraries, having presses for the books at right angles with the side of the room, and accommodations for the reader in the divisions between them; here are placed the

large collection left by the original founder, none of which are allowed to be removed from the library on any account. The inner room, equally large with the other, contains the books purchased by the monies arising from the entrance deposit and the annual subscriptions; these are arranged against the sides, and divided into two parts by a gallery. The books in this room may be taken out by the subscribers, and carried home; returnable, however, after a certain time. Two librarians are appointed to regulate the establishment; the chief of whom has a house appropriated to his use, and a salary of 70l. per annum.

Nor should I forget, whilst thus enumerating the good points of Bristol, to mention its many humane establishments for the comfort, solace, and relief of poverty and sickness. The celebrated Colston, a second Man of Ross, has immortalized the character of the Bristol merchant by some of the most noble institutions that a private individual ever had either ability or liberality to establish. His school, in particular, which gives education, board, clothing, and subsequent settlement in life, to the children which it receives under its protection, does honour to his understanding as well as his heart; and at once attaches to his character the two most glorious titles of—wise and good.

Another most interesting charity, only to be found, I believe, in this place and Liverpool, adds to the respect we feel for the Bristol character. It is a School of Industry for the Indigent Blind, formed in 1793, and supported by the voluntary contributions of the public. Here those unfortunate beings, who, (the blessing of sight being denied to them) may apply to themselves the pathetic lament of Milton:

" For with the year
" Seasons return; but not to us return
" Day, nor the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
" Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
" Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
" But clouds instead, and ever-during dark
" Surround us; from the cheerful ways of men
" Cut off, and, for the Book of Knowledge fair,
" Presented with an universal blank!"——

Here they are taught to earn their livelihood by the labour of their hands; and by these means relieved from that most distressing of all convictions, the conviction of being a burthen on society. Their employments are of several sorts; that of the males is chiefly basket-making; of the females spinning, and making laces for women's stays. No sight can be more interesting or affecting than this little seminary, its scholars busied in their respective avocations. All is cheerfulness, anima-

tion, and industry; escaped from that melancholy mental vacuity, that necessary inaction which the privation of sight induces, these unfortunate objects feel a felicity in employment not to be conceived by those who are in possession of vision. The eagerness with which they receive instruction, and the inflexible patience and perseverance they display in endeavouring to profit by it, strongly mark those natural principles engrafted in man, to the love of action, and the desire of independence. The institution only extends to the instruction of the blind in the manner of living by their own exertions, but the expences even of this limited plan, and of articles necessary for their work, amount to 500l. per annum. You will be pleased, however, to see by the following statement of the annual profits of their labour since the first formation of the establishment, that they have been gradually increasing in the yearly amount, and promise soon to be sufficient of themselves for the support of the school, without the aid of voluntary contributions:—

*Receipt from Sales of Articles manufactured in the School.*

| | £. | s. | d. | | £. | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First Year - | 18 | 3 | 6½ | Fourth Year | 154 | 15 | 6 |
| Second Year -- | 82 | 17 | 11 | Fifth Year | 188 | 12 | 7 |
| Third Year | 125 | 7 | 10½ | Sixth Year | 262 | 9 | 6¼ |

Last Year 391*l.* 10*s.*

Almost as soon as we have fairly quitted Bristol, and stretched beyond the heavy atmosphere of black smoke which generally involves it, we enter upon one of the richest spots of English ground—the Vale of Glocester watered by the Severn, and spreading before us a carpet of unbounded fertility, for twenty miles in length. Centuries back, before the bounty of nature had been aided here by judicious agriculture, the fertility of Glocester Vale was the theme of the historian's praise, and the subject of the poet's encomium. The honest and sensible William of Malmsbury tells us, that it produced in great abundance fruits and grain, the joint effects of its fine soil, and the labour of its hinds; who were stimulated to work, by having their exertions rewarded with a produce of one hundred fold. "In this favoured spot you "may behold," says he, "the public highways "shaded and adorned with trees loaded with fruit, "not placed there by the hand of man, but by "the generosity of nature. The earth spontaneously brings forth her gifts, fruits of the richest "taste and brightest beauty; which, almost imperishable, may be preserved from the time of "their being taken in, till the season of gathering "again returns. Grapes, famous for their flavour, "are here produced in quantities, and manufac-

" tured into wines of the highest relish, equally " luscious with those of France. Numerous towns " overspread the vale, which is further enriched " with populous villages, and costly places of public " worship." Drayton, too, in his Polyolbion, personifying this fertile tract of country, makes it boast an excellence, which it may assert with truth and justice:

" I which am the queene
" Of all the British vales, and so have ever been
" Since *Gomer*'s giant brood inhabited this isle,
" And that of all the rest myself may so enstile."

Divided, for the most part, into small farms, this happy tract of country has hitherto been preserved, in some measure, from that unnatural rise in the prices of the articles of life which those districts labour under, where, the land being thrown into a few hands, combination is easy, and the markets are at the mercy of a junto of overgrown farmers, whose only object is to fill their coffers at the expence of the country around them. Cheese, the boasted produce of the Vale, still sells as low as 43, 44, and 45s. per cwt.; and butter, equally excellent in its kind, at 10d. 11d. and 1s. per lb.

Little arable husbandry is to be seen as we pass through this extensive flat; and where it does

occur, the *bean* seems to be the favourite seed of the husbandman; which is here dibbled or set by hand in rows, twelve inches distant from each other, and hoed and cleaned with a vigilance and care that place the Glocestershire farmers high on the list of admirable agriculturists. Best calculated for dairy farming, the land of this county for many miles is chiefly applied to this purpose; and the profits which accrue from it, may be best collected from the prodigious quantity of cheese manufactured in it, which is said to amount to between seven and eight thousand tons annually.

The advantages of this part of Glocestershire are greatly increased by the canal, which crosses the road at right angles near the eighth mile-stone from Glocester, and connects the Severn with the interior of the county; a communication that enables the manufacturers and dyers of the clothing country to import at a trifling expence the large quantities of coals consumed in their works, as well as to convey their cloths at a reasonable rate to the shore of the Severn, to be shipped for the foreign market. Begun forty years ago, when the advantages resulting from speculations of this nature were not so well ascertained as at present, the Stroud canal only proceeded a few miles towards the Severn, the place of its destination, and was

then relinquished by the projectors, under the idea of its being a scheme, that, if persisted in, could turn to no profitable account. Fifteen years of neglect elapsed, when the attention of the undertakers being again roused by the prodigious success and advantage which attended the canal speculations in Lancashire, Staffordshire, and the northern counties of the kingdom, they determined to compleat their work; and proceeded seriously to its execution in the year 1775, under the sanction of an act of parliament obtained for that purpose. In four years the cut was finished and opened, having been led to the point of its termination in so direct a line, part of the way, (from Walbridge to Framilode, about ten miles) as to be nearer by two miles than the turnpike-road. The result has answered the most sanguine expectations of the proprietors, as well as produced incalculable convenience to the clothing country through which it ramifies by different branches. At the point where it reaches the Glocester turnpike, Mr. Purnel, of Dursley, has established a large mill for the manufacture of iron wire.

But unqualified success is by no means the necessary consequence of canal speculations; various circumstances must combine to render them advantageous to the projectors, and many instances occur

of immense sums having been lavished in schemes of this kind, without producing the expected lucrative return. An example of such a disappointment occurred to us when we came within two miles of Glocester, where the Stone canal, running from that city, approaches the road, and accompanies it in a parallel direction for some distance. The intention was to lead this cut through Berkley into the Severn, and a large sum was instantly subscribed for that purpose; but after proceeding four miles, the fund being exhausted, the sharers perceived too late, that they had over-rated the probable profits of the scheme; and considering the first loss as the best, they refused to involve themselves deeper by a further advance, and relinquished the prosecution of the work. The only purpose, therefore, to which the cut is now applied is the carriage of coal from Glocester to the parishes bordering upon its banks.

From this point we first caught a view of the city of Glocester, or rather of its rich ecclesiastical architecture, the summits of which shoot out from the surrounding wood, and present a beautiful and magnificent groupe of towers and spires; whilst the rising hills to the right (amongst which that of Robin-Hood is most conspicuous) cultivated to their tops, present a scene of uncommon splendour

and variety. Under the shelter of these elevations Glocester is situated in the long extended vale called by its name, and washed by the majestic Severn, who rolls his waters to the left of the city. Founded originally by the Romans, (for the boasted British town upon its scite consisted only of a few wattled cottages) it presents an example of those sensible and judicious principles upon which all the military towns of this sagacious people were constructed. The *Quadrivium*, or center of the parallelogram which the walls described, where the four principal streets diverged towards the cardinal points, was the highest ground of the inclosed area, from whence all the other parts of the city fell by a regular and gentle descent; a plan at once calculated to produce salubrity and pleasantness. The form and extent of the Roman *Glevum* (for thus the station was called) may still be plainly distinguished; for notwithstanding the large additions of suburbs in after-ages, its ancient walls have invariably continued to mark the limits of the city.

The strength of Glocester has always rendered it an object of importance to partizans in the different tumultuous scenes which civil convulsion has excited in this country; but at no period does its military history make so conspicuous and memo-

rable a figure, as during the struggles in the 17th century, between monarchy and republicanism. The successful resistance which it made against the attempts of the royal forces, who were frequently foiled before its walls, has been said to be the commencement of that train of misfortunes which followed the unhappy Charles with little interruption from the year 1643, and were only closed by his untimely death; and a parliamentarian orator of the time declared, that "the standing out of this "place made it the vertical point in the civil war; "for from that time the enemies more and more "declined." Nothing, indeed, can evince the supineness and languor with which the royal cause was supported on this occasion, so much as the comparative advantages which the besiegers possessed over the citizens, and the miserable termination of their attempt upon the place—an army of thirty thousand men well appointed, and commanded by the king in person and the most celebrated of his generals, opposed to a garrison of fifteen hundred men, ill-conditioned, and worse supplied, which only possessed three barrels of gunpowder at the time of its relief; loitering five and twenty days before the walls of the city, losing one thousand men in its ditches, and at last retreating from the place in the night before a body

of forces not equal to a third of its own number. Two or three other attempts were afterwards made to the same effect, and with similar success, by the king's troops; and when force would not avail, the fidelity of its garrison was attempted to be shaken by bribery; but the plan being frustrated, by its discovery to the governor, all further endeavours to become possessed of the place were dropped by the royal party, and Glocester continued steady to the Commonwealth till the period of the Restoration.

The destruction of its suburbs during the troubles just mentioned had reduced Glocester to its original dimensions, as they had been marked out by the Romans; but as soon as the return of regular government and public order restored public confidence and the spirit of speculation, new buildings arose upon the scite of those which had been overturned, and the environs of the town gradually grew to the extent and beauty which they now exhibit. Including these in the calculation, the population of the city at present is estimated at eight thousand souls.

A languid manufactory of pins gives some little degree of life to the trade of Glocester, which, however, is only the shadow of what it was previously to its experiencing the paralyzing effects of

war. Before our present contests, the markets of France, Spain, and Portugal, kept its pin-merchants in active employ, and poured a considerable quantity of money into the city; but the halcyon season is over, and four-fifths of the workmen formerly employed in this branch of business have long since been obliged to turn to other methods of labour for a subsistence.

The two most remarkable public edifices which arrest a stranger's attention here, are the cathedral and the gaol; the former a fine specimen of ancient architecture, the latter a noble instance of modern philanthropy. Nothing can exceed the beautiful lightness of the tower of the cathedral, relieved by open worked pinnacles at each corner; nor is a grander example of the fine Saxon style (as it is called) to be found, than in the nave of the building. These members are the most ancient of the structure, the one raised by abbot Henry Foliot in 1237, the other by abbot Serlo one hundred and fifty years before. Built by Norman architects, the form of the edifice is similar to that generally adopted by this people—a cross, consisting of a nave, two side-ailes, a transept, and choir, with a Lady's chapel afterwards added; a form suggested by that of the engine of torture on which the salvation of mankind was effected. Its length east

and west is four hundred and twenty feet; north and south, one hundred and forty-four feet; the breadth of the body, eighty-four feet; the height of the choir, eighty-four feet; and that of the tower, two hundred and twenty-two feet. Eight enormous Saxon pillars on each side, upwards of twenty-one feet in circumference, separate the nave from the side-ailes. The most remarkable features of the structure are the grand East Window, said to be the largest in the kingdom; the Lady's Chapel, of extraordinary dimensions; the beautifully ramified Roof of the Choir; and the singular Whispering-Gallery, which stretches from one side of this part of the cathedral to the other, at the eastern end. Its form is a semi-octagon, and its length seventy-five feet; the phænomenon which we were directed to remark here, is the circulation of a whisper in a clear and distinct manner, delivered by a person placed at one end of the passage, and received by the ear of one placed at the other extremity. This effect is the more difficult to be accounted for, as the gallery contains several openings in it, by which it should seem the volume of sound would be interrupted or dissipated. General opinion, however, attributes it to the repercussion produced by the *angles* which the form of the gallery occasions in its interior.

Our ancestors observed the effect without troubling themselves to ascertain the cause, and applied it to the purposes of religious instruction, by inscribing the following lines upon the wall:

" Doubt not but GOD, who sits on high,
" Thy secret prayer can hear;
" When a dead wall thus cunningly
" Conveys soft whispers to the ear."

The cathedral contains several curious ancient monuments, surmounted by the effigies of the departed great; amongst the rest are, a crowned figure representing Osric king of the Huicii, with an inscription explaining the reason of his bones finding a resting-place in this hallowed spot: " Osricus Rex primus fundator hujus Monasterii, " 681."—Robert, the unfortunate eldest son of William the Conqueror. Richard, his youngest son.—Aldred, the builder of the first abbey church of Glocester, which was afterwards destroyed.—Parker, the last abbot of the monastery.—The alabaster effigy of Edward the Second, under a very handsome canopy of free-stone.—A beautiful tomb and figure in alabaster of abbot Scabroke; and another of the great Humphry Bohun Earl of Hereford, who died 1367, and his lady. The cloisters form a large square of one hundred and fifty feet every way, of elegant architecture, and

in the most perfect preservation; the beauties of which are secured to posterity by an admirable little engraving published by Mr. Bonnor of Glocester, amongst others of different parts of the cathedral, and buildings connected with it.

Our visit to the gaol produced a mingled emotion of pity and gratification; commiseration for those whom the laws of society render it necessary to punish or to deprive of the inestimable blessing of personal liberty; and pleasure in observing the humane and judicious regulations adopted to rob the melancholy interval between commitment and trial of unnecessary rigors, and to render confinement the parent of industry and the nurse of reflection. Built a few years since on a plan suggested by the venerable philanthropist the late Mr. Howard, Glocester gaol embraces every accommodation and convenience of building, and every internal arrangement that sagacity united with humanity could contrive for the comfort and improvement of its unhappy inmates. The admirable disposition of the whole strikes the mind on the first glance; and an attention to its detail to the different parts of crime confirms the impression which it has received. Here we observe a due regard to the gradations of vice, in the manner of grouping the prisoners; nor are the more venial

offenders at once taught to bid adieu to all remaining sense of shame by being mingled with villains of the deepest dye. One division of the interior part receives felons of the first class, or most atrocious description; another is appropriated to those of the second class, or the less hardened sons of enormity; a third confines the debtors; and a fourth is occupied by the penitentiaries, or those who are about to expiate their offences by death.

It was with pleasure we observed, that the unfortunate persons on the crown side were saved from the horrors of that gloomy vacuity of mind which complete inaction produces in the ignorant and unlettered, or prevented from that still more dangerous activity which too often pervades a community of rogues, by their all being occupied in some little manufactory or useful employment; thus making some amends to society for their former idleness or violences, and at the same time acquiring habits of industry that may protect them from temptations to plunder in future, should they be again turned loose among their fellow-citizens. We could not, however, read the contents of the calendar without shuddering, which informed us there were confined in the gaol no less than two hundred and six prisoners, one hundred and forty of whom were felons; a larger number than had

ever been known to be imprisoned there before. In order to preserve cleanliness and health, each prisoner has his own separate apartment, containing an iron bedstead, a small oaken box, and other necessaries; and to prevent disorderly conduct amongst this large society, small dark cells are provided for the refractory, who there do penance in solitary confinement for a certain number of hours, according to their offences.

Traits of character, you know, occur as frequently *in* a gaol as on the outside of the walls; and V—— and myself could not help remarking a very singular one, which the little apartment of one of the debtors afforded. It belonged to a noted horse-jockey, who at the time was walking in the prison-yard. Peeping into it, we observed four volumes lying upon the window-seat; "Oh!" said V——, "here is a philosophical prisoner; "probably one who employs the hours of confine- "ment in edifying reading, or serious contempla- "tion;" when, opening one of the books, we perceived it was the "Racing Calendar," and lifting up the lid of the box, discovered in it two pair of nicely-blacked boots, and a polished pair of spurs. So true is it that no situation is able to destroy the ruling passion; for, as Horace has justly observed:

"Naturam expellas Furca, tamen usque recurret."

The vast sum of forty thousand pounds was swallowed up in the erection of Glocester gaol; but I will venture to assert, that on attentively considering its arrangement and advantages, no rational or humane man will say the money has been injudiciously expended. Before we quitted Glocester, we paid a visit to its quay, to which vessels of one hundred tons may be navigated. The business of this port is subject to the management and supervision of a customer and comptroller, a searcher, surveyor, and two boatmen; a privilege conferred on the city by Queen Elizabeth, in the twenty-second year of her reign.

A similar rich flat to that which we had before passed through in our way to Glocester, continued to accompany us as we proceeded towards Tewksbury; offering the additional beauty of extensive orchards, which breathed their odours through the air, and enriched the scene with a widely-extended sheet of beautiful blossom. As we approached Tewksbury, our curiosity was naturally excited with respect to the scene of a battle which had proved fatal to the fortunes of the Lancastrian party, and fixed the doom of the unfortunate Henry VIth. On enquiry we found it in a field or meadow, called appropriately *Bloody Meadow*, about a quarter of a mile to the west-

ward of the church. Here the undaunted Margaret exerted herself for the last time in behalf of her fallen husband, and fought one of the most bloody battles which the English annals record. The invincible spirit of this heroine, who could bear up against the shocks of disaster and the reiterated blows of misfortune, is well depicted in the address which Shakespeare has made her deliver to her troops previously to this decisive engagement; where, after urging every motive to animate and encourage that greatness of mind could suggest, she concludes with a magnanimous reflection, that ever actuated her own conduct in the various and unparallelled trials to which her chequered fortunes had exposed her—

" Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
" 'Twere childish weakness to lament or fear."

Seconded by the gallantry of her son, the ardour of Edmund Beaufort Duke of Somerset, who commanded the van division, and the devoted attachment of a considerable army, Margaret might have been hailed the victor of the day, had there been as much knowledge and judgment as courage and fervour in her generals; but the inexperience of the Prince, and the impetuosity of the Duke, threw the advantage of the battle into the scale of the more wary Edward and his abler chieftains.

The cunning Glocester was directed to entice Somerset from his strong position, by the appearance of a flight. The Duke instantly fell into the snare, and rushing forward from his intrenchments in loose array, exposed his line to the attack of Glocester, who immediately forming his troops into a firm battalion, faced about, returned to the charge, and penetrated with ease the open files of his incautious adversaries, pursuing them into the very intrenchments with horrible slaughter. Thrown completely off his guard by this unexpected artifice, Somerset became mad with passion, and riding furiously up to the Lord Wenlock, (second to him in command) who had not advanced to the support of his line, he cleft him to the earth with a stroke of his battle-axe. The troops, astonished at this act of rashness, gave way on every side; the rout became general; three thousand Lancastrians were cut to pieces; and the Queen and her son taken prisoners. Somerset himself escaped the carnage, and, accompanied by a party of knights and gentlemen, cut his way through the enemy, and retired into the abbey-church. Protected by the sanctity of the place, they flattered themselves they should escape destruction, and be admitted to terms; but the passions which are called out in civil broils know no distinction of

place or ties; they were forcibly torn from the asylum, and led to immediate execution. Prince Edward was reserved to be murdered in cold blood; Shakespeare, you know, with the truth of the historian, has handed down to us the high-spirited language which induced his assassination:

"*K. Edw.* Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak.
What? can so young a thorn begin to prick?
*Edward,* what satisfaction canst thou make,
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?
*Prince.* Speak like a subject, proud ambitious *York.*
Suppose that I am now my father's mouth,
Resign thy chair, and where I stand, kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou would'st have me answer to.
*Queen.* Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd!
*Glo.* That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from *Lancaster.*
*Prince.* Let *Æsop* fable in a winter's night;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.
*Glo.* By Heaven, brat, I'll plague ye for that word.
*Queen.* Aye, thou wast born to be a plague to men.
*Glo.* For God's sake take away this captive scold.
*Prince.* Nay, take away this scolding crook-back, rather.
*K. Ed.* Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.
*Clar.* Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.
*Prince.* I know my duty; you are all undutiful:
Lascivious *Edward,* and thou perjur'd *George,*
And thou misshapen *Dick,* I tell ye all
I am your better, traitors as ye are.
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.
*K. Edw.* Take that, thou likeness of this railer here.
[Edw. *stabs him.*

*Glo.* Sprawl'st thou? Take that, to end thy agony.
[Rich. *stabs him.*

*Clar.* And there's for twitting me with perjury."
[Clar. *stabs him.*

It is worth remarking, that tradition preserves the recollection of the spot where this inhuman tragedy was acted; an house on the north side of the Tolsey. Margaret, after the loss of the day, had concealed herself in a waggon on the field of battle; but being discovered in nearly an insensible state, she was taken prisoner, and dispatched to the Tower; whence, after continuing there four years, the King of France ransomed her for fifty thousand crowns.

Most of the warriors who perished in this memorable conflict, or fell under the axe of the executioner after it, were buried in the adjoining church; a magnificent ancient structure which presents itself very advantageously to the eye, as we approach the town, the road taking a circuitous course in order to humour the flexure of a river. This edifice is almost the only remain of the mitred monastery of Tewksbury, whose lord-abbot sat in the House of Peers till its dissolution in the thirty-first year of Henry VIII. and conveys a grand idea of the former extent and splendour of this famous abbey. Its plan is cruciform, three hundred feet long; the transepts one hundred and twenty feet

from north to south; and the body seventy feet in breadth. A massive square tower rises from the centre of the structure, to the height of one hundred and thirty-two feet, of pure Anglo-Norman architecture, (commonly called the Saxon style) ornamented with three tiers of small blind arches; the arches of each range intersecting one another, as is observable in the works of that age. The body of the church and part of the chancel are supported by eighteen pillars, nine on each side, plain and round, measuring in girth twenty-one feet. Above the crown of the semicircular arches which these pillars support, runs a *triforium*, or passage cut through the wall, which is surmounted by a range of Gothic arches, as they are generally called, though the style appears to be nothing more than a variety of the Anglo-Norman arch, suggested by the form which was produced by these semicircles interlacing each other. We admired the neatness and taste with which the choir is fitted up, wherein parochial service is performed. Two thousand pounds were expended in the work in 1796. A beautiful effect is produced in this member of the fabric by the hexagonal termination to the east; at which end five fine windows of richly-painted glass throw "a dim religious light" over the choir, that fills the mind with the most solemn

impressions. The exquisite ramifications of the roof here, and the tracery of the windows, sufficiently indicate a later period of erection.

I have before observed to you, that several of the gallant adherents of the unfortunate Henry and Margaret, who fell in the battle of Tewksbury, were buried within its church. Amongst them was their high-spirited son Prince Edward, over whose dust, in the centre of the choir, is the following inscription on a brass plate, commemorative of his melancholy fate:

"Ni tota pereat Memoria EDWARDI PRINCIPIS WALLIÆ, post prœlium memorabile in vicinis arvis depugnatum crudeliter occisi; hanc tabulam honorariam deponi curavit pietas Tewksburiensis, Anno Domini MDCCXCVI."

A rich example of florid Gothic was shewn to us on the north side of the chancel; a small chapel, founded by Isabella Le De Spencer Countess of Warwick, to the Virgin Mary; singular in its plan, and curious in its ornaments, formerly supported by six marble pillars, but at present sadly dilapidated. An inscription round the top of it mentions the date of the Countess's death, St. John's-day, A. D. 1439. On the same side, within the rails of the altar, a still more beautiful piece of masonry occurs; a large table monument of free-stone, surmounted by an extraordinarily fine piece of taber-

nacle work, consisting of four tiers of arches, gradually diminishing to one at the top, sculptured in the finest style of the fillagree Gothic. Upon the monument rest the effigies of George Duke of Clarence, and Isabella his Duchess, in alabaster. Near this spot repose the remains of the great Norman Baron Robert Fitz-Hamond, the founder of the monastery; they are covered by a flat stone, formerly ornamented with brass effigies, of which sacrilege has long since despoiled it. On the south side of the chancel, near the altar, is a small chapel, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, and erected by Cecily Duchess of Warwick, to the memory of her husband; on the roof of which is the effigy of Richard Neville Earl of Warwick, in armour, large as life, on his knees, with clasped hands, and his person turned towards the altar. In the passage at the back of the altar, made for the purpose of admitting the solemn processions which the Romish ritual enjoyed on particular days, are several very ancient monuments of abbots of Tewksbury; and a beautiful free-stone tabernacle of Lord O'Brien, decorated with the scutcheons of his arms. Upon the whole, indeed, taking into account the external architecture of this edifice and the rich examples of masonry within it, we agreed that it was the finest parochial church we had ever seen; and only la-

mented that its beauties had never met the protection of taste till within these six years.

Tewksbury enjoys a situation similar to that of Glocester. A wide and flat extent of productive meadow, pasture, and arable land, stretches round it on all sides, intersected by four rivers, which nearly insulate the town. Of these the Severn is the chief, who follows the curvature of a meadow to the west of the town; but the little classical Avon, more affectionate, washes its walls, and admits in its channel vessels of seventy tons burthen. Its waters, together with those of the Swilyate, which are united to them, lose themselves in the Severn a small distance below the town. An active cotton-stocking manufactory finds employment for a great portion of the lower order of females here, who are animated to industry by the considerable profits which reward their exertions. Those who weave the plain stocking, make from 9s. to 12s. per week; and the manufacturers of the striped goods from 21s. to 25s. To the honour of the working classes of the *fair sex*, it must be admitted, that if their earnings do not amount to so large a sum as those of the male manufacturer, yet their exemplary management of them renders the pittance of more use to their families than the greater gains of the husband; and

hence it is observable, that in all places (as at Tewksbury) where the women are actively and lucratively employed, there is more comfort, decency, and cleanliness, in the mansions of the working order, than can be found in those manufacturing towns, where are opportunities of larger earnings, but all on the side of the men :—the remark was made by V——, who with the gallantry of a foreigner added, that the sex had as yet neither found their level nor their value in this country. The town is a corporate one, and returns two members to parliament, under a charter granted by James II. which confirms and extends the privileges of its more ancient deed of incorporation, and vests the elective franchise in the freeholders and freemen of the body corporate, which amounts to nearly six hundred, a number that *almost* renders Tewksbury an open borough. Its name is said to be a corruption of Dodo, the founder of the first monastery here; an etymology which puts us in mind of the French wit's derivation of lacquey, or the English one's of pipkin.

Many vestiges of antiquity are scattered through the town of Tewksbury; amongst the rest a compleat specimen of the domestic architecture of the time of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, usually called the *Brick-nog* building, with projecting stones and pyramidal roof. Its population amounts to

4199 persons. An admirable House of Industry, built under an act passed in 1792, upon a good plan, and subject to wise regulations, gives comfort and finds employment for that unhappy class of society, the impotent and unprotected poor; and at the same time considerably lessens those assessments for their support which are so oppressive at other places.

On quitting Tewksbury, the champain country through which we had hitherto pursued our journey, swells into a hill, from whose summit we obtained a fine view to the left of the Malvern hills, which, starting suddenly out of a flat surface, carry their proud crest to a great height above the horizon for some miles, and then, dropping as rapidly as they rose, unite again with the level country. These summits form a line of incomparable beauty and variety; whilst their broad declivity to the east is overspread with the town of Malvern-Wells, seen from afar, and their roots are lost to the eye by the intervention of luxuriant woods. On each side of us we saw the pear, thickly powdered with its chaste blossom, and growing to an enormous size, promising an abundant supply of fruit for the manufacture of that delicious *perry*, whose praises would form a worthy subject for the muse of a second Phillips. Far and wide also, on every side, the

cherry is cultivated to that extent as to overwhelm completely the Worcester and neighbouring markets in the season with its produce.

As we proceeded, our interesting companions, the Malvern hills, assumed different situations in relation to us; sometimes bounding our view to the left, and at others lifting themselves in front, according as our road varied its direction; but on approaching the beautiful village of Severn-Stoke, and mounting to the head of another lofty rise of ground, we caught the extremity of their elevation, and threw our eye beyond them into the recesses of Worcestershire, over a magnificent sweep of country, bounded only by the distant heights of Shropshire. The imposition of a double toll at the turnpike-gate on entering Worcester from Tewksbury is recompensed in the improvement lately made in the city at this quarter, by which the traveller escapes the dangers of a narrow street and a sharp turning, and is led into the heart of Worcester through the Close, under the walls of its venerable cathedral.

We could not but allow that Worcester well deserved the praise of elegance which has been bestowed upon it; for no city has a greater appearance of comfort and neatness, owing to its uncommonly-large proportion of good private houses.

Its chief street in particular, chequered with shops and handsome buildings, is striking even to the eye that has been accustomed to contemplate the architectural wonders of Bath. Amongst the shops which ornament the High-street, that of Messrs. Flight and Bar particularly engaged our attention, by the rich exhibition it affords of articles from their elegant manufactory; where that exquisite porcelain is made, generally known by the name of Worcester china, inferior to the French only in lightness and transparency. The civility of the proprietors allowed us not only to survey, at our leisure, the process which produces this ware, but also submitted to our inspection every article of any rarity or value which this large collection contains. Amongst others, we were presented with some coffee-cups, made by the order of the Grand Seignor, and intended to furnish a golden stand enriched with diamonds. Each contains about a third as much as a common tea-cup could hold, and its price is ten guineas; but the largeness of the sum dwindled, in our estimation, into nothing, when we observed the surpassing beauty of the paintings which cover their sides, and represent the brilliant success of Lord Nelson at the Nile, in different points of view. The set will consist of forty-six of these beautiful specimens of British china manu-

facture. The works, conveniently situated, close to the Severn, which flows by the city, are remarkable for their neatness and convenience; and display the whole process of making porcelain, from grinding the various articles to compose the clay used for the purpose, to packing the finished pieces for the market. Interesting as this manufactory is, you will excuse me for giving you its detail:—The mixture above-mentioned consists of fifteen articles, the chief of which are, a white granite, from Cornwall, and a steatite or soap-stone, from Penzance in the same county, the whole quarry of which belongs to Mr. Flight, who employs his own men there. These articles being first ground separately are afterwards mixed, and then calcined; the product of this process is a quantity of small blue and white lumps, which being thrown into a mill, and ground with soft water, a liquid of the consistence of thick cream is produced, perfectly white. This is passed through a lawn sieve, and then poured into vats, heated by outside flues in order to consolidate; the degree of heat applied to them being kept under the boiling temperature. The water gradually evaporating by these means from the contents of the vats, an hard clay remains in the room of the liquid, which is brought into a stone apartment to be *tempered*, that is, wetted with water, beaten with

a wooden mallet, and trodden by a man with his bare feet. The material is now fit for the *thrower*, who *throws* a mass of it upon his *lathe*, an horizontal wheel, set in motion by a boy, (turning a vertical one) and whirled round with a degree of swiftness, either greater or less, as the *thrower* sees occasion. To this a guage is attached, to ascertain exactly the dimensions of the article. The hands of the *thrower* being kept steady, the rotatory motion of the wheel being quick, and the clay soft but tenacious, the eye is agreeably surprized with the instantaneous creation of beautiful forms out of a shapeless mass of clay, which every moment change their appearance according to the motion of the finger and thumbs of the workman; now rising into a long cylinder, again sinking immediately, and approaching the rotundity of a sphere, and at length settling into the elegant shape of an ancient vase, a modern mug, or a fashionable tea-pot. The articles thus prepared are then dried upon flues to consolidate their texture, and render them fit for the *vertical lathe* of the *turner*. Placed upon this machine, they are reduced to their proper thickness and exact form; and if their pattern require handles or spouts, they are here fitted with them by a workman called the *handler*. From this workshop they are carried into the *kiln-house* to be burned, and

placed in *saggars*, or circular pans, made of Staffordshire crucible clay, open at the top, and about eight inches deep, the flat bottoms of which are strewed with calcined flint, to prevent the adhesion of the articles to them. The kiln usually holds about one thousand five hundred of these saggars, and frequently from twenty-five to thirty thousand pieces of ware. Here they continue thirty-seven hours, exposed to such a violent heat as to render them red-hot, but carefully protected from flame. On coming out they are said to be in the *biscuit state*, that is, having the appearance of an unglazed tobacco-pipe. If any blue be in the pattern of the articles, the figures are traced upon them at this time with a hair pencil, dipped in a mixture of a purple colour; and being suffered to dry, they are then immersed in a red liquid, called the *glaze*, of the consistence of cream, chiefly composed of white lead and ground flint. This adheres to every part of the articles, which are placed to dry in a room of a certain temperature, from whence they come out with a ground of a pale pink colour, and the pattern of a dingy purple. Being perfectly dry, they are given to the *trimmer*, who smooths the surface of the article, and rubs off any little inequalities of the glaze; the most unwholesome part of the whole process, as he frequently inspires

particles of the white lead, &c. to the great detriment of his stomach and lungs; which, indeed, he is obliged to relieve by frequent emetics. The articles are next placed in the *glaze kiln*, and remain there twenty-eight hours exposed to the fire; which being extinguished, the whole are suffered gradually to cool, and then taken out, when they exhibit a wonderful metamorphosis, effected by the chemical agency of fire. A vitrification having taken place on their surface, a beautiful glossy covering discovers itself within and without, in the room of the dull unpolished appearance they before had; and the figures of purple are converted into a vivid and beautiful blue. After passing through the *sorting-room*, they are given to the painters, who with colours properly and nicely prepared (for the hues are all changed by a subsequent firing) trace those beautiful patterns, figures, and landscapes, upon them, which almost rival the force and effect of the canvas. Again they are placed in the kiln, in order to fix the colours, and remain there for six hours. This compleats the process of such articles as have no gold in their pattern; but those which are ornamented with this superb addition, undergo another burning after the enamel is laid on. They are also carried afterwards into the *burnishing shop*, where this final decoration is given them by a

number of women, who soon change the dull surface of the gold into a most brilliant appearance, by rubbing the gilt part of the pattern with little instruments pointed with blood-stones and other polishing substances. They are now ready to be introduced into the world, and are sent forth, to gratify vanity, decorate splendour, or accommodate luxury; to ornament the tea-table of high-life, the dressing-room of fashion, and the boards of the great;—for the Worcester manufactory soars above the humbler articles in use amongst the happier tribes of common life. It would surprize a modern fine lady, were I to tell her, that the cup from which she sips her tea had been through the hands of at least twenty-three dirty workmen, before it met her lips; but such is the fact, for if we retrace the process, we shall find the following *croud* employed for the purpose:—the man who grinds the articles for the composition; the man that mills them; the person that calcines them; the grinder of the lumps; the sifter; the attender on the vats; the temperer; the thrower; the drier; the turner; the spout-maker, who forms the spouts and handles; the handler, who puts them on; the biscuit fire-man; the blue painter; the dipper, who immerses them in the glaze; the trimmer, who clears them from irregu-

larities in the glazing; the gloss fire-man; the sorter; the painter; the colour fire-man; the gold enameller; the enamel fire-man; the burnisher.—It is to be observed, that many articles which could not be conveniently *thrown*, such as tureens, plates, and dishes, are made on moulds of plaister of Paris, and when dry are given to the *turner*, as above-mentioned. The earnings of the workmen in this manufactory, who are all paid by the piece, are very considerable; throwers and turners making about 25s. per week; dippers and glazers, 21s.; and painters from 30s. to two guineas. *Pennington* is the inimitable artist who produces all those exquisite specimens of the perfection of the pencil, which the more expensive articles display.

Our visit to the cathedral was extremely interesting, from the beauty and singularity of its architecture, and from the monuments of some celebrated characters which it contains. Of this edifice, the great nave and side-ailes present a beautiful mixture of the Anglo-Norman and Gothic stiles; the two western arches, of the former—the remaining seven, (for the body of the church has nine) of the latter architecture; the capitals of the pillars supporting them are sculptured into the nicest fillagree-work, but each differing from the other in its pattern. Nothing can be more simple,

and amerced in 4000l. for his delinquency. His epitaph fixes the time of his death to 1650.

We regarded with veneration the tomb of *John Hough Bishop of Worcester*, who died in 1743, at the advanced age of ninety-three, having filled the episcopal chair nearly fifty-three years. When the obstinate zeal of James II. prompted him to attempt the most violent measures for the introduction of *Popery*, he issued his mandate to the fellows of Magdalen college, Oxon, for the election of one Farmer, a catholic, to be their president. The society resisted the nomination, and elected Hough, urging Farmer's ineligibility according to the statutes; their choice was confirmed by the visitor, but disputed by the ecclesiastical commission, who deprived Hough, and suspended two of the fellows. This sentence was disregarded by the principals, and became a matter of party. The King, in order to avoid the question of Farmer's ineligibility, issued a new mandate in favour of Parker Bishop of Oxford: the electors remained firm, and declared the place full by the nomination of Hough. The King himself went to Oxford, and personally reprimanded the fellows, threatening, that if further disobedient, "they should feel the weight of his hand." A new commission of visitors was appointed, who entered the town with

three troops of horse; but Hough, who was a man equally resolute and virtuous, still remained inflexible, and denied the power of deprivation. For this he was accused, by the King's proctor, of contumacy, and his name struck out of the college book. He sought redress in Westminster-Hall, but failed of gaining it; whilst, by order of the court, the lodge was broke open, and Parker installed by proxy. This matter had now become the subject of general concern, and would probably not have ended here, but for the agitation of a more momentous question relative to the church establishment, which immediately succeeded it, viz. "the Bishops' Petition." Hough was elected Bishop of Oxford 1690, translated to Coventry 1699, and to Worcester in 1717.

The dimensions of the cathedral are, five hundred and fourteen feet in length, seventy-eight feet in breath, and sixty-eight feet in height. The tower rises one hundred and sixty-two feet from the pavement. Adjoining this edifice are the cloisters, and the chapter-house; the former in perfect preservation, measuring one hundred and twenty-five feet by one hundred and twenty; the latter of a decagonal form, its roof supported by a solitary central pillar. Here we find the library, a warm and comfortable room, with the very unusual

appearance of being much frequented. It contains a copy of Rubens's famous Antwerp picture, the Descent from the Cross; several MSS. the property formerly of the monastery here; and a curious book, printed by Nicholas de Frampton in 1478.

Our attention was caught, as we proceeded to Droitwich, about half way between that town and Worcester, (a distance of seven miles) by the ancient mansion of Hendlip, standing a few hundred yards out of the turnpike-road to the right hand; an house built in Queen Elizabeth's time, and presenting all the peculiarities of the singular architecture that was fashionable at a period when neither taste, neatness, or convenience, were underſtood. John Abingdon, the cofferer of this queen, is said to have built the house. Thomas, his son, the next possessor of Hendlip, makes a conspicuous figure in the many plots entered into in the 16th century for the restoration of the Romish religion in this country, and twice owed his life to the clemency of the court—to Elizabeth and James I. Active in his endeavours to release Mary Queen of Scots from her confinement, he was at length discovered, and confined for six years in the Tower; nor would his punishment, probably, have stopped short of death, had not the queen compassionated her own

godson, and held the memory of his father's faithful services in regard. But the more atrocious act of joining in the powder-plot would certainly and deservedly have subjected him to capital punishment, if Lord Morley, the father of his wife, had not interceded for a pardon, which was granted him upon the terms of his never quitting the county of Worcester during the remainder of his life. This confinement was rendered less irksome to him by his engaging in a labour, the result of which we enjoy at present—the collection of materials for the history of Worcestershire; since arranged, compleated, and published by Dr. Nash.

Lord Morley had some claim, it should seem, upon the mercy of James, with respect to Abingdon, as it was through the means of his daughter, the wife of the latter, that the plot in agitation was discovered. Anxious to save the life of her brother Lord Monteagle, she framed the obscure letter received by that nobleman the night before the catastrophe was to have taken place; the meaning of which our English Solomon has the merit of alone being able to develope. Perpetually implicated in such dark contrivances, as at once demanded secrecy in their arrangement, and means of escape if attended with ill-success, Thomas converted the house of Hendlip into a proper scene for both pur-

poses; filling it with a variety of hiding-places, so ingeniously managed as to require more than common sagacity and perseverance to discover them. Into two of these inscrutable recesses four of the powder-plot conspirators, after the failure of the plot, were thrust by pairs; Owen and Chambers into one, and Garnett and Hill into another: and so well were they concealed, that no less than eight days and nights were consumed in searching for them before they were taken. The following cotemporary account will give you a compleat idea of the curious plan on which the house was constructed, or rather altered, by Thomas Abingdon, and now exhibits:—

" Sir Henrie Bromlie, on Monday January 20th
" last, by break of day, did engirt and round be-
" set the house of Mayster Thomas Abbingdon,
" at Hendlip, near Worcester. Mr. Abbingdon
" not being then at home, but ridden abroad about
" some occasions best known to himself, the house
" being goodlie and of great receipt, it required
" the more diligent labour and pains in the search-
" ing. It appeared there was no want, and Mr.
" Abbingdon coming home that night, the com-
" mission and proclamation being shewn to him,
" he denied any such men to be in his house; and
" voluntarily to die at his own gate, if any such

" were to be found in his house, or in that shire;
" but this liberal, or rather rash, speech, could
" not cause the search so slightly to be given over,
" the cause enforced more respect than that or
" words of any such like nature; and proceeding
" on according to the trust reposed in him, in the
" gallery over the gate there were found two cun-
" ning and very artificial conveyances in the main
" brick wall, so ingeniously framed and with such
" art as it cost much labour ere they could be
" found. Three other secret places, contrived by
" no less skill and industry, were found in and
" about the chimnies, in one whereof two of the
" traitors were close concealed. These chimney
" conveyances being so strangely formed, having
" the entrances into them so curiously covered over
" with brick, mortared and made fast to planks of
" wood, and coloured black like the other parts
" of the chimney, that very diligent inquisition
" might well have passed by without throwing
" the least suspicion on such unsuspicious places.
" And whereas divers funnels are usually made to
" chimnies according as they are combined toge-
" ther, and serve for necessary use in several
" rooms, so here were some that exceeded common
" expectation, seemingly outwardly fit for carry-
" ing forth smoke; but being further examined

" and seen into, their service was to no such pur-
" pose, but only to lend air and light downward
" into the concealments, where such as were in-
" closed in them at any time should be hidden.
" *Eleven* secret corners and conveyances were
" found in the said house, all of them having books,
" massing stuff, and Popish trumpery, in them,
" only two excepted, which appeared to have been
" found on former searches, and therefore had
" now the less credit given to them. But Mayster
" Abbingdon would take no knowledge of any of
" these places, nor that the books or massing stuff
" were any of his, until at length the deeds of his
" lands were found in one of them, whose cus-
" tody doubtless he would not commit to any
" place of neglect, or where he should have no
" intelligence of them, whereto he could then de-
" vise no sufficient excuse. Three days had been
" fully spent, and no man found there all this while;
" but upon the fourth day in the morning, from
" behind the wainscoat in the galleries, came forth
" two men of their own voluntary accord, as be-
" ing no longer able there to conceal themselves,
" for they confessed, that they had but one apple
" between them, which was all the sustenance they
" had received during the time they were thus
" hidden. One of them was named Owen, who

" afterwards murdered himself in the Tower, and " the other Chambers; but they would take no " other knowledge of any other men's being in the " house. On the eighth day the before-men- " tioned place in the chimney was found; forth " of this secret and most cunning conveyance came " Henry Garnet, the Jesuit, sought for, and an- " other with him named Hall; marmalade and " other sweetmeats were found there lying by " them, but their better maintenance had been by " a quill or reed through a little hole in a chimney " that backed another chimney into a gentlewo- " man's chamber; and by that passage, cawdle, " broths, and warm drinks had been conveyed in " unto them."

Of these conspirators, all except Garnett were executed in the country. He was superior of the order of Jesuits in England, and had been actively employed in forwarding the plot; administering the oath of secrecy, and encouraging the confederates, with holding out emancipation from purgatory and eternal felicity, as the rewards of their praiseworthy undertaking; an activity which he expiated on the gallows in London. In this singular mansion are the curious family portraits of

*John Abingdon*, cofferer to Queen Elizabeth, and builder of Hendlip-house.

*Percy*, one of the gunpowder-plot conspirators, a relation of the Abingdons'; and supposed by Guthrie, though without foundation, to have written the letter which occasioned the suspicions of James, and the discovery of the plot.

*Thomas Abingdon*, above spoken of, whom punishment rendered happy, by turning his attention from the distraction of politics to the tranquillity of literary pursuits.

*Mary his wife*, daughter of Lord Morley, and sister to Lord Monteagle; to whom she wrote the letter we have so often mentioned, which is now preserved in the Paper-office, Whitehall.

The dirty town of Droitwich would not have detained us a moment, had it not offered to our notice those natural curiosities, the salt springs or brine-pits, which have been known and made an article of manufacture for above one thousand years last past. Till the year 1689, this process had been monopolized by a few grantees under the crown, who raised a large annual income from their pits in Upwich and Netherwich: but at that time a Mr. Steynor, a bold speculator, and deeply skilled in the law of property, determined to break through a system which had neither equity nor reason for its foundation, and sunk some pits upon his own ground. The Corpora-

tion, who were the grantees, immediately brought an action against him for this interruption of their rights; but after several hearings and great expence, their monopoly was set aside, and a verdict recorded, that all such persons as possessed property *without* the limits of the royal grant, had a right to sink pits, and manufacture salt for their own profit without molestation. In consequence of this adjudication, the value of the original pits gradually dwindled away, till at length, in the year 1725, it vanished into nothing; a method being then discovered by Sir Richard Lane of increasing the product of the brine in a tenfold proportion, by boring through the stratum of *gypsum*, that hitherto had formed the floor of these springs. No sooner was this perforation made, than a stream of strong brine boiled up with such prodigious force as to destroy the workmen who were employed in the pit. After this successful experiment of Sir Richard, the whole neighbourhood adopted his plan, so that in a short time a considerably larger quantity of brine was produced than could possibly be consumed in the manufacture, to the total destruction of the old pits, and the utter ruin of many families and charities, which had the whole of their income secured upon them. The basis of the country hereabouts

seems to be salt rock, which lies usually from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet under the surface; the first spring is met with about one hundred and ten feet down, after which occurs a stratum of *gypsum* one hundred or one hundred and thirty feet in thickness; then a brine river of twenty-two inches deep, and finally a bed of salt rock of unknown thickness. In a search for the brine river made a few years since, the successive appearances in the earth were these—mould four feet, marl thirty-two feet, gypsum forty feet, a brine river twenty-two inches, another stratum of gypsum seventy-five feet thick, and then the salt rock. From the brine thus procured, which exceeds all others in strength and purity, is manufactured the Droitwich salt, by the following process:—A small quantity of water being previously poured into the boiling pan, to prevent the brine from burning at the bottom, it is then nearly filled with this strongly impregnated saline liquid; the pans are made of iron, broad, flat, and about fifteen inches deep, and placed over a furnace, with a high and wide chimney above them to assist the evaporation. A small lump of resin being thrown into the brine, to make it granulate, the process of ebullition and evaporation soon takes place; an incrustation of salt is presently formed on the sur-

face, which, after a short suspension, sinks to the bottom, and is then taken out by a man called the *worler*, who throws it into a wicker basket of a sugar-loaf shape, in order to drain. Having continued in these baskets for a few minutes, it is again turned out, and carried to the oven to harden; and is afterwards ready for sale. Previously to the American struggle, the salt-trade of this place returned to government in duty nearly 80,000l. per annum. But *tempora mutantur;* and Droitwich, like all other commercial towns, has felt the fatal effects of dismembered empire and long-protracted war.

Our road from hence to Bromsgrove took in general an high level, and occasionally afforded us an extensive view; but it was of a different nature to the country we had passed. The rich luxuriance of vegetation and the fine fringes of wood skirting the pastures, which we had remarked on all sides in the southern parts of Worcestershire, were gradually disappearing as we proceeded to the north of the county; a nakedness and deficiency which were accounted for by the comparative poverty of the red sandy soil whereon we were now entered. With this changed picture the town of Bromsgrove was in unison; a large but dirty place, full of shops and manufactures, employed in making sheeting, nails, and needles.

The same uninteresting scenery accompanied us for five miles beyond Bromsgrove, when, on our approach to the classic ground of Hagley, the demesne of Lord Lyttelton, its face was suddenly changed into the lovely and picturesque. Here the road creeps through a deep hollow way cut out of the sand rock, that rises in a wall on each side crowned with shrubs and trees, and admits through the lengthened excavation a pleasing *vista* of diversified scenery at its termination. There could not have been a more happy introduction than this to a scene like Hagley, in which taste and imagination must always feel themselves deeply interested, had it been rather nearer to the house than nature has chosen to place it. But as a long mile intervenes between the park and the ravine, the impressions with which the beauty of the spot had filled the fancy, have time to evaporate; and we enter less enthusiastically upon the ground trodden by departed genius, than we should have done, had the circumstances of the country been such as to keep awake these evanescent feelings. The house of Hagley was built by the first Lord Lyttelton, near the scite of the ancient family mansion, an old-fashioned structure of the 16th century; which had been the hiding-place of two more of the gunpowder-plot conspirators,

Stephen Lyttelton and Robert Winter. The term of their concealment, however, was but short, being betrayed by an under-cook belonging to the family. Humphrey Lyttelton, the owner at that time of the estate, who had received the traitors into his protection, and endeavoured to secrete them, was content to save his neck by discovering, as it is said, the unfortunate men that had taken refuge in Hendlip-house. The present mansion is a plain and simple but classical building, placed in the flat part of the park, the ground swelling into gentle hills on three sides of it. Its form is a parallelogram, and its chief front adorned with a double flight of steps on each side, from the platform of which is a fine extensive view.

The land rises majestically behind the house, but is utterly spoiled by those artificial decorations which the fashion of the day sixty years ago considered as additions the most elegant and appropriate; and which attached to Hagley-park almost the exclusive character of taste in the design, disposition, and ornament of pleasure-grounds. These decorations are—a temple; a Gothic ruin; an obelisk; a pillar; a Palladian bridge; two or three trumpery grottos; and as many *bits* of water of diminutive size and accurate mathematic forms; —quotations painted on tablets of wood, culled

from poets, ancient and modern, with the most artful care, in order that every word may have its appropriate feature in the scene to which it applies, compleat the list of ornaments in the famed Hagley grounds—ornaments highly in vogue half a century since, an æra in the history of English gardening when a classical *mania* had seized upon our improvers, after their escape from the strait lines and clipped yews of the Dutch manner, but utterly exploded as soon as good taste and common sense taught our designers of pleasure-ground, that their proper business was to assist nature, and not to destroy her; to tame her extravagance and soften her harshness, without changing her simplicity, wildness, and variety, for the operose and studied productions of artificial skill. The ruin, however, is good in its kind, and being situated upon the summit of a lofty hill, gratifies the eye with a prodigiously wide and diversified scene. The urn, also, dedicated to Pope, with this short inscription—

> "ALEXANDRO POPE, Poetarum Anglicorum elegantissimo dulcissimoque, vitiorum castigatori acerrimo, sapientiæ doctori suavissimo, sacra est. 1744."

and the pavilion, sacred to Thomson, bearing these lines—

"Ingenio immortali JACOBI THOMSON, Poetæ sublimis viri boni, ædiculam hanc in secessu quem vivus dilexit, post mortem ejus constructam, dicat dedicatque Georgius Lyttelton."

interest the imagination, and recall the recollection of those feasts of reason, in which the elegant Lyttelton indulged at Hagley with the author of the 'Rape of the Lock,' and the writer of the 'Seasons.' Contemplation is assisted likewise by the little parish church, which stands in the park, almost buried in trees; the plantations, indeed, are injudiciously luxuriant, as they entirely shut out this structure from the house; whereas, had a partial peep at its ancient tower or Gothic window been admitted, the object would not only have been a pleasing one in itself, but have made an happy variety in the ornaments of the ground commanded from the principal rooms.

The first apartment into which we were introduced was the hall, where we found

Six antique Busts.—A relief over the chimney. —Pan courting Diana, by Vassali.—Casts of a Corybant, of Bacchus, of Mercury, and of Venus, in four niches, copies from the Florentine gallery.—Busts of Rubens and Vandyke, by Rysbrack.

In the *parlour*, a Landscape, *the Villa Madama*, near Rome, where the 'Pastor Fido' was first per-

formed, by Wilson.—A little St. John, highly finished, the hands particularly fine, copied from Guercino, by B. le Jeune.—Madona and Child, by Rubens, the child laughing, animated, fleshy, and grand colouring.—In this room, also, we have the following portraits:

*Judge Lyttelton*, a picture pronounced by Mr. Granger to be a copy from the painted glass in the Middle-Temple hall, representing this great lawyer, whose name was held in such high veneration by the members of the Middle-Temple, that when one of his descendants applied for chambers within the house, it was resolved *nem. con.* by the benchers, he should be admitted without fine or the customary fees, in testimony of the great respect due from the whole society to the name of Lyttelton. Obiit 1481.

*Lord Keeper Lyttelton*, who, like his ancestor, was well skilled in the laws of the land, but too much inclined to meddle with the troubled politics of the day. On the recommendation of Archbishop Laud and Lord Strafford, he was raised to the high legal offices which he filled, for the purpose of furthering the wishes of Charles I.; and to the peerage, in order that he might serve the cause of that unfortunate nobleman; but at the commencement of Strafford's trial, he waved his privilege of

voting, because he had been a commoner when the accusation was brought up. All parties justly considered this reason as an idle excuse, since others in the like situation voted undisturbed; indeed, his whole character, as drawn by Lord Clarendon and others, exhibits too much of (what should never be allowed to enter the breast of a judge) a spirit of party intrigue. He died 1645, and was at that time colonel of a troop of horse in Oxford.

*Admiral Smith.*

*Sir Thomas Lyttelton*, father of the present lord, was thrice chosen representative for the county of Worcester; appointed a lord of the Admiralty in 1727, which situation he relinquished in 1741, and retired from Parliament. Obiit 1751, ætat 66. The painting is by Van Somer.

*Dr. Charles Lyttelton Bishop of Carlisle*, third son of Sir Thomas; originally a member of the Middle-Temple, he practised as a barrister; but relinquished that profession for the church. He was appointed chaplain in ordinary in 1747, in the following year promoted to the deanery of Exeter, and to the see of Carlisle in 1762. Obiit 1768.

*William Henry*, the present lord, succeeded to the baronetage on the decease of his nephew Thomas (generally known by the title of the *ghost-seer*) without issue, with whom the barony became ex-

tinct; but was revived in 1794, in the present peer, who had previously been ennobled by the title of Baron Westcote of Ireland.

*Lieut.-General Sir Richard Lyttelton*, by P. Battoni, fifth son of Sir Thomas; was early in life placed in the situation most likely to prove advantageous to those who have a turn for military affairs, being appointed page of honour to Queen Caroline; and regularly rose from an ensigncy in the Guards to the rank of lieut.-general, enjoying the offices of master of the jewel-office, governor of Minorca and Guernsey, and the dignity of a knight of the Bath. He married Rachael Dowager Duchess of Bridgewater. Obiit 1770.

*George Lord Lyttelton*, by West, eldest son of Sir Thomas, was early initiated in the busy scene of politics, and distinguished himself in a violent opposition to Sir Robert Walpole. On the downfall of that great minister, Lyttelton reaped the advantage of his opposition, and in 1744 was appointed a lord of the treasury; in 1754 nominated cofferer and privy-counsellor; and the following year made chancellor of the exchequer. In 1757 he retired from public life with a peerage. He has obtained a place in Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets,' though the biographer acknowledges, that if his poems be not to be despised, they can hardly

be admired. He consoled himself for the loss of an affectionate wife by writing a long poem to her memory, full of grief and plaintive sorrow; but sought a different kind of solace at the expiration of two years, by a second marriage with Elizabeth daughter of Sir Robert Rich; and had not the like cause or opportunity to lament her decease. Perhaps, mindful how seldom true character can be found graven on the tomb, he was interred at Hagley, by the side of his Lady, with this plain inscription on his monument:

> "This unadorned stone was placed here by the particular desire and express directions of the Right Honourable GEORGE Lord LYTTELTON, who died August 22d, 1773, aged 64."

*Lucy first Countess of Lyttelton*, daughter of Hugh Fortescue, of Filleigh in Devonshire, the subject of Lord Lyttelton's elaborate elegy. Of such public declarations of mental anguish it may be remarked, that their foundation is vanity, and their superstructure is affectation. The seriousness which embraces the heart, it has been well observed, is not the offspring of volition but of instinct. It is not a purpose, but a frame. The sorrow that is sorrow indeed, asks for no prompting; it comes without a call; it courts not admiration; it presses not on the general eye, but hastens under covert, and wails

its widowhood alone; its strong hold is the *heart*; there it remains close curtained—unseeing, unseen. Delicacy and taste recoil at the publication of internal griefs. They prophane the hallowedness of secret sadness; and suppose selected and decorated expression compatible with the prostration of the soul. No man will give Lord Lyttelton credit for those feelings towards his first love, which the polished lines of his elegy breathe, who adverts to the circumstances and character of his second. But this composition was not the only poetical tribute to the memory of Lucy from the pen of his Lordship. The following Latin and English epitaphs upon her monument in Hagley church are succeeded by some laudatory lines in the highest strain of eulogium:

"M. S.
LUCIÆ LYTTELTON,
Ex antiquissimorum Fortescutorum genere ortæ
Quæ annos nata viginti novem,
Formæ eximiæ, indolis optimæ,
Ingenii maximi,
Omnibus bonis artibus literisque
humanioribus supra ætatem et sexum exculti, sine superbia laude florens, morte immatura, vitam pie, pudice, sancte actam; in tertio puerperio clausit, decimo nono die Januarii, anno Domini 1746-7; fleta etiam ab ignotis. Uxori dilectissimo quinquennio felicissimo conjugii nondum absoluti, immensi amoris ac desiderii hoc qualicumque monumentum posuit GEORGIUS LYTTELTON, adhuc

eheu superstes, et in eodem sepulchro ipse olim sepeliendus. At per Jesum Christum salvatorem suum, ad vitæ melioris diuturniora guadia, lachrymis in æternum abstrusis, se cum illa resurrecturum confidens."

The English Epitaph is as follows:

"To the memory of LUCY LYTTELTON, daughter of Hugh Fortescue, of Filleigh in the county of Devon, esq; father to the present Earl of Clinton, by Lucy his wife, the daughter of Matthew Lord Aylmer, who departed this life the 19th of January 1746-7, aged 29; having employed the short time assigned to her here in the uniform practice of religion and virtue.

"Made to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes;
Though meek, magnanimous; though witty, wise;
Polite, as all her life in courts had been,
Yet good, as she the world had never seen;
The noble fire of an exalted mind,
With gentlest female tenderness combin'd;
Her speech was the melodious voice of love,
Her song the warbling of the vernal grove.
Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong.
Her form each beauty of her mind exprest,
Her mind was Virtue by the Graces drest."

In the *Gallery*, (a fine room, but low in proportion to its length, though this aukward effect is judiciously attempted to be counteracted by pillars at either end) we find *a Virgin and Infant Christ*, by Old Stone; the child natural and easy, its head thrown back, and laughing face.

Two antique busts, without drapery.

*Frances Dutchess of Richmond*, by Lely. A distinguished character in the memoirs of the lively Count Grammont, by her maiden name of Stuart. Her portrait is amongst the beauties at Windsor, and she was generally considered the brightest gem in the court of Charles II. who would gladly have divorced his queen, and raised her to his throne. She had the art of fascinating all classes; insomuch that Rotier the engraver was so passionately enamoured with her, as to display her face on various medals in the character of Britannia, and the resemblance is easily recognized.

*Sir William Fairfax*, of Steton in Yorkshire, knt. father of

*Catherine first wife of Sir Charles Lyttelton*, by Lely. She died in Jamaica, and was buried in the church at Spanish-Town, 1662, aged 26.

*Sir Charles Lyttelton* in armour, with a black boy, by Le Fevre; a steady adherent to the House of Stuart, and serving in the garrison at Colchester, when so severely besieged by Cromwell's forces. On its surrender, he escaped into France, but returned on Sir George Booth declaring in Cheshire for the King. The design failing, Lyttelton was imprisoned at the Gatehouse, Westminster, from whence he again repaired to Charles on being liberated, and was highly serviceable as a

negociator with his partizans in England. On the Restoration, he was appointed Governor of Jamaica, and built Port-Royal. Returning home, he was made governor of Sheerness and Landguard-fort, with various other employments, which he enjoyed till the Revolution, when he relinquished them, and died at Hagley 1716.

*Mary Duchess of Buckingham*, by Vandyck; daughter of Thomas Lord Fairfax, and wife of George Villiers Duke of Buckingham. Obiit 1705. Æt. 66.

*John Lyttelton*, by Zucchero; married to Bridget daughter and coheiress of his guardian Sir John Packington, with whose fortune he rebuilt his seat at Frankley; which was afterwards destroyed by Prince Rupert, to prevent its falling into the hands of the Parliament forces. He was in equal estimation with Mary and Elizabeth, though a catholic. Ob. 1590. Æt. 69. The motto on this portrait is

"Heu mihi cui nec vicisci
"Nec tantum queri licet."

*Countess of Exeter*, by Vandyck.

*William Lord Brouncker*, by Lely, stiled by Bishop Burnet "a profound mathematician," was Chancellor to Queen Catherine, and in the commission of Lord High-Admiral. On the first institution of the Royal Society, he was appointed president, and

his picture is still preserved with other distinguished characters in the apartments allotted to the Society in Somerset-House. Ob. 1684. Æt. 69.

*Countess of Suffolk*, by Lely.

*Miss Brown*, sister to Sir Geo. Brown, by Lely.

*Anne Countess of Bedford*, sole daughter of Car Earl of Somerset, by the profligate divorced Lady Essex, and wife of William Earl of Bedford, who was created Duke 1694. Ob. 1680. Æt. 64. (Vandyck.)

*Anne Countess of Southesk*, daughter of William Duke of Hamilton. Some lively traits of her disposition may be found in the secret memoirs of Charles the Second's court, by Count Grammont; but a graver historian has detailed her amours with the Duke of York, and the extraordinary steps adopted by her lord to punish his Highness.—*Vide* "Burnet's own Times," vol. i. p. 319.

*James Duke of Monmouth*, an uncommonly fine picture by Lely. The handsome, restless, and ambitious son of Charles II. by Lucy Walters. He attempted to conquer a kingdom with the assistance of a band of raw undisciplined troops, collected from the farmers and mechanics in the West, where he landed in 1685. After the defeat at Sedgmoor, he was found in a wood, with a few pease in his pockets, disguised as a peasant; carried

to London; executed on Tower-Hill, July 15th, 1685; and his headless body was deposited beneath the communion-table in the adjoining church of St. Petrus ad Vincula.

*Oliver Cromwell*, with *Sir Peter Temple, knt.* and *bart.* a copy, by Jarvis, from the original in the possession of the Rich family. Sir Peter was one of the members of the High Court of Justice for the trial of Charles I. but appears by the Journal not to have acted. He was author of "Man's Master-Piece," to which his head, by Gaywood, is prefixed.

*Sir Christopher Minns*, by Zonst; son of an honest shoemaker in London, and one of the many instances which the naval register of England furnishes, of men who have been the architects of their own fortune. Whatever might have been the necessary recommendations to favouritism during the reign of Charles II. yet no period of our history teems more fully with details of gallant and heroic naval exploits; and at no æra do the commanders appear to have been more liberally or honourably rewarded. *Kit Minns*, as he familiarly stiled himself, was one of the admirals engaged against De Ruyter and Tromp, in the memorable action which begun on the first of June 1666. On the fourth day he received a shot in his neck,

but remained at his post, holding his wound with both hands in great pain, till another ball pierced his throat, and laid him for ever at rest.

*Princess of Orange*, mother to William III. by Gerard Honthurst.

*Lady Barrymore and Son*, by Lely.

*Sir Thomas Clifford*, Lord Treasurer, by Old Stone. He was one of the famous, or rather infamous, administration, chosen by Charles II. and denominated the *Cabal*, from the initials of their names, viz. Clifford, Ashley, Buckingham, Arlington, Lauderdale. Perhaps the English History does not offer a junto more noted for wicked councils. All writers agree that Clifford had gained his situation by his eloquence and influence in the House of Commons; consequently, his disregard of principle became more alarming. He was a man of undoubted courage and intrepidity, and during the Dutch wars had volunteered his services under Prince Rupert and Albemarle. On his return home he was successively appointed comptroller of the household, secretary of state, and lord high treasurer, with the title of Lord Clifford of Chudleigh. Being a catholic, the staff of office was struck from his hands by the famous Test-act againt popery, passed in 1672; soon after which he retired into the country, followed by the

execrations of the whole nation, and died 1673, aged 43.

The *Drawing-Room* is hung with superb old tapestry, and contains the following portraits:

*William Pulteney Earl of Bath.* Ob. 1764.

Over the door on the left,

*Philip Dormer Stanhope Earl of Chesterfield*, by Vanloo. An accomplished gentleman, elegant in his prose, lively in his verse, brilliant in his wit, and fascinating in his eloquence; capable of shining in any society, notwithstanding the remark of Dr. Johnson, that "he might be a wit amongst lords, "but would be only a lord amongst wits." But in this observation, the lexicographer seems to have made his own gigantic intellect the standard of comparison. Anxious to make his talents appear hereditary, the Earl bestowed great pains on his son; but with as little success as the Protector Cromwell, whose heir was content to return to the plough. Ob. 1773. Æt. 78.

*Richard Temple Viscount Cobham*, by Vanloo; he was founder of the Grenville family, by the marriage of his sister Hester to Richard Grenville, 1710. Ob. 1749.

*Henry Pelham*, Chancellor of the Exchequer; by Shackleton. Ob. 1754.

*Philip first Earl of Hardwicke*, by Ramsay; raised by splendid talents and great legal knowledge, to the dignified situation of Lord Chancellor, in which his integrity and impartiality were exemplary and unimpeached. Ob. 1764. Æt. 73.

In the *Saloon* are,

*Charles* I. by Old Stone; and his

*Queen Henrietta Maria*; whose counsels are said to have had too much sway with her unfortunate consort. It is a curious fact, that her bigotry would not allow her to assist at the ceremony of her husband's consecration in a protestant church; and in consequence she appeared there only as a spectator.

*Family of Charles I.* five children by Vandyck.

*The Marriage of Neptune with Cybele*; or Earth and Water producing Plenty. The joint work of Rubens and Teniers; in which the grand style of the former easily marks his share of the labour. The laughing countenances of two children contrast finely with the severity of Cybele.

*Jacob and his Family journeying*; by Jacomo Basano.

*James Hay second Earl of Carlisle*, by Vandyck.

*Frances Stuart Countess of Portland*, wife to Jerome Weston, and daughter to Esme Duke of Richmond.

*Venus reconciled to Psyche*; a fine picture by Titian.

In the *Dressing-Room* next the Saloon—

*Charles* II. and his queen *Catherine of Braganza.*

*Sir Henry Littelton*, by Greenhill. He represented Lichfield in Parliament A. D. 1660, and was one of the jury for the trial of the regicides. The ever wakeful suspicion of Cromwell fixed upon this gentleman; and for seventeen months he was confined in the Tower. Obiit 1693. Aged 69.

Arcadian scene, sun-set, by Nicholas Poussin; the light let in grandly through a ruined arch.

A beautiful *Dead Christ*; affecting and sublime, by Vandyck.

In the *India Paper Dressing-Room.*

*Sir Thomas Lyttelton*, by Van Somer; of whom I have spoken under Worcester cathedral. Obiit 1650, having married

*Catherine, daughter of Sir Thomas Crompton*, by whom he had twelve sons and four daughters. Obiit 1666. Æt. 67.

*Mr. John Lyttelton*, one of the council who met at Drury-House in London, to further Essex's treasons, which cost the leader his head, and Lyttelton his estate. Having been convicted of the conspiracy, he would probably have been executed, had he not died in the King's-Bench prison in 1601, aged 39, having left three sons and five daughters.

*Mr. Edw. Lyttelton*, by Greenhill, sixth son of Sir Thomas, who was killed in a duel at Worcester.

*George, youngest son of Sir Thomas Lyttelton*, a major in the army. He married the daughter of the famous Sir Thomas Brown of Norwich.

*Ferdinando, eleventh son of Sir Thomas Lyttelton*; groom of the bedchamber to James Duke of York. He was killed, whilst leading on a regiment of horse in the French King's service.

In the *Green Bedchamber*—

*Two Misers*, a grand picture by Quintin Matzis. The same subject, and equally fine, with the painting at Windsor.

*Venus and dead Adonis*; the latter figure superlatively fine, the relaxation of the muscles quite natural.

*Lot and his Daughters*, by Luca Giordano. The figure of Lot better than that of the females. The coming out of his legs is particularly striking.

*Holy Family in Egypt*, by Le Serve.

*View on the river Cherwell*, by Greenhill.

In the *Scarlet Bed-chamber*—

*Sir Charles Lyttelton*, and a *black boy*, by Le Fevre.

*Louise de Querouaille Duchess of Portsmouth*, a luxuriant portrait, by Le Fevre. This female was a favourite mistress of Charles II. artfully introduced to him by Louis XIV. when he wanted to

bind the English Monarch to the French interest; and events fully justified the selection, for at no period was the business of the British Court carried on with a greater subserviency to that of France. She died at Paris 1734, ætat 89.

*George Lord Lyttelton*, by Sir J. Reynolds.

*The Woman taken in Adultery*, by Varotari, the best scholar of Paul Veronese.

*Spanish Soldiers playing at Dice*, by Mr. Patour, an imitation of Giorgeani's manner; a fine picture, the figures prodigiously animated.

In the *scarlet dressing-room*—

The hero *William of Nassau*, founder of the Dutch Republic, by Miravelt; a heavy squat figure, thoughtful, dark, and melancholy, but with a sagacious, expressive countenance, and eyes of fire.—*Sir Alexander Temple*, by C. Janssen.

*Sir John Lyttelton*, by Zucchero, 1557.

*Sir Thomas Lyttelton, knight and baronet*, father to Sir Charles, by Van Somer.

*Catherine his wife*, daughter of Sir Thomas Crompton, by C. Janssen.

*Sir Edward Carew*, by Old Stone.

*Sir Francis Vere*, a gallant knight of the 16th century; who, as a recompence for repeated marks of valour, was appointed governor of Flushing 1596, by Queen Elizabeth. Obiit 1608.

*Ferdinand Lyttelton*, brother of Sir Charles, by Zoust.

*Muriel*, by C. Janssen, daughter of Sir Thomas Bromley, lord chancellor. On the accession of James I. she received, as an act of mercy, the forfeited estates of her husband Mr. John Lyttleton, who had been condemned to death, and had his estates confiscated, for the part he bore in Essex's plot. Her rational piety was evinced in carefully educating her children in the Protestant faith, the Lyttelton family, previously to that time, having been bigotted Papists; and her humility was displayed in her choice of a place of sepulture in the centre of the church-yard, amongst the croud of "unhonoured dead." There her remains repose under a plain tomb, bearing the following inscription:—

"16 (Christ is my life) 30
"and
"Death my advantage.
"I trust to see the LORD
"In the land of the living."

*Prince Maurice*, when young, by Dobson. He was third son of the King of Bohemia, and brother to Prince Rupert; and signalized himself by his military exploits during the civil wars of Charles Ist's reign. If he wanted his brother's fire, he greatly

surpassed him in prudence and discretion, in well knowing how to follow up any advantages which he had gained over his enemy; an important species of military knowledge, which the impetuous spirit of Rupert prevented him from ever acquiring.

*Lady Paget*, by C. Janssen.

*Lady Crompton*, wife of Sir Thomas Crompton, daughter to Lady Paget, and mother of Catherine lady of Sir Thomas Lyttelton; by C. Janssen.

The *Queen of Bohemia*, by C. Janssen.

*Christ with his Disciples at Emmaus*, supposed by Le Brun.

In the *library*, over the chimney we find *Pope*, with his dog Bounce; by Richardson. If the painter has failed in his likeness of the faithful companion of our celebrated poet, we have a full description of the favourite by his master, in one of his epistles to Mr. Cromwell, where he reports him "little, lean, and none of the finest shaped. "He is not much a spaniel in his fawning, but "has a dumb surly sort of kindness that rather "shews itself when he thinks me ill-used by others, "than when we walk peaceably and quietly by "ourselves."

*Gilbert West*, the intimate friend and companion of George Lord Lyttelton, and the great Earl of Chatham. By the patronage of the latter noble-

man, he was nominated to the office of treasurer of Chelsea Hospital in 1752; a sinecure, which, in addition to one of the lucrative clerkships of the privy council, enabled him to pass in affluence and ease a life too short for the wishes of his friends. Grief for the loss of an only son provoked a stroke of the palsy, which brought him to the grave, Anno Domini 1756.

*James Thomson*, son of a dissenting minister in Scotland. Soon after his arrival in London, he was engaged as travelling tutor to the son of Chancellor Talbot, by whom he was made *secretary of the briefs*. On the death of his patron, our poet was either too proud or too timid to solicit a continuance of the employment, and his affairs again fell into a *poetical posture*. By the recommendation of George Lord Lyttelton, he obtained a pension of one hundred pounds per annum from Frederic Prince of Wales; and under the same influence gained the appointment of surveyor-general of the Leeward-Islands. As a poet, he may almost be styled *the child of nature;* when we read his 'Seasons,' we see around us all that he describes, and wonder that the view has so long escaped us. Obiit 1748. Æt. 47.

Over the bookcases are four good marble Busts, by Sheemaker, representing Milton, Shakespeare,

Spenser, and Dryden. They are the more interesting, from the circumstance of their having been the property of Pope, and bequeathed by him to George Lord Lyttelton.

From most of the rooms the views are agreeably diversified; and a still greater variety might have been introduced, had the little parish church (as I have before observed) been allowed to make a feature in the scene. In the time of George Lord Lyttelton, who was not ashamed of such a neighbour, its ivied tower and Gothic windows peeped prettily from the woods that now encircle it, and threw into the pleasing impressions which the surrounding scenery excited, the agreeable idea of public social worship. But this did not symphonize with the feelings of his successor; to him the house of GOD was a bugbear, and as such he determined to conceal it from his sight. He, therefore, thickened his plantations; and so effectually, as to preclude all appearance of the little picturesque structure, till it be nearly approached. As we listened to this fact, recorded by an old inhabitant of the place, we could not but advert to the singular and powerful opposition of character exemplified in the two successive possessors of Hagley-park—Lord George, and his son. The former a man of the highest intellectual powers and acquirements, and

at the same time of the warmest piety and most exalted virtue; the champion of the Christian cause, and the able assertor of the truth of the Gospel; whose treatise on the Conversion of St. Paul will ever remain a monument of his religion and his talents; a composition clear in style and irresistible in argument, at once calculated to confirm the believer, to convince the sceptic, and to silence the infidel. The latter, also, of lofty intellect and splendid attainments, but of equal profligacy and irreligion; the fascinating seducer of innocence, and the shameless contemner of every thing sacred; whose short, but pernicious, life was passed in scoffing at the obligation of virtue, and violating the sanctions of morality; but who, after all his bold impiety, was at last literally *frightened to death*, by the horrible fantasies of his own imagination. The *ghost story*, to which I allude, is too generally known to render it necessary for me to trouble you with it at present. Let it be sufficient for me to remark, that the family continue to believe the reality of the supernatural appearance to his lordship; and a very near relation of his has had a painting made of the occurrence, wherein Lord Lyttelton is represented in bed, at the foot of which stands a little female figure, bearing upon her finger a small bird, whilst several demoniacal figures are fluttering

about his head; such being the vision (according to his account to his valet) that had appeared, and notified to him he should die at a particular hour. To afford encouragement and corroboration to virtue, it may be well for it to recollect, that there is no guilt without horror, no vice without remorse.

Amidst all those corruscations of wit, and flashes of merriment, which incessantly emanated from this young and gallant nobleman, his heart was wrung with everlasting care, and his soul harrowed by superstitious alarms. Of the truth of this assertion the following is a remarkable instance:—A few months before he died, he made a visit to the seat of Lord ——, an old friend and neighbour. The mansion is old and gloomy, and well calculated to affect an imagination that could be easily acted upon; the spirits of his lordship appeared to be agitated on entrance, but after a time his accustomed hilarity returned, the magic of his tongue enraptured the circle; and all, apparently, was festivity and delight. As the night waned and the hour of repose approached, his lordship's powers of conversation became still more extraordinary; the company were rivetted to their chairs, and as often as the clock admonished them to depart, so often did he prevail upon them to forget the admonition, by a fresh stock of anecdote, or a

new chain of witticisms. At length, however, the party broke up, and retired to their rooms; where, after a short time, Lord —— was surprised by the intrusion of his friend Lord Lyttelton, who, with a countenance of horror and consternation, requested that he might be allowed to sleep in the same room with him, as he had been frightened by the *creaking of the floors* when he first entered the house, and was not able to conquer the alarm which the noise had excited in his mind!

In our way to Stourbridge, the noble charity of Thomas Foley, esq; ancestor of the present lord, lying a little out of the road to the left hand, attracted our notice. An estate devised by this philanthropic character, now netting about eight hundred pounds per ann. supports the establishment; which educates, clothes, and feeds, sixty poor children belonging to the parish of Old Swinford, wherein it is situated, and the neighbouring parishes, and at a certain age places them in the world as apprentices to different callings. Their dress is similar to that of Christ's-Hospital, and the regulations of the college in a great measure the same.

The glass manufactories are the only objects of curiosity at Stourbridge; great quantities of white glass are made at them, but there is nothing particular in their process or produce. Shortly after

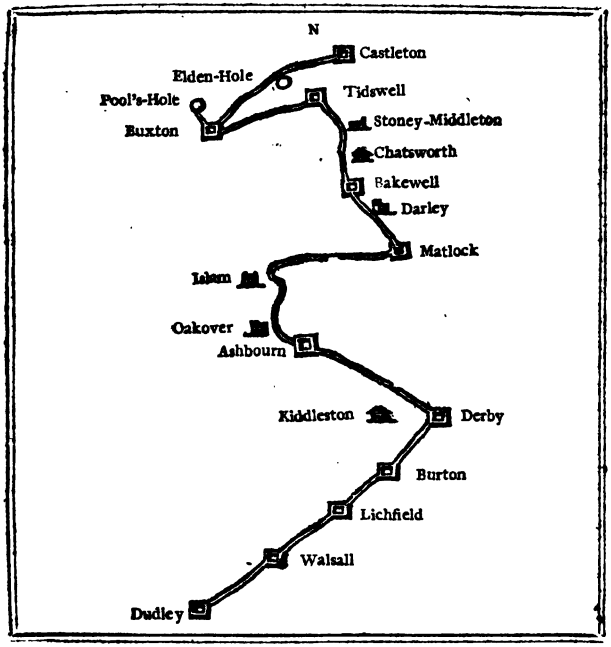
quitting this place, we dropped the sandy soil which had accompanied us for several miles, and entered upon a stiff clay, the external covering to these productive mines of coals, and that peculiar nodulated iron ore, which now began to appear on all sides of us.

The locality of coal and ore in these parts is somewhat singular, since they only extend to the distance of about six miles round Dudley, and are then lost, and succeeded by sand. Indeed, the whole geology of this district is curious, and well deserves the attention of the naturalist. Fortunately for the lovers of science, its peculiarities have been ably developed by Mr. Keir, the celebrated chemist and natural philosopher; whose paper on this subject makes the most valuable feature in the History of Staffordshire. A constant resident on the spot, and an attentive observer of the phænomena it presents, his observations form a complete history of local geology, and afford an admirable model for writers on the same subject; who, instead of extending their remarks so widely as they are accustomed to do, and attempting *general* geological histories, would do well to embrace merely the district within their own constant observation; and when *facts* have thus been suffici-

ently multiplied, to begin the erection of systems on their broad and solid foundation, rather than on the unsubstantial basis of airy hypothesis.

Your's, &c.

R. W.




## LETTER II.

### TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, *Castleton, June 8th.*

THE situation of Dudley castle is very imposing at a distance. Crowning the summit of a limestone hill, it proudly overlooks the adjoining town, and commands a view of seven English and two Welch counties, eighteen churches, several large manufacturing towns, different ranges

of mountains, and numerous elegant mansions and extensive parks. The ruin also, seen from afar, is august; but on our approach, we find that (like many other things which are more interesting in perspective than when immediately under our eyes) it loses a great part of its grandeur, and drops all its claim to the picturesque. The hill, denuded of timber, affords nothing to contrast with or soften down the bare walls, unadorned with ivy, and rendered still more harsh by the association of modern mansions which unite with the foot of the hill, and interrupt any illusion which the fancy might be otherwise inclined to present in the contemplation of ancient castellated ruins. Not that the fabric was always thus exposed and naked; noble woods once surrounded it, from whence the towers and battlements, "bosomed "high in tufted trees," peeped out, and only disclosed enough of the building to excite the imagination by partial concealment, and interest the taste by picturesque association. It is said to have been founded by Dodo the Saxon chieftain, about the commencement of the eighth century; though certainly no member of the present fortress is older than the Anglo-Norman times. It stands upon an acre of ground, and consists of many dilapidated buildings of different ages, and various archi-

tecture. Of these the most ancient is the *keep*, preserved by its superior strength of structure from those effects of time which are more visible on the less substantial parts. We took it to be of the age of Stephen or John. Two fine windows of the chapel, rich in tracery, testify the beauty of this part of the building; and the *dungeon* under it points out the harsh usages of the feudal times, and the monstrous associations of those days, when they could make the praises of the Deity go hand in hand with the tortures of their fellow-creatures, and unite the mass with murder. Other apartments are of the architecture of the 16th century. Until the restoration of Charles II. Dudley-castle was entirely confined to military purposes, and generally in the hands of the crown; but when settled government rendered these securities against rebellion unnecessary, it passed into the family of a subject, and became the residence of the Lords Ward. In the early part of the eighteenth century being deserted, a troop of coiners fixed their abode in its dilapidating apartments; and carried on their illegal proceedings there without interruption for some time; deterring all idle curiosity from approaching the place, by imposing upon the superstition of the neighbourhood with strange

noises and alarming appearances. A conflagration drove them away on the 24th of July 1750, but whether an accidental one, or deliberately done, was never discovered. The remains of the Priory stand a quarter of a mile west of the castle, and consist of some unintelligible fragments, and part of the conventual church. A good Gothic window at the east side of the building, and some beautiful mouldings in other parts, mark the splendour of its original appearance, when founded by Gervase Paganell, lord of the manor, in the year 1161. The walls are now occupied by manufacturers, who, in a little adjoining building, grind the glass made in the neighbouring town, and polish fire-irons, and other articles of steel.

But the mineralogy of Dudley is more remarkable than its antiquities. This place may be considered as forming the centre of two ranges of hills, of which one runs towards the north to Wolverhampton, and consists of lime-stone; the other takes a southern course from Dudley, through Rowley, (from thence called the Rowley hills) towards Birmingham, and consists of *basalt*. On the last of the former chain is situated part of the town of Dudley, and the ruins of its castle; which are undermined by stupendous quarries of admirable lime-stone, whose gaping entrance is half a mile

to the north of the castle. Here a prodigious scene of subterraneous excavation discovers itself, consisting of several lime-stone mines and tunnels worked into the rock, one of which perforates it entirely, and opens again into day at the distance of nearly two miles from its entrance. This is thirteen feet high and nine wide, and at one point sixty-four feet below the surface of the earth. The caverns are truly august, being of great extent, and considerable height; their roof supported by vast rude square pillars of lime-stone, left for that purpose. Various marine productions are found in this mass of rock, such as *enchrini*, *cornua ammonis*, *anomiæ*, and other common fossils; but the rarest production of this sort is the *pediculus marinus*, or sea-louse, the *entimolithus paradoxus monoculi deperditi* of Linnæus, but called, in the homely naturalist's vocabulary of the place where it is found, the *Dudley locust*. In form it resembles the common wood-louse, except that it is trilobated, and exceeds it considerably in size, some specimens being nearly five inches long, and few so small as the recent insect generally is. Being discovered only at Dudley and another place in the kingdom, the fossil is the more valuable; a circumstance not unknown to the venders of these productions of the

mines at Dudley, who charge most unconscionably for all their specimens.

On quitting Dudley for Walsall, the coal accompanied us for four or five miles, when all vestiges of coal-works disappeared; the country changed its face, and a silicious gravel occupied the place of the clayey soil, which denoted this bituminous fossil beneath it. The lime-stone, however, was still seen; and the town of Walsall appeared from afar, climbing up a lofty hill of this rock, the church crowning its apex.

Dingy with the smoke of manufactories, Walsall boasts no great beauty, but makes a respectable figure in the southern parts of Staffordshire, as a place of trade and opulence. Its population, including its two divisions, the town which is called the *borough*, and the country part called the *foreign*, amounts to about nine thousand; a great portion of whom are employed in the manufactory of sadler's ironmongery, stirrups, bits, and spurs, locks and nails. Before the war, also, very large quantities of buckles and chapes were made at Walsall, and exported into foreign countries; but this branch of manufacture is now nearly extinguished, and the inhabitants, in lieu of it, have turned their attention to the lime-stone mining, which is pursued just without the town to vast extent and equal ad-

vantage. So great indeed are the profits attending this speculation, that the value of such property as has lime-stone upon it has increased within these very few years in an incredible proportion, two thousand pounds having been offered for a garden in the town of less than half an acre in dimensions, on account of the valuable lime-stone below its surface.

Taking the road to Lichfield, we had an opportunity of examining with more attention these sources of riches to the town of Walsall. A little to the right of the turnpike, close adjoining to the road, is a group of open quarries, called Walsall lime-pits, belonging to Mr. Griffiths of that town, on a spot of ground that twenty years ago made part of a gentleman's park. Here the lime-stone is found a few feet below the surface of the earth quarried out, and partly burned on the spot and partly sold in its raw state. A pump, worked by a wheel of simple and ingenious construction, clears the pits of the water to which they are liable; and the Wirley and Essington Canal, which passes at no great distance from the works, affords a cheap water-carriage to the most distant parts.

A quarter of a mile further on the turnpike-road is another great lime-stone work, worked in a different manner to the former ones. This lies, like

the one we have just described, on the *eastern* side of the road; for the *dip* is so rapid to the westward, that the borers have tried for it on that side of the road to a great depth, but tried in vain; it is called *Moss-close* mine, belongs to Messrs. Parsons and Lee, and employs twelve men. This is worked in the manner of a mine, (the rock a fine white *lyas*, lying one hundred and twenty feet below the surface of the ground) the material being blasted with gunpowder, and afterwards drawn up by an engine. The present work is a recent one, but the whole of the land round it, quarried to a great extent, and lying in hideous ruin and combustion, proves that the lime-stone had made an article of trade here many years ago. When brought to the surface, it is sold at the pit for 4s. 3d. the qr. or ten bushels.

Our route led us over Cannock wood, as it is called, a wide extent of heath, without a single vestige of those magnificent forests of oaks which clothed its face in former times, and occasioned its appellation. Its wildness, however, is tamed by the animation of commercial bustle perpetually seen on the numerous canals that intersect its surface, and afford communication between some of the greatest manufacturing towns in the kingdom.

We did not enter Lichfield, nine miles from Walsall, without impressions of great respect for a

city that gave birth to one of the first characters which this kingdom can boast. We regarded with reverence the house where Dr. Johnson had first drawn his breath, and the great willow-tree planted by the hand of a man who united every moral excellence with every intellectual endowment; the rarest gifts of the mind with the noblest virtues of the heart; who exhibited transcendent mental powers, combined with all the aids of human learning, ever laboriously employed in the defence of religion and the corroboration of virtue. That Johnson's character should be unmixed with foibles, would be vain to expect, since no mortal can be perfect, or catch those graces which are beyond the reach of humanity; but in appreciating this character, let us recollect, that all these failings leaned to virtue's side, and that they always manifested the excess of a good principle, rather than the presence of a bad one. Of this the following anecdote you will probably consider as an example:

During the last visit which the Doctor made to Lichfield, the friends with whom he was staying, missed him one morning at the breakfast-table; on enquiring after him of the servants, they understood he had set off from Lichfield at a very early hour, without mentioning to any of the family whither he was going. The day passed without

the return of the illustrious guest, and the party began to be very uneasy on his account, when, just before the supper-hour, the door opened, and the Doctor stalked into the room. A solemn silence of a few minutes ensued, nobody daring to enquire the cause of his absence; which was at length relieved by Johnson addressing the lady of the house in the following manner:—" Madam, " I beg your pardon for the abruptness of my de- " parture from your house this morning; but I " was constrained to it by my *conscience*. Fifty " years ago, Madam, on this day, I committed a " breach of filial piety, which has ever since lain " heavy on my mind, and has not till this day " been expiated. My father, you recollect, was a " bookseller, and had long been in the habit of " attending —— market, and opening a stall for " the sale of his books during that day. Confined " to his bed by indisposition, he requested me this " time fifty years ago to visit the market, and attend " the stall in his place. But, Madam, my pride " prevented me from doing my duty, and I gave " my father a refusal. To do away the sin of this " disobedience, I this day went in a post-chaise to " ——, and going into the market at the time of " high business, uncovered my head, and stood " with it bare an hour, before the stall which my

" father had formerly used, exposed to the sneers " of the standers-by, and the inclemency of the " weather; a penance, by which, I trust, I have " propitiated Heaven for this only instance, I be- " lieve, of contumacy towards my father."

Since the removal of Mr. Green's museum from Lichfield, the *lions* of the place are reduced to a very narrow number. Amongst these the cathedral offers itself first for observation; an edifice uniform and beautiful, kept up with the utmost nicety, neatness, and care. One regulation for the preservation of its walls and the prevention of their disfigurement by bad taste, is an order of the chapter, prohibiting any monuments to be erected within the fabric, and directing that all notifications of the names and ages of persons buried in the cathedral should be inscribed on little tablets of black marble, and inserted in the walls of the southern transept. Previously to this sensible arrangement, some few monuments had been erected, amongst which are the following three, commemorating remarkable persons, and bearing these inscriptions—

" Sacred to the memory of the Right Hon. LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE, who happily introduced from Turkey into this country the salutary art of Inoculating the Small-Pox. Convinced of its efficacy, she first tried it with success on her

own children, and then recommended the practice of it to her fellow-citizens. Thus by her example and advice we have softened the virulence, and escaped the danger, of this malignant disease. To perpetuate the memory of such benevolence, and to express her gratitude for the benefit she herself has received from this alleviating art, this monument is erected by Henrietta Inge, relict of Theodore William Inge, esq; and daughter of Sir John Wrottesley, bart. A. D. 1789."

Near this tribute to the public spirit of the witty and elegant Lady Mary Wortley Montague, is a testimony of friendship to the memory of Johnson, with these lines:

"The friends of SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L. D. a native of Lichfield, erected this monument as a tribute of respect to the memory of a man of extensive learning; a distinguished moral writer, and a sincere christian. He died 13th Dec. 1784; aged 75 years."

Adjoining this monument is another, of equally elegant and simple pattern, the design of Wyatt, and execution of Westmacott, commemorating the friend of Johnson, Garrick; the witty, the pleasant, and the vain. It is inscribed:

"Eva Maria, relict of DAVID GARRICK, esq; caused this monument to be erected to the memory of her beloved husband, who died the 20th of January 1779, aged 63 years. He had not only the amiable qualities of private life, but such astonishing dramatic talents, as too well verified the observation of his

friend: "His death eclipsed the gaiety of nations, "and impoverished the public stock of harmless "pleasure."

There is an air of *bathos* in this remark, which gives it rather a ridiculous effect, but it certainly has truth for its foundation; for since the death of the inimitable histrionical powers of Garrick, the stage has alike lost its force to charm, and its influence to improve. The compliment, also, only extends to a single feature in the character of Garrick; if you wish to have the whole form complete, I must recommend you to that admirable painter of the human mind, Goldsmith, who has analyzed that of his dramatic friend with all the power of a master:

" Here lies DAVID GARRICK, describe me who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man;
As an actor, confest without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line:
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings—a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off, he was acting.
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he vary'd full ten times a day;
Tho' secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick,
If they were not his own by finessing and trick:
He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle them back.

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came,
And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame;
'Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest, was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind."

The most ancient part of the cathedral is the western division, built by Roger Cleriton, in 1148, and pronounced by Sir William Chambers to be the most beautiful thing of the kind in Europe. Indeed, the whole cathedral is august and uniform, but (strange to say) not built in a strait line; for on viewing the interior from the great western door, it appears that the altar, which is placed exactly in the centre of the eastern end, does not stand opposite to the entrance. On the south side of the western door is the monument of Launcelot Addison, father to the celebrated author of the 'Spectator.' The choir may be truly said to be *simplex munditiis*; nothing gaudy, nothing superfluous, and finely terminated by the Lady's chapel, whose window exhibits a magnificent specimen of Mr. Eggington's painting upon glass, in a superb picture of the Resurrection; which is intended to be supported on each side by the Crucifixion and Ascension, from designs of Jarvis. On returning through the south-eastern aile, we could not but stop a moment at the tomb of Bishop Hacket, a

prelate of the seventeenth century, whose piety and munificence were both exerted in an extraordinary manner to repair and re-edify the cathedral of Lichfield, which had been almost destroyed by the sacrilegious hands of the Oliverians. For this good purpose the venerable man drew from his own purse the sum of 5000l. and added 23000l. more, which he had collected together by begging at the doors of the inns the benevolences of travellers as they arrived there, for eight years together.

Original genius did not depart from Lichfield when Johnson and Garrick turned their backs upon the city; for it has now to boast of two extraordinary self-taught artists in the pictorial line—Mr. Glover, and his apprentice Mr. Fernyhough. Landscape is the department in which Mr. Glover excels chiefly; and in some of his superior pieces, both the manner and colouring of the first masters of the Italian school are attempted with great effect. He shewed us a good original picture of Luca Giordano's, Hercules and Omphale; harsh, but superlatively grand.

The situation of Lichfield is low, the land around it flat, and the soil sandy; a character of country that accompanied us the greater part of the road to Burton-upon-Trent; a ride, however, that was rendered interesting, by the great trunk canal con-

necting Mersey with Trent, which took a course parallel with the road for a considerable distance; some iron-works, busily employed upon its banks; the fertile meadows, watered by the Trent in the neighbourhood of Burton, and the rich pasturages rising above the town on its northern side. The flourishing appearance of the place announced the several manufactories which are here carried on with briskness and success; seven breweries employed in making that rich and glutinous beverage named after the town, and well known in the neighbourhood of Gray's-Inn Lane; "balm of "the cares, sweet solace of the toils," of many an exhausted limb of the law, who, at the renowned *Peacock*, re-invigorates his powers with a nipperkin of Burton ale, and a whiff of the Indian weed;—a cotton-mill;—and a manufactory of screws. The river admits vessels of forty tons to the town quay, and connecting itself, by means of canals, with all the other parts of the kingdom, affords a ready and cheap exportation to the produce of all the manufactories of the place. A most pleasing picture, formed by Burton, the river Trent, (which divides itself about half a mile below the bridge into two branches) vessels and fishing-boats, a fine extent of meadow ornamented with handsome houses and neat demesnes, presents itself on mounting the hill

that swells to a considerable height on the northern part of the town.

Pursuing our road to Derby, we soon perceived the style of the country was changing; and that nature, tired with the tameness of a level, began to indulge herself in inequalities and variety. The grand trunk occasionally shewed itself—an indication of the great internal commerce carried on in this part of the kingdom. The river Dove also, of bewitching name, (which rises a little to the south of Burton, and makes the boundary between Derbyshire and Staffordshire, as far as its junction with the Trent below Burton) crossed the turnpike at the eighth mile-stone, and crouched beneath an aqueduct of twelve arches to the right, which conveyed the canal over its bosom; whilst a beautiful landscape offered itself to the right, formed by the village of Eggington, the seat of Sir Henry Everett, and a pleasing groupe of humbler dwellings.

On reaching Derby, its manufactures claimed our first attention. They consist of the silk manufactory; the porcelaine ditto; and the marble and spar works. Of the first, there are six in Derby; that of Mr. Shell employs about three hundred people; one single water-wheel sets in motion all the beautiful machinery, which exhibits above one hundred thousand different movements. All ope-

rations upon the silk are performed here, from the skain to preparing it for the weaver. The skain (the production of China) is first placed upon hexagonal frame-work wheels, and the filaments that compose it regularly wound off upon a smaller cylindrical one. The cones of silk thus produced are carried below to be twisted, when a proper machine unites two of them together. The women then receive the thread, and twist four, seven, or ten of them into one, according to the purposes for which they are intended; the finer thread going to the stocking-weaver, the latter to the manufacturer of waistcoat-pieces. It is now fit for the dyer, who discharges the glue which it had received in China, and gives it a beautiful gloss. The weaver then takes it, and proceeds to his part of the process; which is so lucrative, that if he have the least industry, he may earn two guineas per week by his labour; the profits upon a single pair of stockings being from three to four shillings and sixpence, according to the size. A common one consumes about seven hundred yards of twist. It is to the Italians we are indebted for our present elegant and expeditious mode of manufacturing silk thread; who were long exclusively in possession of it, till Sir Thomas Lombe clandestinely obtained in Italy, with great risque, difficulty, and expence, a model of one of

their mills, and erected one upon the proper scale at Derby.

Carr's porcelain manufactory (lately belonging to Mr. Dewsbury) is carried on by a process precisely similar to that at Worcester, except that the ware here is rather lighter and more transparent than at the latter place. The biscuit pieces or white ware, also, are made at Derby, surpassing in beauty and delicacy any thing in the whole world of the same kind. The method followed for the purpose is this:—The proper materials being reduced to a liquid of the consistence of thick cream, a sufficient quantity of this is poured into moulds made of plaster of Paris. The water contained in the mixture is quickly absorbed by the plaster, and a crust left, sufficiently hard and tenacious to be turned out of the mould. This is then dried and trimmed, and joined to the other parts of the figure, whatever it may be; for all the patterns are composed of various pieces, formed in separate moulds. The article is then sent to the kiln, from whence it comes out white as snow. This is the only manufactory of the kind in the town, and employs between two and three hundred men.

The largest marble work belongs to Brown and Co. where forty journeymen are employed in cutting, smoothing, and polishing marble; and manu-

facturing Derbyshire spar into a variety of beautiful ornamental forms; vases, pillars, &c. The round patterns are worked on vertical lathes, the square figures on horizontal ones; and both polished with emery powder and putty. One large water-wheel is sufficient for the whole machinery of the manufactory, which is novel, simple, and ingenious.

Derby, independently of the different objects of curiosity we have described, is in itself worth seeing, from the beauty of its situation on the Derwent, and the pleasing scenery of its environs; particularly the country about Little-Chester, a mile below Derby, which, being said to have been a Roman station, the *Derventio* of that people, led us a delightful walk by the banks of the Derwent to its scite. But *stat nominis umbra*, only the name remains; and even the acuteness of a Stukely would be insufficient to discover any traces at present of classical antiquity. Its assembly-room affords an example of the munificence and taste of the Duke of Devonshire, at whose expence it is furnished. The singularity of All-Saints' church, also, is remarkable; to the beautiful Gothic tower of which, built in the reign of Henry VIII. is added a Grecian body by Gibbs, about eighty years ago, of the chastest proportions, and most classical design. It is only to be regret-

ted, that so much taste and art should have been exerted to produce a disgusting incongruity.

The splendid mansion of Lord Scarsdale being included in our route, we proceeded along the Ashbourne road on quitting Derby for nearly three miles; when we reached the handsome inn of Kiddlestone, built by his Lordship for the accommodation of such strangers as curiosity may lead to view his residence. The house (erected by the present Lord in 1761) stands half a mile to the left of the inn, from whence it is approached by a foot-path, which conducts the visitor to the Baths, a simple elegant building, ambushed in yew-trees, having accommodations for hot and cold bathing, and covering a medicinal spring of the same kind, strongly impregnated with sulphur as the water of Harrowgate, but of less power: these are rented by the innkeeper. Following the path, it conducted us to a noble stone bridge of three arches, thrown over a large piece of water, amplified to its present extent by cutting away judiciously the banks of the little brook Weston, which formerly rilled through the park in quiet and insignificance. The surface of this wide sheet above the bridge is broken into several falls, which are caught from the house with good effect. From hence a gentle ascent leads to the house, whose front (three hun-

dred and sixty feet in extent) is a grand specimen of Adams's architectural taste and skill. The front, which is of white stone, hewn on Lord Scarsdale's estate, divides itself into three parts—a body and two pavillions, connected to the main building by corridors of the Doric order, taking a sweeping form; that on the right (as we approach it) comprizing the kitchen and offices, that on the left consisting of Lord Scarsdale's private apartments. In the centre of the front (to the north) is a double flight of steps leading to a grand portico, whose pediment is supported by six pillars of the Corinthian order. From hence is a beautiful home view, embracing the skilful improvements of Lord Scarsdale, whose gigantic plan included the transplanting of a village that stood in front of the house to a distant part; the removal of a turnpike-road, which ran within fifty yards of it, to its present situation; and the extension of a trifling brook into a noble expanse of water.

Descending the flight of steps, we entered the house at the basement or rustic story, by a door under the portico conducting into a large low room, called Cæsar's-Hall from its ornaments, the busts of several of the emperors, which leads into the tetrastyle, a similar apartment. From hence we ascended the great stair-case, decorated with busts

from the antique; and were ushered into the hall, a room the most striking that fancy can picture, its dimensions sixty-seven feet by forty-two within the walls. The coved ceiling of this apartment, illuminated with three sky-lights, rises to the top of the house, and is supported by twenty columns twenty-five feet high, of beautiful English variegated marble, with rich capitals of white marble. Within these pillars are twelve niches, each containing a good cast from the antique; of these an Apollo and Meleager are the best. Above them are several good paintings in *chiaro obscuro*. From the hall we were conducted into the *Music-Room*, (thirty-six feet by twenty-four, and twenty-two feet high) where we found the following productions of the pictorial art:

*An Holy Family*, by Leonardo da Vinci.

*The Triumph of Bacchus*, a large piece, by Luca Giordano; the figure of Bacchus beautiful and spirited, as described by Milton,

" with clust'ring locks,
" With ivy berries wreath'd, and blithe in youth."

*An Old Man's Head*, by Rembrandt.

*The Grecian Daughter*, by Andrea Pozzo.

The *Drawing-Room* (forty-four feet by thirty-eight) has a coved ceiling—its portals, columns, and pediments, of marble—and is elegantly fitted up.

Here are—*A fine Landscape*, by Cuyp.

*Orlando and Olympia*, a noble picture, by Hannibal Carracci.

*Naaman's Story*; the joint composition of Mompert, Teniers, Old Banks, and Brueghel. The composition of this picture is good, and the distant mountains fine; but altogether it is harsh, and the colours are too vivid.

A small beautiful landscape, by C. Lorraine.

*An Holy Family*, Raphael; probably a copy.

*The Woman anointing our Saviour's Feet*, by Benedetto Luti; a painting of which it is not possible to speak in terms of praise too high. Opposite to this is an equally successful effort by the same artist, the subject *Cain and Abel*; in which the chain of light is powerfully fine, and the terror and remorse of Cain after the murder, horribly natural.

*Virgin and Child*, by Parmigiano.

*Sleeping Cupid*, by Guido.

In the *Library*, over the chimney, is one of the finest productions of the pencil of Rembrandt; the subject *Daniel interpreting Belshazzar's Dream*. The solemnity of Daniel's figure; the attention and alarm in the different faces; the grandeur of the king; and the splendid light emanating from the *mithra*, or emblem of the sun, behind the king's

throne, are all indications of transcendent genius and skill.

*Diogenes*, a powerful figure, by Luca Giordano.

*Shakespeare*, a copy by Vandyck. It would have been desirable to ascertain from what picture this copy was made, since commentators have not differed more on the abstruse passages of our immortal bard, than collectors have done as to the originality of heads called Shakespeare. It was for some time *determined* that there was no *original* portrait of him, but that Sir Thomas Clarges, soon after his decease, caused a painting to be made from a person nearly resembling him; then came Mr. Walpole, (whose deep researches in all questions connected with the arts justly entitle him to the character of an *arbiter*) with an opinion that Mr. Keck's picture, engraved by Vertue, was original; since that time a variety of heads have been discovered, and the names affixed without hesitation. Obiit 1617, Æt. 53.

*Nathaniel Lord Scarsdale, and Catherine his wife*, by Stone.

*Old Man*, half-length, by Salvator Rosa; very fine and spirited.

*Andromeda*, by Guido; grave in the figure, but a want of expression in the countenance.

*Holy Family*, by Nicolo del Abbatte.

Here are also seven copies of antique busts.

The *Saloon* is a circular room crowned with a dome; forty-two feet diameter, twenty-four feet to the cornices, fifty-five feet to the top of the cupola, and sixty-two to the extremity of the sky-light; with four alcoves or recesses, and as many doors, the whole painted and ornamented with white and gold. The pillars that support the ceiling are of Scaglioni marble, an imitation of the *verd antique*, by Bartoli. Over the four doors are as many paintings by Hamilton, of Ruins; and over the alcoves four *chiaro-obscuros*, by Rebecca. In each of these recesses is a stove of bronze, relieved with classical representations, inclosing a grate of beautiful pattern and highly-polished steel. A chandelier, branches, and exquisite stucco-work by Rose, complete the decorations of this room, which may be pronounced to be one of the most elegant apartments in Europe.

From hence we were conducted to the south front, the idea of which is taken from the arch of Constantine at Rome; the entablature supported by four Corinthian pillars; the face of the portico ornamented with two vases, and some good reliefs; and the whole is surmounted by this liberal and hospitable motto—" A. D. 1765. N. Baro " de Scarsdale amicis et sibi."

Here we took a view of the southern division of the park, which is seven miles round, and stocked with oaks of enormous magnitude, some measuring twenty-four feet in girth and one hundred and eighteen feet in height. Returning into the *ante-chamber*, we found a fine *St. John*, by Carlo Maratti; and a Landscape, by Heusch.

In the *dressing-room*, *wardrobe*, and principal *bed-chamber*, are—

*Lord and Lady Scarsdale*, by Stone.

*Ruperta*, natural daughter of Prince Rupert, by Madame Hughes, an actress; by Kneller.

*James Duke of Ormond*, by Lely; an active character in the reign of Charles I. by whom he was nominated lord-lieutenant of Ireland; and faithfully attached to his son, whom he followed into exile; for which he was, on the Restoration, again appointed to the government of Ireland, and enjoyed other places and honours. He was created a duke 1682, and died 1688.

*Henry Jermyn Earl of St. Alban's*, by Lely, was second son of Sir Thomas Jermyn, of Suffolk. Of the many who evinced their attachment to the unfortunate Charles, no one appears to have more readily risqued life and fortune than this personage; whose zeal has indeed been construed into something more than mere loyalty, as he is re-

ported to have been early favoured by, and finally married to, Queen Henrietta Maria: on whom, during the troubles of her husband, he faithfully and diligently attended, through great perils and danger, for which he was rewarded with the title of Lord Jermyn; and was, for continued services to the family previous to the Restoration, created Earl of St. Alban's by Charles II. to whom he was appointed chamberlain. If he were distinguished by his courage and intrepidity in the troubled reign of Charles I. he was not less able to shine, from the elegance of his person and manners, in the licentious court of his successor; therefore we are not surprised to find mention of him in Grammont's Memoirs.

*Charles* I. by Vandyck.

*Nathaniel Baron Crewe Bishop of Durham*, one of the most despicable characters in the annals of James II. by whom he was selected as grand-inquisitor of the ecclesiastical commission, at which he rejoiced, "because it would render his name fa-"mous [he might more properly have said infamous] in history." On the reverse of fortune which deservedly attended that misguided prince, this obnoxious prelate, hoping to cancel the remembrance of his former offences, basely deserted the sovereign who had raised him, and affected to

espouse the cause of liberty, which he had so long and so lately insulted. Ob. 1721, Æt. 88.

*Cardinal Curzon*, imaginary, 1209.

*Sir Paul Rycaut*, by Vandyck. He was employed in the diplomatic line by the two last of the Stuarts, and their successor William; and has left us not only proofs of his talents as a negociator, but also as an historical writer. Whilst secretary to the embassy at Constantinople, he composed an "Account of the Ottoman Empire, and a Continuation of Knolles's History of the Turks:" whilst resident at Smyrna, he published "The present State of the Greek and Armenian Churches." Ob. 1700.

*Mary Countess of Dorset* was daughter of Sir George Curzon, and wife of Edward Earl of Dorset, who was one of the most distinguished ornaments of the Sackvilles. She was governess to the children of Charles I. and so conspicuously virtuous in her conduct, that it was voted in Parliament, after her decease, the funeral should be performed at the public expence, and she was consequently buried in great state, 1645.

*Hon. C.* and *H. Curzon*, by Hamilton.

*Duchess of York*, by Lely.

*Prince Henry*, by Cornelius Janssen; the amiable son of James I. whose noble and manly conduct had endeared him to all classes of his father's

subjects; and who was spared, by early death, from the misery of participating the checkered fortune of his family. Historians, in recording his death, have agreed, that it was matter of infinitely more regret to his acquaintance than his parent; that to the former he was an object of love and esteem, whilst he was regarded by the latter with eyes of jealousy and envy; and some have even gone so far as to affirm that the king forbad mourning to be worn for him, but this appears to be founded in error. Ob. 1612, Æt. 18.

*Quintin Matsis, his Wife, and Child,* by himself; '*Omnia vincit amor.*' This artist was a native of Antwerp, where he carried on the trade of a blacksmith; but becoming enamoured of the daughter of a painter, who was willing to unite his child only to one of his own profession, our son of Vulcan quitted his forge for the easel, and soon made himself sufficiently master of the art not only to entitle him to his wife, but to the character of a celebrated painter. His most esteemed picture is known by the title of "The Misers," and is in the Royal collection at Windsor.

*Louise Duchess of Portsmouth,* on whose son the title of Duke of Richmond was conferred by his father Charles II. together with a grant of one shilling per chaldron on all coals shipped in the

river Tyne; which was commuted by his present Grace of Richmond, in 1800, for a perpetual annuity of 19,000l. per annum, secured by Act of Parliament on the consolidated fund.

*Sir Nathaniel Curzon*, father to the present Lord Scarsdale. Ob. 1758. He married

*Mary*, daughter of Sir Ralph Asheton.

*Catherine Countess of Dorchester* was daughter of Sir Charles Sedley, and mistress to James II. by whom she was raised to the rank of Countess; a situation which her father ever considered a splendid indignity offered to his family. An injury so sensible could scarcely be forgotten, or remain unresented, when opportunity offered. On the first agitation of the questions which brought about the Revolution, Sir Charles was a distinguished partizan, and at once indulged the parent's resentment and wit's spleen, when he said, "The king "did me the honour to make my daughter a Coun- "tess, and I should be ungrateful indeed not to "assist in making his daughter (Mary Princess "of Orange) a queen." When the remonstrances of his confessors had induced James to break off the connection with the Countess of Dorchester, she married David Earl of Portmore, and died 1717.

In the *dining-room* are, a fine picture by Snyders, *Ducks and Hawks*.—Landscape, by C. Lorraine.

—Two Landscapes, subjects from Milton's Allegro, by Zuccarelli.—*Hagar and Ishmael*, by Ciro Ferri.

The apartments which are shewn terminate with the western pavillion, which consists of a noble kitchen, viewed from a gallery connected with the corridor. A very appropriate motto, enjoining frugality and liberality, is inscribed over the chimney, "Waste not, Want not."

You may imagine, from the above slight account of Kiddlestone-House, that elegance and taste characterize every thing within and about it; but to these let us not forget to observe, that *comfort* may be added; for the apartments are not reserved for *shew* alone, but constantly inhabited by the family, and the numerous friends which his Lordship's hospitality invites.

The country, as we pursued our route to Ashbourne, gradually assumed that appearance of "untamed nature," which the Derbyshire scenery so generally exhibits; the hills began to swell into bold and sweeping protuberances, and the face of the country to lose that cloathing of wood on which our eye had hitherto with pleasure reposed. This continued till we dropped into Ashbourne, a neat town embosomed amid hills, which rise around it on every side, and confine within them a rich valley, through the centre of whose lap the river

Dove rolls his waters, stocked with a species of trout of the most delicious flavour. Its fame for cheese it is unnecessary to mention; an article supplied by the dairy farms in its neighbourhood, which are chiefly converted to this purpose. The old church is a fine specimen of Gothic building; and a noble monument of philanthropy presents itself in the free-school, which an old writer tells us, "Divers well-disposed citizens of London being "borne in or near to Ashbourne on the Peak, "combining their loving benevolence together, "built there, with convenient lodging for a master, "and liberal maintenance allowed thereto."

Our curiosity having been excited by the report of some valuable pictures at Oakover, the ancient seat of the family of that name, we wound up the long hill to the north of Ashbourne, and directed our course to Mappleton, three miles from thence; a most picturesque village, a little to the left of which lies the mansion above-mentioned, a substantial brick family-house, built about a century since, snugly situated in a broad flat, on the banks of the Dove. Deep woods shelter it on one side; and Thorp-Cloud, a truncated conoidal mountain, rears itself in front. The visitor is permitted to see one room only in the house; but this is a jewel. It contains the following exquisite pictures:

Over the chimney, an *Holy Family*, by Raphael, about three feet and a half by two and a half, for which seven thousand guineas have been offered! The figures are the Virgin, Jesus, and John Baptist, in front, and Joseph in the back-ground. The richness of colouring, force, and expression of this picture cannot be spoken of in terms of too high praise.—To the right of this is a Carlo Dolci, *the three Mary's at the Tomb of Jesus*; with all this artist's characteristical softness, but stiff and tame. —This is succeeded by a *Christ bearing his Cross*, by Titian; a picture all nature, with respect to flesh and colouring.—The *Unjust Steward*, by Rubens, next follows; the sorrow in the family of the treacherous servant, who are fearful of his being punished, is affectingly expressed.—*The Baptism of Christ*, by Titian; the hands may be almost felt.—*Venus and two Cupids*, by Luca Giordano; very tender, round, and natural. Looking from the left at the picture, the limbs seem to come out of the canvas.—*The Head of St. Paul*, by Rubens; full of thought, grandeur, and expression. —A *Flower-piece*, by Varelst; exquisite in its way. —*The Head of St. James minor*, by Rubens, in his greatest style.—*Three Children blowing bubbles*, supposed to be by Nascher; highly finished.—A grand picture by Titian, consisting of the following

full lengths—the saints Isidorus, Ignatius, Fransiscus Xavier, Sancta Teresia, and St. Philippus Nerries, with this inscription: "Hi quinque S. S. "a Gregorio XV. Pontif. Max. in S S. numerum "relati fuere ipso die Gregorio sacro, id est, 4 id. "Martii 1622." The attitudes and dress of these figures are different, but there is the same expression of devotion in their countenances. We could not help lamenting, however, that so much art had been thrown away on so absurd a subject.—*The Women in the Garden conversing with two Angels*, by Rubens; a piece of more delicacy than majesty or sublimity.—*Two Sea-pieces*, by Vandervelt.

Our route, which pointed out Dove-Dale and Islam as objects for the next visit, obliged us to return to Ashbourne from Oakover, and to take the Islam road; continuing along which for three miles, we reached the Dog and Partridge, a small public-house, (where we had been advised to quit our carriage) gratified in our way thither by the view of a broad vale, whch spread its rich bosom watered by the Dovey to the left, and contrasted finely with the rude and naked hills that heaved themselves above it. Before us rose an heap of desert mountains, amongst which Thorp-Cloud, in the foreground, made a conspicuous and romantic figure, from the singularity of its form; and produced that

emotion of wonder in the mind, which is found to arise on the contemplation of regularity blended with vastness.

The village of Thorp lay one mile from the public-house above-mentioned, and surprized us with one of the most agreeable objects we had long noticed; its small church, seated upon the brow of a hill, and so circumstanced with trees as to be rendered highly picturesque. Taking a guide from this place, we crossed the fields to Dove-Dale; from the first of which the scene backward is extremely beautiful, and of a character entirely distinct from the savage wildness of that immediately before us; which is composed of a deep hollow, having the steep ascent of Thorp-Cloud to the left, and another mountain, little inferior in magnitude, to the right. Passing through this narrow ravine, (where the eye is prevented from excursion, and the mind thrown back upon itself) for half a mile, a sudden turn introduced us to the southern termination of Dove-Dale, a name it has received from the circumstance of the Dove pouring its waters through the valley. Here a change of scenery instantly took place, and rocks abrupt and vast, their grey sides harmonized by mosses, lichens, and yew-trees, and their tops sprinkled with mountain ash-trees, rose on each side of us, instead of the

steep slopes through which for some time we had been pursuing our walk. A deep and narrow valley lay now before us, into whose recesses our eye was prevented from penetrating, by the winding course it pursues, and the shutting in of its precipices, which fold into each other, and preclude all distant view. Through this magic feature of country the river Dove leads his stream, murmuring innocently and agreeably over his stony bed in the halcyon days of summer, but swelling into rage during the winter months; making the hills and rocks which form his prison rebellow to his roar, shaking the adjoining country with the thunder of his course, and overturning the labours of the husbandmen in the vale below.

But we had seen only the tamest feature of Dove-Dale; as we proceeded, the scenery gradually increased in majesty and rudeness. Now the rocks to the right hand forced themselves into the clouds, their scathed and uncovered heads beetling over the narrow path that wound through the dark recesses of the dale; on the opposite side, grand isolated masses, ornamented with ivy network, shot out occasionally from the shrubby declivity; whilst in front the precipices, approaching each other, appeared to preclude all further progress. Proceeding nearly a mile, the walk per-

petually diversified by new fantastic forms and uncouth combinations of rock on all sides, we reached a spot in the precipice to the right, called Reynard's-Hole. This consists of two parts; a vast mural mass of rock, extending along the face of the precipice, but perfectly detached from it, and perforated by nature into a grand arch, nearly approaching to the shape of the sharply-pointed Gothick, forty feet high, and nineteen wide; and a natural cavern scooped in the body of the rock within the wall, discovered through the arch by the light thrown in from the chasm of separation above. Passing through this arch, and scrambling up a steep path, we reached a smaller cavern to the left, which we had not seen before, and only remarkable for the pleasing view it presents from within of the upper part of the Dale, its river, and rocks. The superior cavern, or Reynard's-Hole, is fifteen feet high, and about forty long. From the mouth, the scene is singular, beautiful, and impressive. The face of rock we have described rises immediately in front, and would effectually prevent the eye from ranging beyond its mighty barrier, did not its centre open into the above-mentioned arch, through which is seen a small part of the opposite side of the Dale, a mass of gloomy wood, from whose shade a huge

detached rock, solitary, craggy, and pointed, starts out to a great height, and forms an object truly sublime; which is pleasingly contrasted by the little pastoral river, and its verdant turfy bank below. The approach to this natural excavation is so difficult, even on foot, that we were not at all surprised by the account of an accident, given us by our guide, which occurred a few years back to Mr. Langton, dean of Clogher, and Miss Laroche, who madly rode up the acclivity on the same horse. The poor animal, unable to perform the unconscionable task imposed upon him, fell under his burthen, and rolled down the steep. The Dean paid the penalty of his rashness with his life; the young lady with difficulty recovered from her bruises; but the unoffending horse, who had been forced unwillingly to the attempt, was not injured by the accident.

As we proceeded on our walk, the Dale became narrower, admitting only a foot-path between the river and the rock, which now rose more abruptly on either side, and threw itself into shapes more wild and singular; but softened and diversified with mosses and lichens, shrubs and brush-wood. This scenery continued to the northern termination, where two vast rocks, rising sublimely to the right and left of the brook, form the jaws or portals of this wonderful valley, which now drops at once the

grand and picturesque, its bottom gradually widening into an undulating flat, and its rocks sinking into round stony hills. Returning to the other extremity of the vale by the same path, (for the western side of the brook is impassable) we took a winding of the Dove to the right, and followed the road to Islam, a small ancient village one mile from the Dale; situated upon the united rivers Manifold and Hamps, which join their streams in the pleasure-grounds of Mr. Port. This is an old *hall*, as all the manor-houses are appropriately called in this part of England, the translation or corruption of the Norman *aula*, or seat of the lord; and stands on the confines of Staffordshire and Derbyshire. The view from it is extremely pleasing—the little ancient church of the village in the foreground of a broad rich valley, backed by dark mountains; but it was to the *walks* near the house that our attention had been directed. Of these, the principal one takes the right hand bank of the river, and creeps under a beetling rock crowned with trees, which is opposed on the other side of this deep narrow valley by a sublime mass of shade, covering the face of a vast declivity.

Proceeding one hundred yards from the house, we reached a little rude wooden bridge thrown over an abyss in the rock, out of which boils up,

with surprising force, the river Manifold, after having pursued a subterraneous course for five miles from the point where it ingulphs itself in the earth, called Weston mill. At the distance of twenty yards further, a similar phænomenon occurs; for here we discovered another fissure in the rock, from whence the river Hamps threw his waters into day. He had taken a longer journey under ground than even his neighbour, having travelled, in this darkling manner from Leek *Water-Houses*, a place half-way between Lichfield and Ashbourne, seven miles from Islam. On their emersion into light, the temperature of the two rivers differs two and a half degrees, the Hamps being thus much colder than the Manifold. Ascending a flight of stone steps, we were conducted to a higher walk, which pursues a zig-zag course through the wood that covers the face of the rock, and overhangs the river, whose banks we have just quitted. In this solemn abstracted scene, safe from the intrusion of the busy croud, and secure from every ungrateful sound, lulled to peace by the murmur of the river that flowed beneath him, and the sacred whisper of the wood which waved above his head, Congreve, in a little grotto, (his favourite and accustomed retreat) wrote his comedy called the "Old Bachelor." Indeed it seems to be the very spot

for composition; and if the poet's metaphorical language had ever been exemplified in reality, if ever the actual personification of an abstract idea could take place, here, amid the shades of Congreve's walk, we might expect to perceive "inspiration breathe around."

From this sequestered scene we wound down the face of the rock, and gently dropped into the *lime-tree walk*, so called from the friendly shade which it receives from a noble row of these trees. A semi-circular meadow spreads itself to the left, bounded by the magnificent wooded bank beforementioned, which here forms itself into an august amphitheatre. A seat in this meadow commands the most beautiful view the grounds afford; embracing a rich and picturesque home scene, terminated by the mountain Thorp-Cloud, which lifts its very singular form in the centre of the distance.

Curiosity led us into the church, where we found some ancient monuments of the Cromwell family; but two of still greater antiquity attracted attention in the church-yard, which, from the Runic knots and other Scandinavian ornaments carved on their faces, we supposed to be Danish, and attributed to the 10th century.

The intricacy of the road from the Dog and Partridge to Matlock rendered it prudent to take

a guide from the former place, who conducted us through Tissington, (remarkable for the ancient family seat of the Fitzherberts', now Lords St. Helens, who have resided there since the end of the fourteenth century) Bradburn, and Hopton—a village planted in the bottom of a deep valley, embowered in wood, and guarded by lofty grey rocks, under whose projecting heads the cottagers have built their little crouching dwellings. Here the rage of alteration has just destroyed a fine old mansion-house, the ancient residence of the Gell family, (which planted itself here in the reign of Elizabeth) whose descendant is the present lord of the manor, and occupier of the house now erecting on the scite of its predecessor. By this gentleman, the new road to Matlock from Hopton has been made, and quaintly christened the *Via Gellia;* an affectation, however, that may be pardoned, as it contributes much to the enjoyment and comfort of the traveller, conducting him through a shorter, more agreeable, and convenient road than the former one.

Having again reached the turnpike, we wound down a gradual descent of two miles, through a narrow vale of peculiar scenery; grand sweeps of wooded hills on each side, and a river leading its babbling waters to the right of the road. At

the bottom of this descent lies Crumford, a village containing about one hundred and fifty houses; full of natural beauty, and enlivened by the busy hum of human labour, carried on in mills, smelting-houses, cotton-manufactories, &c. Here the late Sir Richard Arkwright first established those wonderful machines which manufacture the cotton, from the raw state in which it is imported, to the finest thread; and not only produce an article far superior to that made by the former process, but perform all their operations with a tenth part of the hands which were before employed for the same purpose. This very animated and interesting picture continued to the narrow pass into the vale of Matlock, hewn by Sir Richard Arkwright through the mountain that forms the western barrier of this enchanting spot.

Here a scene burst upon us at once, impossible to be described—too extensive to be called picturesque, too diversified to be sublime, and too stupendous to be beautiful; but at the same time blending together all the constituent principles of these different qualities. Through the middle of this valley flowed the Derwent, partially discovered amid the trees which adorn its banks; before us, on the eastern side of the river, stood the elegant stone mansion of Sir Richard Arkwright, backed

by the rising grounds of his park; to the right lay a broad vale, with the picturesque concomitants of a village, a church, and a stone bridge bestriding the Derwent. Whilst the huge mural banks of Matlock vale stretched themselves to the left, the white face of the rocks which compose them occasionally shewing itself through the wooded clothing of their sides and head; this magnificent scenery contrasted singularly by the vast manufactories and elegant lodging-houses in the bottom of the vale. But to see this magic spot to the greatest advantage, (which runs nearly north and south for two miles) the *entrée* into it should be made from the Chesterfield road, at the northern extremity, where its beauties would succeed each other in proper gradation; increasing, as we follow the valley, in grandeur and effect. Making our approach this way, we should first be surprised with a vast abrupt wall of limestone rock, lifting itself before us, whose awful head is shaded by yew-trees, elms, and limes, from the recesses of which the humble church of Matlock shews its turrets.

As we proceed, the features of the Vale assume still more majesty, the left-hand side forming itself into rocky crags, which beetle over the Derwent, who flows in solemn silence at its feet. The screen to the right is formed by steep mea-

dows surmounted by naked downs. In front we have a mountainous bank, at whose roots is the lodging-house called the Temple, a few other residences, and the Hotel. Following the road, we arrive at the platform before the latter house, where the Derwent loses his peaceful character, and becomes a brawling brook; a small cascade is seen falling down the bank before us; and on turning we discover a grand face of white rock richly netted with ivy, and decorated with shrubs. A path here occurs to the right, leading up to the Temple, and discloses a wide view of this wonderful valley. But willing to *analyze* its beauties, we decline this general developement of them, and proceed along the lower road, which carrying us by the Old Bath, another house of public reception, we reach a new and most pleasing point of view. Here the river recedes in a curve from the road, forming a little meadow as a foreground to the picture. This is finely opposed and backed by a line of rock and wood, a mass of trees rising to the right, and shutting out for a short time all other features of the scenery; amongst which we lose the stream, whose murmurs are heard, though itself be invisible. A broader face of white rock quickly discovers itself; and the road, ascending to Saxton's Bath, affords not only an indescribably

fine prospect of the track we have passed, but opens another still superior before us—a reach of alternating rock and wood, nearly half a mile in length, contrasted to the right by desart downs scarred with crags.

Following the road, which now gently drops down to the turnpike-gate, the scene grows upon us, varying its features and increasing in extent; adding to the inartificial beauties of nature an interesting picture of animated industry, the great cotton-mill of Sir Richard Arkwright, employing three hundred people in the manufacture of thread; whose operations are so elegantly described by Dr. Darwin, in a work which discovers the art, hitherto unknown, of cloathing in poetical language, and decorating with beautiful imagery, the unpoetical operations of mechanical processes, and the dry detail of manufactures:

"So now, where Derwent guides his dusky floods,
Through vaulted mountains, and a night of woods,
The nymph *Gossypia* treads the velvet sod,
And warms with rosy smiles the wat'ry god;
His pondrous oars to slender spindles turns,
And pours o'er massy wheels his foaming urns;
With playful charms her hoary lover wins,
And wheels his trident—while the monarch spins.
First with nice eye emerging Naiads cull
From leathery pods the vegetable wool;
With wiry teeth *revolving cards* release
The tangled knots, and smooth the ravell'd fleece;

Next moves the *iron hand* with fingers fine,
Combs the wide card, and forms th' eternal line;
Slow with soft lips the *whirling can* acquires
The tender skeins, and wraps in rising spires;
With quicken'd pace *successive rollers* move,
And these retain, and those extend, the *rove*.
Then fly the spoles, the rapid axles glow;
While slowly circumvolves the lab'ring wheel below."

The building has one hundred and twenty windows in front, and is full of the improved machinery for making cotton thread, all of which is moved by two master-wheels. The weavers of Manchester and Nottingham take almost all the produce of the work. Adjoining to this, and adding to the bustle of the scene in this part of the vale, is a paper manufactory, belonging to Sir Richard Arkwright, employing about thirty people in making the brown, blue, and writing paper. Old ropes cut into small pieces, untwisted, and ground, form the material of which the first article is made; coarse cotton and white rags are used for the second. Here it is manufactured, pressed, separated, sized, dried, and packed; and the process is so rapidly performed, that two men can make ten reams in a day.

The pleasure-grounds of Sir Richard Arkwright now open to the left, round which the Derwent leads his waters in a grand sweep; the land assuming a different character from the precipitous form

it has for some time worn, and swelling gradually from the stream. Towards the summit of this rise stands the house we have before mentioned; a noble castellated building, in front of which a bold perpendicular face of white rock appears, and the gaping rent which affords entrance into the Dale from the south. The *grand* features of the valley disappear at this point; and soft landscape scenery, the village and church, the bridge and meadows, close the picture.

The opposite side of the river to that on which we have been strolling, has also its delightful walks; but being private, on the demesne of Sir Richard Arkwright, they can only be visited on Thursdays and Mondays. I do not, however, think the singular beauties of the place are caught in such good order, or to so much advantage, as on the western bank of the river; since those magnificent features the eastern rock, its precipices, and underwood, are in a great measure lost to the eye.

Many visitors are of course attracted to the recesses of Matlock, by the extraordinary grandeur of its scenery; and many also come to its baths and medicinal springs in search of health. Of these there are four; one at Saxtons, two at the Old-Baths, and one at the Hotel; their temperature slightly differing from sixty-eight to seventy-

two degrees. At the three houses above-mentioned accommodations are very good, and the terms as follow: a bedchamber per week 5s. a private parlour 1l. 1s. breakfast 1s. 3d. per head; public dinner 2s. per head; supper 1s. For the large common sitting and dining room no extra charge is made. The bathing is 6d. each time.

The warm springs were discovered in the year 1698; but it is only of late years that much company has resorted to the place, for the taste for natural scenery is of recent growth, and the larger number of visitors have since that time consisted of the admirers of its beauties rather than the drinkers of its waters, which are esteemed somewhat similar to the Bristol waters, and used in diabetes, spitting of blood, &c. These have no sensible appearance of mineral impregnation, nor have their analysis afforded any thing remarkable, the residuum being chiefly calcareous earth, with which all the water around here is highly charged. One spring behind the new bath is called, from this circumstance, the petrifying well; having the property of incrusting in a short time any substances exposed to its action, with calcareous matter. Indeed, the centre of the valley affords a curious phœnomenon of this nature, in a vast bed of *tuphum*, or petrified moss, as it is vulgarly

called; a stratum of calcareous incrustation twenty feet in thickness, and extending three hundred yards in every direction. It seems to have had its formation from water which had passed through limestone, and thus become replete with earth; and had then formed itself upon a morass, or collection of moss, shrubs, and small trees, which having incrusted, the vegetable matter gradually decomposed, and left nothing but the stony envelopement. It first appears at the bottom of the hill to the west, dips rapidly to the east, and is lost in the bed of the river. Under it we find a common clay soil.

The village of Matlock lies a mile to the north of the baths, but has none of those romantic features around it, which characterize the happy valley we have been describing. All picturesque beauty, indeed, now disappears, and the dark sterile hills of Derbyshire present themselves; amongst which, in a quiet bottom, watered by the Derwent, is the little village of Darley. The parsonage-house, belonging to the Rev. Mr. Wray, makes an agreeable object from the road, at the side of which it stands; and the church rises pleasingly from the eastern bank of the Derwent. It contains some old monuments; and a very ancient stone coffin is seen in the church-yard, probably connected with the monastery removed to this place from Derby

in the reign of Henry II. founded by Robert Ferrars second earl of Derby. A remarkable yew-tree also grows in the cemetery, robbed of a great part of its pristine honours, but still exhibiting a specimen of unusual vegetation, and measuring in girth thirty-three feet.

The broad valley through which the road runs to Chatsworth affords some good flat landscapes, regarded, perhaps, with the greater pleasure, from the contrast produced by the naked hills that hedge them in on every side; this circumstance gives additional interest also to the approach of the Duke's seat through the park; on entering which, a long reach of the Derwent, (whose banks art has both extended and adorned) a cascade made by the whole river throwing itself down a descent of ten or twelve feet, and a partial view of the house, seated at the foot of a hill, (a grand mass of wood) surrounded by mountains deformed with crags, are all unfolded to the eye at once. Pursuing the road for a mile, we dropped into the village of Chatsworth, (which stands a little without the park) where a noble inn, built for the reception of visitors, offered its accommodations.

Crossing the Derwent over an elegant bridge of three arches, we reached the northern entrance of the mansion, which was built by the last Earl of

Devonshire a few years before the Revolution, on the scite of an older edifice possessed and inhabited by the Cavendishes one hundred and fifty years previous to that time. It certainly may be considered as a noble specimen of that highly decorated style of building imported from Italy about one hundred and twenty years ago, and so much in vogue in this country for half a century—magnificent, but heavy; expensive, but devoid of taste. The fabrick is exactly square, each side measuring one hundred and ninety-one feet; and having a noble quadrangle in the centre, the fronts of which are superbly ornamented with masonry representing military trophies. The south front also is in the same grand style, with a quaint motto inscribed upon its pediment, punning upon the family name; "*Cavendo tutus.*" This opens upon the park, a range of well-planted ground nine miles in circumference. The famous cascade, one of those grand water-works which fifty years ago rendered Chatsworth the greatest wonder of Derbyshire, lies to the east of the house, and is commanded by the windows of the grand apartments. It consists of a series of flights or stages of steps, one hundred and fifty feet from one end to the other; crowned at the top by a temple, the reservoir whence the water is made to play. This

fane should certainly be dedicated to Mercury, the god of fraud and deceit, as a piece of roguery is practised upon the incautious stranger within its very sanctuary; from the floor of which a multitude of little fountains suddenly spout up whilst he is admiring the prospect through the portal, and quickly wet him to the skin. After this practical joke, the cascade is put in motion by another screw, and certainly is grand in its kind; the water rushing in vast quantity and with prodigious force from the domed roof of the temple; from a great variety of dolphins, dragons, and other figures that ornament it; and throwing up several fountains from the bottom of the pool in front of the building; and then rolling down the long stages of steps before described. The tree, also, which squirts water from all its leaves, and the fountains in the ponds that throw the element up to the height of ninety feet, are still shewn; though the correct taste of the day considers them only as expensive puerilities.

Heaviness and gloom characterize the inside as well as the exterior of Chatsworth-House. The *Entrance-Hall* is grand, but dark; the ends, ceiling, and one side, finely painted by Lewis La Guerre, in 1694, with a representation of the Assembly of the Gods; Julius Cæsar sacrificing; and

his assassination at the foot of Pompey's statue. Two sweeping flights of steps and a long gallery lead to the chapel, ornamented with the exquisite carving of Gibbons, (who was killed by a fall in the act of fixing it up) and painted by La Guerre, whose powers are displayed in the altar-piece—*Christ reproving Thomas's incredulity*; supported on one side by the miracle of the Paralytic restored by our Saviour's simple command, 'Take up thy 'bed, and walk;' and on the other by the representation of a similar exertion of power divine. A painting of the Ascension covers the cieling.

In the *Music-Room*, we have the present Duchess of Devonshire, and her daughter Lady Georgiana, married to Lord Morpeth; by Sir J. Reynolds.

In the *Drawing-Room* is a whole length of *William Duke of Cumberland*; and a most expensive article of furniture, an immense silver chandelier.

In the *Dining-Room* is a fine whole-length, by Sir G. Kneller, of *William first Duke of Devonshire*, who was distinguished as a wit, a scholar, a soldier, and a gentleman. His name occurs in early life as Lord Cavendish, member for the county of Derby; when his political conduct evinced those true patriotic principles which he afterwards so eminently displayed in assisting to bring about the glorious Revolution, and persuading the gentry of

Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire to transfer to King William that allegiance and affection to which James had forfeited all claims. He was the inseparable friend of the amiable Lord Russel, and offered to change clothes with him in prison, and thus contrive his escape; an attempt so desperate must have proved fatal to one, if not both these noble characters, and was therefore declined by Lord Russel. Such was his gallantry, and so warm his friendship, that when Koningsmark was acquitted on the charge of plotting the murder of Mr. Thynne, he challenged him to prove his innocence by single combat. Having been insulted by a Colonel Culpepper, he scrupled not to take him by the nose before the King, and remove him from the presence-chamber; for which he was fined thirty thousand pounds, and committed to the King's-Bench prison, whence he effected his escape to his estate in Derbyshire, and employed himself in rebuilding his seat at Chatsworth; patiently awaiting the overthrow of a system of Popery and tyranny, which was daily becoming more oppressive and intolerable. On the accession of William, the fine was voted excessive and exorbitant, and the imprisonment illegal: he was admitted of the privy council, appointed lord-steward of the houshold, and knight of the Garter, with other

honours, and created Duke of Devonshire 1694. He died 1707, when this inscription was put on his monument:

"WILLIELMUS DUX DEVON, bonorum Principum fidelis subditus, inimicus et invisus tyrannis."

The *Ball-Room* is singularly magnificent; green and gold ornaments, and painted pannels, fitted up Joubert. The ceiling of the *Billiard-Room* is painted by Thornhill. The *Dressing-Room* to the *best Bedchamber* has the Duchess's small but beautiful collection of spars and fossils; amongst the latter of which we remarked a superlatively fine and perfect cast of the maize, or Indian corn. In the *Chintz Bedchamber*, a portrait of *Rachael second Duchess of Devonshire*, the daughter of William Lord Russel, and her four children, three girls and a boy; and two nameless portraits. In the adjoining closet, an *Earl of Devonshire* in the costume of the sixteenth century. In the dressing-room to the *State Bedchamber* is a good *Sleeping Shepherd*, by Gennaro; and the *Flight into Egypt*, by Hannibal Carracci.

The first *Drawing-Room* contains *John first Duke of Ratland*; obiit 1710, ætat. 72.—*William first Earl of Devonshire*; ob. 1625. This picture is ascribed to Mytens, but considered by Mr. Wal-

pole to be by Van Somer, though equal to Vandyck, and one of the finest single figures ever painted on canvas.—Two fine whole-lengths, said to be *two Earls of Pembroke*; pointed beards, whiskers, Vandycked sleeves, and slashed hose.—An *Earl of Devonshire* in his robes, costume of the seventeenth century.—*Duke of Ormond.*

Amongst the furniture in the *Second Drawing-Room* are the two coronation chairs of the present King and Queen; perquisites to the late Duke of Devonshire, who was then lord-chamberlain.

In the *Leicester-Room* is an invaluable work of Holbein, *Henry VII. and Henry VIII.* in one picture. It is in black chalks, heightened, and large as life.—*Our Saviour and Mary Magdalen in the Garden*, by Titian. No grace in the figures, but a sweet expression in the face of Mary.

The *Scarlet-Room* holds the bed in which George the Second died; another perquisite of the office of the late Duke.

Adjoining to this is an apartment called *Mary's Room*, from the bed in it (crimson velvet and gold) and chairs having been those which Mary Queen of Scots, (the beautiful, indiscreet, and unfortunate) used during her long confinement of nineteen years in the old house at Chatsworth. From hence she wrote a letter to Pope Pius, dated Oct. 31, 1570.

Soon after quitting Chatsworth, we crossed the Derwent, and entered upon a country still more wild and uninteresting than that we had already passed. A large cotton-mill to the right pointed out the nature of the manufactories of the district. Stoney-Middleton, a small town chiefly inhabited by limestone-workers and lead-miners, offers nothing remarkable, but its modern octagon church attached to an old square Gothic tower; and we pursued our road through this forlorn country to Middleton-Dale, reputed one of the wonders of Derbyshire, but undeserving this distinction, from a total absence both of beauty and sublimity. Rocks, unadorned with trees or other verdant covering, exclude the picturesque; whilst their clumsy heavy round forms preclude the idea of grandeur. A lively fancy may indeed paint to itself something resembling castellated buildings or rude fortresses in the perpendicular crags, which rise to the height of four hundred feet in some places; and the turnings of the Dale are so sharp, as occasionally to give the idea of all further progress being prevented by the opposition of an insurmountable barrier of precipitous rock. Its character, therefore, is rather singularity, than magnificence or loveliness.

Six miles beyond this place is Tideswell, a miserable market-town, planted in a bottom, which

is surrounded on all sides by hills barren, desolate, and horrid. It receives its name from a small well near the town, in the centre of an arable field, which is said to ebb and flow in the same manner as the ocean-tide, but not at the same time; its flux and reflux being periodical, the flood at three o'clock every day, and the ebb at nine. This routine, however, is subject to some little variation at the full and renewal of the moon.

Our route to Buxton, seven miles from Tideswell, led us up and down most tremendous hills, but over a road hard as adamant, and smooth as a bowling-green. All before us appeared the most forlorn nakedness; and had we not observed some marks of human industry in the stone divisions of the fields, we should have conceived that the country round was one "wide extent of hopeless sterility." But land lets here for ten shillings an acre, and might be made more valuable, if the system of husbandry, which is that of paring and burning, had not a direct tendency to make the miserable soil still more wretched and unproductive. Long before we approached Buxton, the scite of the town was pointed out to us by the singular appearance of the hill beyond it, whose declivity is scarred by innumerable limestone quarries; the rubbish from which being white, contrast strikingly

with the black heath around, and produce a most singular effect. It was not, however, till we had nearly reached the place, that we discovered it; as it lies in a broad hollow, with hills swelling out to a great height on every quarter of it. From the summit of that down which the road descends to the town, we had Buxton spread beneath us like a map; a straggling place, consisting of inns and shops for the accommodation of the company, with the elegant addition (made a few years since by the present Duke of Devonshire, at the enormous expence of 120,000l.) of a noble crescent, and a grand series of stables behind it. This building is of stone dug on the spot, and faced with fine free-stone from a quarry one mile and a half from Buxton, on the Disley road. It consists of three stories, the lowest rustic, forming a beautiful arcade or piazza, as a shelter from the sun and heat; within which are shops. Ionic pilasters form the divisions between the windows above, and support an elegant balustrade that surmounts the front. In the centre of this is the Devonshire arms in stone topped with a pair of *natural* stag's antlers. This decoration gave occasion to the whimsical reproof of an hypocritical taylor some years ago, who, neglecting the admonition of Apelles, "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*," committed a mistake somewhat similar to the man

recorded by Æsop for abusing the squeaking of the real pig instead of the imitation of the mimic, by declaring that every part of this masonry was well executed, *except the horns*. Each extremity of the crescent contains an hotel, and that to the right on approaching the building has the ball-room—one of the best-proportioned and most elegant apartments in the kingdom; lighted curiously by small semicircular windows just above the large projecting cornice, which prevents them from being seen, and gives the effect without an apparent cause. In front of this building is a fine rising lawn, planted with trees, and kept carefully shorn and cleaned. Behind it are the stables, (faced like the Crescent, with freestone) of a square form without, but having a circular area within, sixty yards in diameter. A gallery surrounds this, supported by columns, through which are the entrances into the stables. On one side is a grand colonnade for a *remise*. Exclusive of the two hotels in the Crescent, are several other lodging-houses; the Old Hall, the Eagle inn, &c. at all which the terms during the season are as follow: Breakfast 1s. 6d. dinner at ordinary 2s. 6d. tea 1s. and supper 1s. 6d. A single bed-room is 10s. 6d. per week; a double ditto 14s. and a sitting-room, according to quality, from 14s. to 16s. per week.

The public baths each time 1s. private ditto 3s. There are three assemblies every week; Monday and Friday undress, and Wednesday dress ball; these conclude at eleven o'clock. The theatre is open on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. All these gaieties commence in June, and conclude in November.

It is not necessary for me to inform you, that Buxton was known to the Romans, and its tepid springs used by that people, with whom warm-bathing was not only a pleasurable but a necessary practice. The recent use of them seems to have originated in Queen Elizabeth's time, when Dr. Jones gave them popularity by his account and recommendation of them. Since that time they have been greatly frequented, and are now during the summer season constantly crouded. The water is usually drunk at St. Ann's well, (to whom it was anciently consecrated) an elegant classical building; to which it is conveyed from the original spring by a narrow grit-stone passage, so close and well contrived as to prevent it from losing any portion of its heat, which stands at 81¼ of Farenheit, both at the spring and on issuing into day. Its taste is agreeable; its appearance sparkling; and its quality heating. Gout, nephritis, bile, and debility of stomach and intestines, is generally

removed or ameliorated by the use of this water. The baths are powerfully efficacious in chronic rheumatism. The springs are numerous, issuing from rents in the black lime-stone rock, which forms the uppermost stratum on the south of the Wye; they are found, by analysis, to be impregnated with sea salt, calcareous earth, selenite, and acidulous gas.

Our curiosity led us to Poole's-Hole, one mile from Buxton, a vast cavern formed by nature in the lime-stone rock to the eastward of the town, at the foot of the lime-pits above-mentioned. It belongs to the Duke of Devonshire, and is kindly granted by him to nine old women, resembling the Muses indeed in number, but hardly approaching to the appearance of the female race in any thing else; dried with age, and as rugged as the rocks amongst which they dwell. But though living, like the Troglodytes of old, in caverns of the earth, (for their dwellings are not of an higher order) and exposed to the variations of the seasons and the ragings of the storm, they exhibit a longevity unknown to the population of the more civilized parts of the kingdom. One of the old ladies, (for there were ten of them) to whose profit the Duke has dedicated Poole's-Hole, died last year at the age of ninety-two. Nor was this considered as a rare

instance of protracted life. Nothing grand or picturesque marks the entrance into this cavern; and we agreed that the interior was by no means so fine as that of Wookey-Hole in Somersetshire.* Proceeding about twenty-five yards in a stooping posture, the rock opens into a spacious vacuity, from whose roof depends a quantity of *stactatite*, produced by the droppings of water, laden with calcareous matter. Part of this substance adheres to the roof, and forms gradually those pendent spiral masses called *water-icles* or *stalactites;* another portion drops with the water to the ground, and attaching itself to the floor is there deposited, and becomes the *stalagmite*, a lumpy mass of the same matter. One of the former, of immense size, called the *flitch of bacon*, occurs about the middle of the cavern, which here becomes very narrow, but after a short time spreads again to a greater width, and continues large and lofty, till we reach another surprisingly large mass of *stalactite*, to which the name of Mary Queen of Scots' pillar is attached, from the tradition of that queen having paid a visit to the cavern, and advanced thus far into its recesses. Beyond this all is *terra incognita;* or at least a country from whose bourne very few

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*Vide* "Walk through the Western Counties."

travellers return, as very few tempt its dangers; we, therefore, were content to follow the example of the majority, and to seek again the mouth of the cavern, by a lower road, which pursued its darkling track under the rock we had been walking upon. Once more we beheld the light of the sun, after having penetrated one thousand six hundred feet into the bowels of the mountain.

Quitting Buxton we directed our course to Castleton, intending to include Elden-Hole, another subterraneous wonder of this cavernous country, in our ride. For this purpose we took the Tideswell road for four miles, and then sharply turning to the left found ourselves in that which leads to Castleton. At a small cottage, two miles from this point, lives the guide who rents the property on which Elden-Hole lies, a part of Peak forest. Climbing along the hill, we at length reached this tremendous fissure; a yawning chasm in the earth, about thirty yards long from the north-west to the south-east, and ten yards wide in an opposite direction. As it descends, the dimensions are gradually contracted, till, at the depth of thirty yards, the space from side to side is not more than three or four yards; but here suddenly enlarging its limits, the gulph stretches itself to the extent of an acre of ground. What the profundity of Elden-

Hole may be, has never been ascertained. Cotton, above a century ago, plumbed it with a line two thousand six hundred and fifty-two feet in length, but did not reach the bottom. More of the history of its interior, however, was known about thirty-five years ago, in consequence of the two horses of a gentleman and lady being found without their riders near the abyss. The country people immediately imagined (and perhaps with reason) that the latter had been robbed, murdered, and thrown into Elden-Hole; and let down some miners into it in order to search for the bodies. These bold fellows descended perpendicularly about one thousand two hundred feet, when they reached a declivity, which continued in an angle of sixty degrees for one hundred and twenty feet. At the extremity of this, a dreadful and boundless gulph disclosed itself, whose sides and bottom were perfectly invisible. Here their lights were extinguished by the impurity of the air, which prevented a further descent; and allowed them only to let down a line one thousand feet deeper, without finding a bottom; though, from the circumstance of its being wet when drawn up, they were convinced that the abyss contained a great body of water.

Two years ago the similar circumstance of a man's horse without its master being discovered near

Elden-Hole, induced a body of miners to undertake a like expedition, but without making any additional discoveries. Indeed it is probable, no further *light* will ever be thrown upon this place of *darkness*, as the stagnation of the air would certainly destroy any adventurer who should attempt going below the point which the first party of miners reached. It is supposed, not only by the inhabitants of the country, but by geologists who have visited this part of Derbyshire, that Elden-Hole is connected with the great gulph at Castleton, by a series of subterraneous caverns. The effect of a stone thrown into the Hole is surprisingly awful; its percussions against the sides as it descends, gradually fading away upon the ear, till they are at length entirely lost, convey an idea of unfathomable depth, with which the imagination naturally connects that of danger and destruction. No visible change has taken place in the appearance of the cavern since the memory of man.

Peak forest, on which Elden-Hole is found, presents a wide extent of naked, forlorn, and apparently unprofitable country; but a considerable rental arises from it, notwithstanding its appearance. The land, lett at from 10s. to 14s. per acre, is divided into farms of 200l. or 300l. per annum, which, for the most part, (with the exception of some

arable spots for oats) are applied to the feeding of cattle, paying 1s. per head per week. But the lord seems to be the only person benefited by the property, the poverty of which is unequal to two profits; screwed up to the highest pitch of rent, the miserable tenant, with all his vigilance and exertion, finds himself unable to do more than procure the bare necessaries of life, after having paid his unconscionable rent, and satisfied the demands of taxation and parochial assessment.

Arrived now amongst the mountains of Derbyshire, we journeyed on, with nothing to delight the eye or awaken the fancy, to Castleton, which we approached by a steep descent called the Winnats, or Wind-gates, from the stream of air that always sweeps through the chasm. This road is a mile in length, and carried on in a winding direction, in order to render the natural declivity of the ground passable by carriages. Happy was the imagination that first suggested its name, *the gates or portals of the winds;* since, wild as these sons of the tempest are, the massive rocks which Nature here presents, seem to promise a barrier sufficiently strong to controul their maddest fury. Precipices one thousand feet in height, dark, rugged, and perpendicular, heave their unwieldy forms on each side of the road, (which makes several inflexions in its de-

scent) and frequently presenting themselves in front, threaten opposition to all further progress. At one of these sudden turns to the left, a most beautiful view of Castleton vale (two miles broad and six in length) is unexpectedly thrown upon the eye; refreshing it with a rich picture of beauty, fertility, and variety, after the tedious uniformity of rude and hideous scenery to which it has so long been confined. Another turn to the right opens the high Peak, (the perpendicular rock at whose foot the famous cavern discloses itself) crowned with the ruins of an ancient Saxon fortress, opposed to the left by the shivering mountain Mam Tor, black and precipitous, and contrasted with the peaceful and luxuriant vale, which spreads itself between them.

Mam Tor, which lifts itself one thousand three hundred feet above the level of the valley, is composed of shale and grit stone in alternate stratification, as indeed all the mountains to the north of the road are; for the lime-stone, which forms those to the south, over-dips in the bottom between the two ranges. Its modern popular name, the *shivering mountain*, (for Mam Tor is an ancient British appellation) seems to have been imposed upon it from the crumbling of the shale, which decomposing under the action of the atmosphere, the

fragments are perpetually gliding down its face, forming at the foot of it another lesser mountain. This portion of its composition (the shale) is highly impregnated with vitriol and iron, and the grit thickly studded with little particles of shining *mica*. A Roman encampment, and a perennial spring, crown the summit of this lofty precipice.

Having committed ourselves to the protection of Mr. Dekin, the guide to the cavern, (to whom it is lett rent-free, on the condition of its being kept clean and commodious) we proceeded to its mouth. It would be difficult to imagine a scene of the same kind more august than was that now before us. The precipices, meeting each other at nearly right angles, form a deep and gloomy recess, shut in by rocks compleatly perpendicular, nearly three hundred feet in height. At the foot of that to the right is seen a gulph forty-two feet high, a hundred and twenty wide, and about ninety deep, formed by a depressed arch of great regularity. Here a singular combination is produced—human habitations and manufacturing machines (the appendages of some twine-makers, who have fixed their residence within this cavern) blending with the sublime features of the natural scenery. After penetrating about thirty yards into the rock, the roof becomes lower, and a turning to the right

obliged us to follow a descent for the distance of one hundred and twenty feet more, to a spot where the light of day disappears, and candles were put into our hands to illuminate our farther progress through the Stygian darkness of the cavern. A wicket was now opened by Dekin, (who secures the *penetralia* of his magnificent temple with a lock and key) and a little boat appeared to carry us up the stream, (for a short distance) that flows through the bottom of the cave. Landed again on the rock, we pursued our course, like Æneas and his guide,

" Obscuri solâ sub nocte per umbram,
" Perque domos Ditis vacuas et inania regna;"

in silent wonder through a succession of caverns, the extremity of which was lighted up with candles, that only rendered darkness visible, since their light (lost in the gloomy vacuity around) was unable to reach the distant sides and lofty roof of the abyss. Continuing our course beyond the lights, we found ourselves in another fearful hollow, called the *chancel*, where our ears were suddenly surprised by the sound of vocal harmony. The strains produced (which were *religious*) could not be said to be such as " take the imprisoned soul, and lap it in Elysium;" but being unexpected;

issuing from a quarter where no object could be seen; in a place where all was still as death; and every thing around calculated to awaken attention, and powerfully impress the imagination with solemn ideas, we could not hear them without that mingled emotion of fear and pleasure, astonishment and delight, which is one of the most interesting feelings of the mind; and extremely favourable to the encouragement of the religious principle. After being entertained awhile by this invisible choir, a sudden burst of light discovered the personages to whom we had been obliged for our harmonical treat—eight or ten women and children ranged along a natural gallery of the rock, thirty or forty feet above the floor on which we stood, each holding a lighted taper in her hand. Quitting the *chancel*, we dropped into the *devil's-cellar*, or half-way house, through three regular semi-circular arches formed by the hand of nature, and found ourselves at length under a vast concavity called *great Tom of Lincoln*, from its uniform bell-like appearance. Here our subterraneous tour terminated, at a point nearly two thousand feet from the entrance; the guide, indeed, proceeded twenty-five yards further, where the roof sinks into the water, but as it was necessary to wade through the stream, in order to reach the barrier, we contented

ourselves with seeing him touch its face. On our return, the eye, having had time to accommodate itself to the darkness around, embraced several objects; the roof, sides, and crags in many places, which had before escaped it. Our entertainment also was varied by a *blast*, as it is termed—the discharge of a small quantity of gunpowder thrust into the rock, occasioning an explosion only to be compared to that sound which the imagination would conceive might be produced, if universal nature were at once to tumble into ruins.

As we retraced our footsteps, the guide ingeniously threw in a few anecdotes relating to the place, well calculated to interest the mind under that state of astonishment to which it had been excited; a good method of giving importance to himself, enhancing the merit of his services, and consequently increasing his remuneration. Amongst others, we were informed, that the brook which flowed through the cavern was frequently so much swollen as to prevent access into the interior of it; and that it had sometimes happened, parties had been surprized by unexpected inundation, and only rescued from destruction by the address of the guide. Two years since some ladies who had put themselves under the protection of three or four military gentlemen, visited the cavern in

the morning, and returned without molestation; but incautiously attending to an *after-dinner* solicitation, when these heroes were under the influence of a less considerative deity than their morning genius, they ventured a second time into the cavern; the water rose, and had not the guide expeditiously forced them out, at the expence of their being drenched to the skin, they would in ten minutes have been prevented by the waters from returning, and confined within the bowels of the mountain for a fortnight, without the possibility of a rescue by any earthly power. It is to be observed, however, that these inundations may generally be foreseen; so that nothing but incaution, obstinacy, or foolhardiness, can lead the visitor into so perilous a situation as we have described.

Commiseration for suffering is lessened, when brought on by causes that are voluntary in the patient; and we were not much affected with pity, when told of a similar misfortune that had befallen a certain nobleman better known than esteemed in the north-western part of England, about thirty years ago. This person, who was then a baronet, had visited the cavern with the father of the present guide, and paid him very sordidly for his trouble. Dekin remonstrated, but was answered with contumely and indignation. As no redress could be had,

like a prudent man, he was silent; but, *manet altâ mente repôstum*, the injury was not forgotten, and a fair opportunity of revenge soon presented itself to him. The baronet again came to Castleton, to visit the cavern. Dekin, however, endeavoured to persuade him to desist from entering it, as the waters were out above, and the stream likely to overflow below. But all his representations were without effect; the noble baronet would not brook contradiction, and insisted on being taken in. More wise than his companion, Dekin planted a man at the little river over which the visitor is ferried, with orders for him to discharge a pistol when he perceived the waters begin to rise. The duet had reached the extremity of the cavern, and were now returning, when the report of the pistol was heard. "What is that?" exclaimed the baronet, astonished at the reverberated sound. Dekin informed him, and at the same time contrived, as if by accident, to extinguish the tapers in his hand. In this dreadful situation, "every man for himself," seemed to be the obvious rule of action; and Dekin, with many expressions of alarm, slipped from the side of his companion. Nothing could now equal his horror; he prayed and intreated not to be deserted in this desperate situation, and made offers of the most liberal rewards, if the guide would

return, and re-conduct him into day. Dekin supported the farce with great address; and making a merit of disregarding his own preservation for the sake of the baronet, took him under his direction; feeding his terrors by occasional doubts whether he should be able to discover the intricacies of the caverns, (though every inch of them was as familiar to him as his own threshold) and thus brought him to the ferry just in time to save their passage before the stream met the rock. The adventure, by which justice was satisfied and revenge indulged, served the old man for a laugh as long as he lived.——We were glad to find that Loutherberg had availed himself of scenes so admirably adapted to his pencil; and committed to the canvas an effect of all others the most singular, that of distant daylight through the mouth of the cavern, breaking in upon the eye after its having so long been confined to the faint rays of a candle glimmering in outer darkness.

Having compleated our subterraneous excursion, we turned to the right into a ravine called the Cave Valley, to look at a heap of *basalt*, discovered there a few years ago. This is a narrow glen, sunk between two vast limestone rocks, gradually opening into width as it extends in length. Following this hollow about a mile from Castleton,

we perceived the basaltic column to the left, very irregular in its form, but in hardness and texture similar to those of Staffa in the Hebrides, and the Giant's-Causeway in Ireland. Incorporated in it is crystallized quartz, approaching in appearance to chalcedony. This column is part of a vast unshaped basaltic mass which stretches north and south about sixty yards; covered with a stratum of clay that has very much the look of *scoria*, and seems to indicate volcanic effects in these parts. It is of great thickness, and considerable dip. The toadstone, which ranges under the limestone in strata of different thickness, from three or four fathoms to above one hundred, and contains in its pores chalcedony, zeolite, and calcareous spar, occurs in the immediate neighbourhood of the *basalt*, but is sufficiently distinguishable from it by being less hard and compact; indeed, there are great varieties of both, but especially of the toadstone, from a dark brown to a light-coloured ochre full of fine green spots. Opposite to this *basalt* is the mountain of limestone; and like most of the others in this neighbourhood, stratified; the strata separated by little beds of clay. The admirable lime burned from the stone renders the barren declivities that compose the mountains around productive of oats, the only grain attempted to be sown

hereabouts. I before mentioned the sudden disappearance of the limestone to the northward, occasioned by its rapid dip, which introduces in its room gritstone, and shale, or shiver. Of these substances the latter is nearly of a black colour, varying in quality and texture; of extreme hardness in its stratum, but soon shivering when exposed to the atmosphere; sometimes impregnated with vitriol and iron; sometimes saturated with carbonic acid; and sometimes containing *petroleum*. The limestone mountain, called Tre-Mountain, to the south of the shiver, is full of marine *exuviæ*; *enchrini*, *entrochi*, screws, high-waved cockles, &c. as well as quartz crystal, and elastic *bitumen* attached to the limestone. It contains also that singular calcareous substance, peculiar to this spot, called *Blue-John*, found in detached masses of irregular forms and different sizes, from that of an apple to nearly a ton in weight; and worked by the manufacturers at Castleton, Buxton, Derby, and other places, into beautiful pillars, vases, and other ornamental forms. The miners say, Nature intended it for lead, but that accident has made it what it is. The scarcity of it, at present (for it appears to be nearly exhausted) has raised its price on the spot to 20l. per ton. You are not to imagine, however, that all the elegant articles sold in the shop for *Blue John* are worked

from this material in its genuine unadulterated state; the dealers in it, even amongst the mountains of Derbyshire, exhibit as much dexterity in adulterating and altering it as the most ingenious artizan in Duke's-place or the Minories could do. The article, when dug out, is of various colours, according as it is more or less tinged with mineral; and some of it of so deep a blue as to approach nearly to black. In order to render this saleable, the manufacturer exposes it to a gentle heat for a short time, and having thus warmed it through, places it in a much stronger for about half an hour, when it is drawn out, and exhibits those rich and resplendent purple tints which put to shame the lustre of the famous Tyrian dye. Great care, however, is requisite in this process; for should the mass continue too long exposed to the fire, every colour would be discharged, and the whole reduced to an opaque white. Exclusive of this trick, the workmen have another mode of recommending their ware by artificial beauty. The masses frequently are found imperfect, that is, indented with holes, where this happens to be case, a quantity of lead is melted and poured into the place, and afterwards being cut and polished with the spar, assumes the curious appearance of having been naturally combined with it.

Our next visit was to the very ancient mine of Odin, about a mile to the west of Castleton, at the foot of the Tre mountain, employing about one hundred and forty labourers, men, women, and children. It consists of two levels, running horizontally under the mountain; the upper, a cart-gate, by which the ore is brought from the mine; the lower one, a water-level, to drain it from the works. They penetrate the mountain to more than a mile from the entrance, and are ventilated by shafts sunk into them from above, at the distance of every thirty yards. At the mouth, the level is not more than a fathom and a quarter from the surface of the land; but at the further extremity, above one hundred and fifty. It belongs to several proprietors, and makes great returns. The ore produced here is called *potter's ore;* its veins usually intersecting the limestone stratum at right angles, which veins are composed of *cawk*, *kevil*, and *calcareous spar*, and sometimes *blende*, *barytes*, *mangenese*, *sulphate of iron*, *native oxyde of zinc*, *carbonate of lead*, combined with lead ore, separated at various depths by the toad-stone, which here stratifies alternately with the limestone. The ore is different in quality, the best yielding about three ounces of silver to the ton weight of lead. The system by which the mine

property we are speaking of is regulated, being somewhat complicated, as well as singular, I must give you an account of it in the intelligible words of Dr. Aikin.

" There are numerous and various regulations respecting the rights of miners, and the dues payable for the ores in different parts of the mining country. The principal tract containing lead is called the *king's-field.* Under this denomination nearly the whole wapentake of Wirksworth is comprised, as well as part of the high Peak. The mineral duties of the king's-field have been from time immemorial lett on lease; the present farmer of those on the high Peak is the Duke of Devonshire, and of those in the wapentake of Wirksworth is Mr. Rolles. They have each a *steward* and *bar-masters* in the districts they hold of the crown. The steward presides as judge in the barmote courts, and, with twenty-four jurymen, determines all disputes respecting the working of mines. The courts are held twice a year; those of the high Peak at Money-Ash, and those of the wapentake at Wirksworth. The principal office of the *bar-masters* is putting miners in possession of the veins they have discovered, and collecting the proportion of ore due to the lessee. When a miner has found a new vein of ore in the king's-

field, provided it be not in an orchard, garden, or high-road, he may obtain an exclusive right to it on application to the bar-master. The method of giving possession is in the presence of two jurymen, marking out, in a *pipe* or *rake* work, two *meares* of ground, each containing twenty-nine yards; and in a *flat* work, fourteen yards square. But if a miner neglect to avail himself of his discovery within a limited time, he may be deprived of the vein of which he has received possession, and the bar-master may dispose of it to another adventurer. As to the other part of the bar-master's office, that of superintending the measurement of the ore and taking the dues of the lessee or lord of the manor, it is attended with some difficulty, from the variety of the claims, which differ greatly in different places. In general a thirteenth of the ore is due in king's-field, but a twenty-fifth only is taken; besides this there is a due for tithe. In mines that are private property, such tolls are paid as the parties agree on.

" The miner having satisfied the several claims proceeds to dispose of his ore to the merchant or smelter. There are four denominations of ore; the largest and best sort is called *bing;* the next in size, and almost equal in quality, is called *pesey;* the third is *smitham*, which passes through the

sieve in washing; the fourth, which is caught by a very slow stream of water, and is as fine as flour, is called *bellard;* it is inferior to all the rest, on account of the admixture of foreign particles. All the ore, as it comes from the mine, is beaten into pieces and washed before it is sold. This business is performed by women, who can earn about sixpence per day."

The business of the miner is entirely a matter of speculation, the *lets* or *bargains*, as they term them, sometimes not repaying them for the trouble of procuring the ore, and the expence of their *blasts;* at others, the profits are very large. A short time since two men, who had lately taken a let for six weeks, made thirty guineas each, clear of all deductions.

The only remaining object at Castleton was the great *Speedwell level*, lying to the south of the road called the *Winnets*, at the distance of a mile from the town. Being provided with lights and a guide, who expects five shillings for his trouble, we descended a flight of stone stairs, about one hundred feet below the surface of the ground, and found ourselves in a subterraneous passage seven feet high and six feet wide, through which flowed a stream of water. Here was a boat ready for our reception, formerly used, when the mine

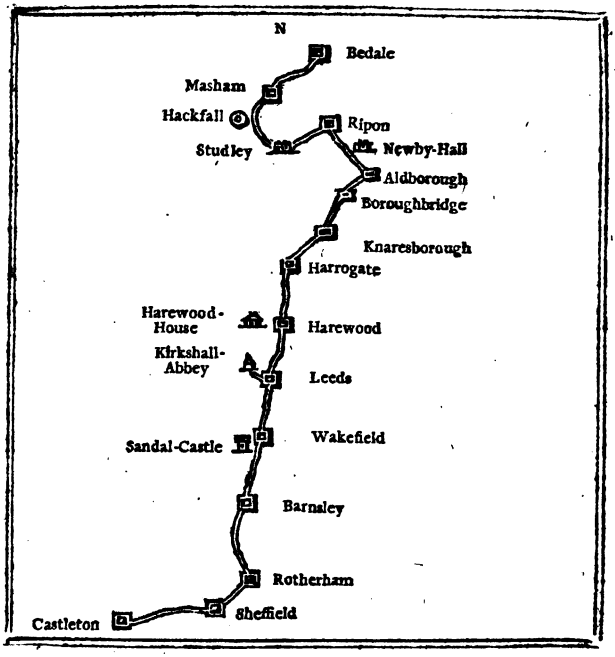
was worked, for the purpose of bringing out the ore. As we proceeded slowly along the current, impelled by our guide, who gave motion to the boat by pushing against some pegs driven into the wall for that purpose, we began to contemplate this great example of man's labour, and at the same time to lament, that it had been exerted in vain. This level, it seems, was undertaken by a company of speculators about five and twenty years ago, who drove it into the heart of the mountain three thousand seven hundred and fifty feet, at an expence of 14,000l. by the ceaseless labour of six men and three boys, who were employed upon it eleven whole years, at a contract of five guineas per yard. The veins, however, which the level intersected, were not sufficiently rich to answer the expence of pursuing them after they were found; therefore, having followed their speculation for ten years, they were obliged to relinquish it, and content themselves with letting the level to a man at 10l. per annum; who took it in order to gratify strangers with a sight of this subterraneous wonder. Whilst employed in putting questions to our conductor on the subject before us, our attention was excited by a distant murmur, which gradually increased upon the ear, and at length swelled into a stunning noise, exceeding the loudest

thunder, and conveying the idea of a stupendous river throwing itself headlong into an unfathomable abyss. Nor had fancy painted an unreal picture, for on reaching the half-way point a scene was unfolded to us tremendous in the extreme. Here the level burst suddenly upon a gulph, whose roof and bottom were entirely invisible, a sky rocket having been sent up towards the former, above six hundred feet, without rendering it apparent; and the latter having been plummed with a line four hundred feet, and no bottom discovered. A foaming torrent, roaring from the dark recesses, high in the heart of the mountain, over our heads to the right, and discharging itself into this bottomless caldron, whose waters commenced at ninety feet below us, produced the noise we had heard; a noise which was so powerfully increased on this near approach to it, as entirely to overwhelm the mind for a short time, and awaken that unaccountable feeling which creates desperate courage out of excessive fear, and almost tempts the spectator to plunge himself into the danger, whose presence he so much dreads. The prodigious depth of this abyss may be conceived from the circumstances of its having swallowed up the rubbish which a level, eighteen hundred feet long, of the dimensions above given, produced; as

well as sixteen tons of the same rubbish cast into it every day for three or four years, without any sensible lessening of its depth or apparent contraction of its size. Indeed many facts concur to prove, that it is connected with the Castleton cave; and naturalists are now of opinion, that the whole country from hence to Elden-Hole exhibits a series of caverns, extensive and profound, uniting with each other, and thus becoming joint partakers of whatever either of them may receive. A conveyance apparently perilous, but perfectly secure, is formed over the chasm we have described, by a strong wooden frame-work, through which the water passes. Beyond this the level continues about two thousand feet further; but as the effect of a second approach to the abyss (which must be again taken in returning) is much lessened by the prior visit, and as nothing occurs worth observation in the remaining half, we found we had extended our voyage to no purpose to the termination of this last wonder of the Peak.

Your's, &c.

R. W.




## LETTER III.

### TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, *Bedale, June 15th.*

IT was V.'s observation, on leaving Castleton, that Nature must have had the 'Blue Devils,' when she formed the country in this neighbourhood. The remark, indeed, seemed highly appropriate to the road between Castleton and Sheffield; than which nothing can be conceived

more dreary, rude, and forlorn, for twelve miles out of the sixteen. The little village of Hathersage, dropped in the centre of a broad bottom formed by the mountains rising around it, contrasts agreeably with their barren summits and dark declivities; and offers the first dawnings of the hardware trade to which we were approaching, in a little manufactory of buttons. This scene of life and business is, however, succeeded by a tract of moor in the true style of the *Salvator Rosa* scenery; the line of the horizon being broken by black rocky crags, which frown over the subjacent waste, and assume the appearance of enormous castellated ruins. But this sterility and desolation only prepare the traveller the better for the rich and fertile picture presently to be presented to his eye, when climbing a hill about five miles from Sheffield, he throws his delighted vision over the southern part of Yorkshire, and takes in an unbounded expanse of country covered with towns, villages, manufactories, and handsome human habitations.

Proceeding four miles through this region, which seemed to have burst upon us preternaturally, we reached Sheffield, a large town situated near the borders of Derbyshire, on a gentle rise, at the confluence of the rivers Sheaf and Don. This place, you know, has long been famous for the manufac-

tory of knives, razors, scissars, files, and other articles made from steel; as well as buttons and silver plated goods; a trade, however, which does not appear to be attended with any considerable benefit to those engaged in it, as few individuals in this place amass large fortunes. The town, vast as it is, (containing 22888 males, and 22807 females) is not represented in parliament; its corporation only relates to the manufactory, and is called the Company of Cutlers of Hallamshire, in which it stands. The incorporation took place in 1625, and was extended, and new privileges granted to it, in 1791. Its concerns are regulated by a master, elected every year on the last Thursday in August, two wardens, six searchers, and twenty-four assistants. The hardware manufactures appear to have commenced here as early as the thirteenth century, when military weapons were made in great abundance. Less destructive instruments, the implements of industry, became the object of the townsmen in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In the year 1600, we find iron tobacco-boxes and Jews'-harps the chief articles of trade here. Thirty years afterwards the knife-manufactory started up; in 1638, files and razors made their appearance; but it was not till a century afterwards, that a communication being opened between this place and

the continent, the trade of Sheffield began to assume any thing like the importance it at present wears. Since then both it and population have been increasing considerably; though not in the same proportion with Birmingham, its rival sister.

The knife-manufactory of Messrs. Noel and Kippax gratified us in a very interesting way. Here upwards of ninety people are employed in forming those useful instruments, from the rude bar iron to the beautiful and complicated article which costs seven or eight guineas, and contains twenty-eight different pieces within the handle. Some, indeed, are not of so high a value, as we were shewn specimens of knives, which, having passed through sixty different hands, from the ore to the last polishing, sold afterwards at the rate of twopence halfpenny each. Five hundred different patterns of knives are made at this manufactory, and taken off by the London, East-Indian, and American markets. Almost all the people employed work by the piece, and earn, if industrious, about four shillings per day.

The tin-plate manufactory was too curious to be passed over in neglect. Messrs. Goodman, Gainsford, and Co. are proprietors of the most considerable one in Sheffield. Here those beautiful articles are prepared, which vie with silver in lustre

and appearance; urns, tureens, salvers, candlesticks, stands, and the thousand other ornaments of the dining and tea-tables, and side-board. The articles themselves are of copper, which being received by the workmen in oblong ingots, a mass of silver exactly fitting it is placed upon each ingot, soldered together with borax and certain other materials, and then passed between two cylindrical rollers of immense power, which reduce the mass to the necessary thickness. The plate is then fit for working, and receives the desired form by the action of a prodigious weight of lead driven down upon it by a machine, which impresses it into a mould beneath of the pattern required. One or more strokes are used, according to the nature of the pattern, whether shallow or deep. If the article be of a complicated form, the different parts are made distinct, and afterwards soldered together. They are then *trimmed up*, and finely burnished by women, with little instruments headed with flint and horn. The earnings even of this branch are about fifteen shillings per week, if the ladies be industrious; but those of the other branches much higher. The foreign trade is to the East-Indies, America, Levant, Germany, and France.

Crossing the Don, we quitted Sheffield, and rode for six miles through a country which conveyed a

lively idea of the operations of a hive of bees in the busy hours of spring, as described by Virgil:

" Qualis apes æstate nova per florea rura
Exercet sub sole labor, cum gentis adultos
Educunt Fætus; aut cum liquentia mella
Stipant, & dulci distendunt nectare cellas,
Aut onera accipiunt veniendum agmine facto,
Ignavum fucos pecus a præsepibus arcent;
Fervet opus."

All is animated industry; iron-works and coal-pits on each side the road, and thickly peopled villages all around. This scene continued to Rotherham, a town situated at the point where the river Rother falls into the Don; and contains (according to the last returns made in consequence of Mr. Abbot's Bill) 1448 males, and 1622 females. It has a great market for fat cattle and sheep, held there every fortnight; from which the populous country of Manchester and its neighbourhood derive a considerable part of their supplies. The soil about Rotherham is of different sorts; partly being what is termed by the farmers red-land, (which is a light earth mixed with the sand of the red free-stone of the country) and partly land of a stronger and heavier quality; most of it well adapted for the growth of corn, and in a high state of cultivation. The under strata, after passing through the stone, abound with iron and coal. Of the lat-

ter product there are a number of veins of different thicknesses, from a few inches to seven feet, adapted to different purposes. Some are hard, and calculated to bear the blast of the iron manufacturer; whilst others are better fitted for the cheerful blaze of the domestic fire. Masbrough, which is separated from Rotherham only by the bridge, contains 1658 males, and 1668 females, a great proportion of whom are employed in and about the iron-works. Here are those of Messrs. Walker, where most of the articles made either of cast or wrought iron are manufactured, from the iron-bridge down to the Dutch hoe. Those of smaller and more delicate workmanship in steel are almost exclusively the produce of the neighbouring town of Sheffield. The following account of the processes in casting and turning cannon, cannon-balls, &c. may perhaps interest you:

To prepare the iron-stone for the furnace, it is first baked in the open air in large heaps, in order to dry it, and to deprive it as much as possible of its sulphur and arsenic; which would be prejudicial to the quality of the metal; the coal is also burnt into coke, or charred. These are then thrown mingled together into the furnace, with common limestone to act as a flux, and some of a superior kind of iron ore brought from Cumber-

land, in various proportions, according to the quality required in the iron, and the uses it is destined to. A strong blast is then applied to the furnace, and as the iron melts, it falls down into the bottom of the furnace, which is paved with large blocks of freestone, and the mouth walled up with bricks and clay. When it is ready for casting, a hole is made with an iron crow, and the molten metal suffered to run into the proper mould along channels of sand laid upon the ground; but where smaller articles are wanted, the iron is run out of the larger furnaces into a small receiving furnace with an open door, whence it is lifted out in iron ladles covered with clay, to prevent fusion, and carried by the workmen to be poured into the moulds.

To prepare the mould for the cannon, a wooden model is turned exactly of the size and shape required, and cut in several pieces, and the moulds in which it is to be cast are made of iron, in short pieces; but, except that in which the breech of the cannon is cast, they are all divided down the middle so as to close round the model, leaving a space for sand to be put in betwixt the moulds and the model. That part which represents the breech of the cannon, is first placed upon a bed of sand contained in an iron vessel like a pan, and in order to form the iron loop attached to that part of the gun,

a piece of wood, representing the outside of that loop, is put in, and sand beaten closely and firmly round every part of the model; the piece of wood is then removed, and a round piece made of sand and clay, representing the cavity of the loop, is put in, which remains. The sand is beaten down hard with wooden rammers, and when that piece of the model is taken away, it is finished with small trowels by the hand, to prevent any flaws by any particles of sand which may have fallen in. Other pieces of the model are preparing at the same time, and the moulds fastened round them, and the spaces betwixt them filled up with sand rammed close in like manner, till it is even with the upper surface. The pieces of the model are then taken out, and the moulds put together without them; and the moulds, in order to secure them and prevent any possibility of their not fitting each other, have flat rims corresponding, from one of which are projecting staples, passing through holes in that which comes opposite, and fastened by iron wedges. Every part is carefully examined by the workmen, and any defects repaired by them with their trowels. The whole apparatus is now conveyed into a large oven, where it remains till the sand and mould are all compleatly dry; it is then taken out, and by means of very strong tackle

let down into a round pit sunk in the ground; different channels for the melted iron being directed towards this pit, and communicated across it to the top of the mould by iron troughs, fortified with sand and clay. The iron is then let out of the furnaces, and runs along the ground in these different channels, emitting in its passage brilliant sparks like stars. Upon this occasion a great number of the *Cyclopes* attend with shovels, to stop the passage of the iron where it comes too fast, as well as to prevent any great quantity of dross from making its way into the mould. The splendid streams of melted fluid, with the burning light they throw on the number of workmen assembled round the spot, contrasted with the darkness of the place, and the occasional cries of the workmen when they pass the signals to stop or open the distant furnaces, together with the roaring of the metal as it falls into the mould, form altogether a terrific scene; and would be an admirable subject for a painter. Care is taken to leave a sufficient space at the top of the mould to receive the dross and such other substances as swim upon the surface, which are afterwards cut off. The whole remains in the pit for several hours, that the iron may set; it is then taken out, the surrounding frame taken to pieces, and as soon as the workmen

can bear the heat, the sand, &c. which adheres to the cannon is beaten off with large hammers, and it remains for at least twenty-four hours before it is cool.

The cannon, being now entirely solid, is taken away to be bored and finished. In order to perform this, its breech is fastened to the axis of a water-wheel, which, by means of a regulating shuttle, turns the cannon with such velocity as the workman requires. It runs upon a fixed frame; and after the muzzle is cut to the proper length, (which is done by applying to it a sharp cubical piece of steel, forced against it by means of a lever) the borer is applied. This borer is a long iron rod, or rather beam, shod with sharp pieces of hard steel, and fastened to a moveable carriage, which runs upon small wheels in grooves exactly parallel with the proposed bore of the gun; and by means of a horizontal rack on each side, passing through a hole (or rather a long box) in the fixed frame to receive it, and which has a small wheel with teeth or cogs corresponding with those of the rack, and a long lever applied to its axis, the borer with its carriage is pressed against the gun with a force answering to the weight which is applied to the end of the lever acting by means of its cog-wheel upon the rack. The cannon all this time turning

round, the borer forms the bore of the gun, which complains loudly of this treatment; for it makes a screaming noise, that may be sometimes heard to the distance of two miles. During this operation of boring, the workman turns and finishes the outside of the gun, by sharp-edged pieces of steel applied to its sides; and the ornamental parts of it, cyphers, or crown, with the projecting part which holds the priming, are done by the hand with a hammer and chissel; the touch-hole is then drilled, and the gun compleated. An eighteen-pounder, nine feet long, when compleat, without its carriage, weighs 4200lbs.; one of eight feet, two tons; a twenty-four pounder 5000lbs.; and a thirty-two pounder 5500lbs. weight.

The method of casting cannon-balls is as follows: two pieces of iron, like two basons, are placed upon each other, with a groove turned in the lower, so that the upper fits upon it. The inside of each is turned, and hollowed like a half-sphere, so as to fit exactly; and in this operation great nicety is required. In the centre of one of these pieces a hole is bored, to admit the melted iron, and nothing more is required than to place these pieces upon each other, dusting them with a little powdered charcoal or black lead, and then to pour the melted metal into the hole till it is full.

Besides the large blast-furnaces, there are a great number of smaller air-furnaces, in which the old iron is re-melted. These are constructed in the form of great chests, but contracted towards the middle, where the iron is put, and then widening out again to the chimney, which is built at a great height, for the sake of the draught. At the part of the furnace which is farthest from the chimney, the coals are put through a small door; and the air forcing its way through the fire, to get up the chimney, is contracted into a focus upon the narrower part of the furnace where the iron is put, and effects a compleat fusion in about three hours. These furnaces are built with fire-bricks, with a bed of sand for the melted metal; and in this operation the coals are put in as they come out of the pit. In these stupendous works we saw models of some iron bridges which had been already made, and parts of others now manufacturing.

The first iron bridge, upon the principle of the celebrated Thomas Paine, (the inventor) was cast at Messrs. Walker's works, under his own inspection; but although it answered to a certain degree, it was deficient in strength. This defect has been since remedied in the iron bridges that have been cast here, of which that at Sunderland is the most famous; and there is one now in hand for the river

Thames at Staines, upon a construction apparently superior to any hitherto cast. Indeed no doubt remains, that these iron bridges will supersede those of stone entirely; as they are put up with a fifth part of the expence, a tenth part of the time, and will be found to be equally, if not more, durable.

There is also belonging to Messrs. Walker a considerable manufactory for tinning iron plates, which are first drawn out to the requisite thickness by cylindrical rollers, and afterwards cut to the size required, and cleaned with a strong acid solution. They are then dipped into the tin, which is melted in a proper receiver, with a quantity of grease and resin on its surface, to prevent its calcination by exposure to the air, and the plate comes out with the tin adhering to it; this is afterwards cleaned and rubbed with bran to take off the grease, and is then compleated for use.

The conversion of iron into steel is also a considerable branch of the same manufactories. This is a simple process, by baking the hammered bars of iron in close ovens with charcoal for several days, till the *carbo* has completely penetrated the whole of the bar. In this operation the best and most malleable iron is used; and it seems as if this process only restored it nearly to its former state of cast-iron divested of its impurities; for as, in order

to make the cast iron malleable, it is necessary to refine it, to deprive it of its *plumbago*, *carbo*, and silicious substances, with which it is impregnated, (which is partly done in the reverberatory furnace, and partly under the forge-hammer)—so, in order to make it steel, it is necessary to restore a portion of what it was before deprived of; there seems, therefore, a great probability, that, in the advancement of the arts, a method will be discovered to make steel in the first instance out of the ore. This has, indeed, been already done to a certain degree, by Mr. Read, in a work near Whitehaven.

It would be difficult to give you an idea of the wages of the workmen in these branches, they vary so much in consequence of superior skill, piece-work, or difference of employments. The labourers in husbandry around Rotherham earn about 2s. a day. The poor in general live comfortably, their situation being much ameliorated by the cheapness of fuel. This gives a surprising cheerfulness to the appearance of their cottages in a winter's evening, warmed and lighted by the blaze of an excellent fire, contributing at the same time to their health as well as enjoyment; a circumstance to which may be probably attributed the remarkable healthiness of the town and neighbourhood, and the almost total absence of epidemic disorders.

Quitting Rotherham, we mounted the hill on the north of the town, and throwing our eye back on the tract we had lately passed through, beheld a picture of such richness and variety as, perhaps, no other part of England can afford. Before us, also an extremely grand country disclosed itself, undulating into broad hills and wide vallies, whose boundless fertility is assisted by an admirable system of agriculture. The prospect terminated with the majestic woods of Wentworth-park, within whose embrace stands the gorgeous mansion of Earl Fitzwilliam, about four miles from Rothertham, and half a mile from the turnpike-road. Its front stretches upwards of six hundred feet in a strait line, and consists of a centre and two wings. The portico (which measures sixty feet in length by twenty in the projection) is ascended by a double flight of steps, and supported by eight pillars of the Corinthian order. The arms of the family ornament the tympanum, and the following motto, so appropriate to the inflexible integrity and uncorruptible political virtue of the late Marquis of Rockingham, runs along the entablature, *Mea Gloria Fides*.

Our *ciceroni* led us into the house through the rustic story formed by a noble arcade, and a suite of rooms, in one of which is a very fine piece of

modern statuary, consisting of three figures, by Foggini, *Samson slaying two Philistines*. It is of white marble, and approaches to life not only in size but in strength of expression: the accuracy of the anatomy, the grandness of the heads, and the force of the limbs, are not to be excelled.

Ascending to the *hall*, we found ourselves in a room superlatively fine, from the grandeur of its dimensions, the justness of its proportions, the taste of its decorations, and the beauty of its contents. The architect has chosen the square figure, sixty feet every way, relieved by an height of thirty-eight feet; and a gallery, which runs round the whole, and projects ten feet. Eighteen fluted pillars, of the Ionic order, support this member, of the beautiful composition called *Scaleogni*, crowned with capitals of white marble, and standing upon bases of the same, with squares of the *verd antique*. Eighteen *Corinthian* pilasters run from the gallery to the ceiling, which is laid out in compartments of stucco. Within the lower columns are eight niches, containing the following precious productions of the arts, in white marble:—A *Flora*, by Philip Valle.—*Antinous*, a naked figure, most beautiful, particularly the hair, by Cavacippi.—*Germanicus*, a naked figure, represented as declaiming, by Philip Valle; great expression in the face and

hands.—*Venus Callipega*, by Maina; delicate and graceful, looking over her shoulder and holding the fine drapery of her garment above her right arm.—A *Dancing Fawn*, with the crotalos in his hand.—A ditto, with a fistula in his hand, and a goat over his shoulder.—A *Venus de Medici*.—An *Apollo Vaticanus*;—the four last admirable copies from the antique. At the upper end of the hall stands a Colossal statue of *Ariadne*, antique, with a thyrsus in her right hand; her left hand elevated; the drapery fine, but hair and face stiff. On one side are two good busts, copies, a *dying Alexander*, and a *Julius Cæsar*. A most agreeable effect is produced by the Cerulean blue of the Scaglioni composition, that lines the niches; which relieves, in a surprising manner, the glittering white marble of which these exquisite pieces of statuary are composed.

The suite of apartments to the left of the hall from the grand entrance is

The *ante-room*, thirty feet by twenty, where we find the following specimens of the arts:

An antique *Egyptian Isis*, with the lotus in her hand, two feet and a half high; the swelling of the muscles and contour of the body finely shewn through the drapery. It stands on a valuable table of inlaid marble.—A fine *Claude*, small.—*George* II. whole length, 1754, by Shackleton.—*William Duke*

*of Cumberland*, by Sir Joshua Reynolds.—A Landscape, by Teniers.

*Vandyck drawing-room*, fitted up in white and gold—

*Catherine of Braganza*, sister to Don Alphonso King of Portugal, and wife to Charles II. Royal marriages are so generally matches of convenience and political management, that though we may lament, yet we are scarcely surprised to find them unproductive of that happiness usually sought for, and more frequently found, by their subjects in that state. But even this apology cannot be offered by the favourers of the fickle monarch, in extenuation of neglect and contempt, which almost amounted to brutality, towards his consort; for in terms less harsh it is impossible to mention, that the names of more than one of his mistresses appear in the list of attendants appointed for the person of Catherine. During the war carried on by Cromwell against Spain, he had encouraged the Portuguese to revolt from the Catholic King, and entered into a treaty with them for that purpose. On the Restoration, they were desirous of renewing the alliance, and by way of giving additional strength to the connection, they proposed the Princess Catherine in marriage, with a portion of 300,000l. and the fortresses of Tanjore and Bombay. Spain, desi-

rous of defeating this league, engaged to *adopt* any Princess of another house, and portion her equal to Portugal. Ministers were inclined to the last offer, but the king would not allow his own choice and fancy to be thwarted; and the acquisition of two such fortresses promised great accession of naval strength to England, which rendered the union more palateable to the nation. Thus was concluded, probably, as unhappy a marriage as ever was registered.

*Charles* II. half-length, by Lely; one of the finest portraits that this artist ever painted.

*Thomas Earl of Strafford, and his Dog.*

*Archbishop Laud*, whole length, by Vandyck. This learned prelate was son of a clothier at Reading, and educated at St. John's College, Oxford, of which society he afterwards became president; from whence he was removed to the bishopric of St. David's, thence translated to Bath and Wells, and on the decease of Abbot, seated on the metropolitan throne of Canterbury. Being a bigotted admirer of religious forms and ceremonies, he was selected by Buckingham as the most fit instrument to further the designs of Charles I. in the disputes between that king and his subjects; one of the early proofs of the superiority acquired by the Parliament was the commitment of this favourite

minister to the Tower, by a vote of the two Houses, where he remained nearly four years; and was then brought forth to a trial of twenty days, which had been previously determined to end in execution; and he expiated all his errors on the scaffold 1644, Æt. 72. The royal pardon was pleaded, but rejected. Indeed the whole of this prosecution furnishes a fatal proof, how madly popular assemblies (when they overleap the bounds of law) naturally hurry into acts of tyranny and oppression.

*William second Earl of Strafford*, was eldest son of Thomas, whose honours were restored to him by patent 1641, and the attainder reversed by Act of Parliament soon after the Restoration. Ob. 1695, without issue; having married

*Henrietta Maria*, daughter of James seventh Earl of Derby.

*Charles* I. ætat. 33, by Vandyck, whole-length; a superb picture, where the melancholy trait of countenance is strongly pourtrayed.

*Henry Duke of Glocester* was the favourite child of Charles I.; after his father's execution, he went abroad, and participated the fortune of his family, dependant on the Court of France; from many of the miseries of which he was, however, spared by an early death. Ob. 1660. Æt. 20.

*Queen Henrietta Maria, and Jeffrey Hudson*, by Vandyck. There is a duplicate of this picture at Petworth. This diminutive attendant was served up in a pie at an entertainment given by the Duke of Buckingham, and is said not to have exceeded eighteen inches in height, until he had attained thirty years of age, when he shot up to three feet nine inches. During the civil wars, he filled the rank of captain in the royal army; his appearance rendered him liable to insult, and engaged him in a duel with Mr. Croft, who would have met him with a *squirt*, but the dwarf proposed *pistols on horseback*, and shot his antagonist dead with the first fire. He was confined on suspicion of being concerned in a Popish plot after the Restoration, and died in the Gatehouse, aged 63.

*Thomas Butler Earl of Ossory*, (by Mytens) son of the first, and father of the second Duke of Ormond; a man of courage and intrepidity seldom equalled, perhaps never exceeded, yet so perfectly gentle and amiable as to have endeared himself to all ranks. He commanded the English troops in the service of the Prince of Orange, at the battle of Mons, and served under Prince Rupert in the memorable sea-fight of 1666. Obiit 1680. Æt. 46. The Earl is in armour, and the fore part of a white horse appears extremely grand.

*George Calvert Lord Baltimore*, (whole length) secretary to Sir Robert Cecil, and afterwards appointed secretary of state to James I. by whom he was raised to the peerage, and obtained a grant of the province of Maryland from Charles I.

*Villiers Duke of Buckingham*, a whole length by Cornelius Jansen.

*Arabella Countess of Strafford*, (whole length) second wife to Earl Thomas, and daughter of John Holles Earl of Clare. It was by the marriage of her daughter Anne to Edward Lord Rockingham, that the Wentworth property became vested in the family of the late Marquis.

*Katharine of Portugal*, a small half-length by Lely.

The grand *dining-room*, forty feet square, and twenty feet high:

*Lord Strafford and his Secretary;* the former supposed to be dictating to the latter his defence; one of the grandest works of Vandyck. The titles of this nobleman were, the Hon. Thomas Earl of Strafford; Viscount Wentworth; Baron Wentworth of Wentworth, Woodhouse, Newmarch, Oversley, and Raby; lord lieutenant-general, and general governor of Ireland; lord president of the council established in the northern parts of England; lord-lieutenant of the county and city of York; knight of the garter; and one of the privy council.——

That the bearer of all these accumulated honours should be the object of public indignation and private resentment, can hardly be matter of surprise, if we recollect that they were conferred at a period, when to deserve the love of the subject was not found to be the best method of securing the favour of the sovereign. But independent of that envy and jealousy to which Strafford by his exalted situation became liable, he had considerably heightened the rancour of party by his desertion from the popular cause, to which he had early in life declared himself warmly attached; and on his apostacy was warned of his destiny by Pym, in these memorable words: "You have left us; "but I will not leave you, whilst you have a "head on your shoulders." The parliament no sooner felt itself assured of its superior strength, than the opportunity was seized to carry this threat into execution, when the court minister was impeached by the Commons of England, and the charge carried up to the Lords by Pym. His defence before his compeers was spirited, nervous, and energetic; yet looking at the temper of the times, we are not surprized to find that it was not sufficiently impressive to defeat the bill of attainder which was produced in the lower house, and approved by the Lords. He was executed on Tower-

Hill, May 12, 1641. *Æt.* 49. A few weeks afterwards, the same parliament remitted to his children the heavier consequences of his sentence; and the attainder was reversed immediately after the Restoration.

*Anne Hyde Duchess of York* was eldest daughter to the celebrated Lord Chancellor Clarendon, and married to James II. (before he came to the crown) soon after the Restoration; having so far previously favoured his addresses whilst abroad, as to render an early marriage not only a point of honour but of necessity. She died 1671, openly professing the Catholic religion.

*Sir —— Stanhope*, 1572, great grandfather of William Earl of Strafford.

A fine portrait of *Whistle-Jacket*, a celebrated racer belonging to the late Marquis, by Stubbs. There is no back ground to this piece, the noble owner of it fearing the introduction of one might spoil the picture. Perhaps, indeed, it may be judicious to omit them in portraits, as the relief is greater without them, and the attention then confined entirely to the subject. There is much nature and spirit in this picture, painted 36 years ago.

This room is not fitted up. The beautiful white marble chimney-piece cost 700l.

The *chapel* is square, simple in its decorations, and fitted up with oak. Here are found the following pictures:—A large and magnificent piece, by Luca Giordano, *Samuel slaying the Philistines.*—*The twelve Apostles*, in twelve separate works, and *Christ*; all copied from Guido.—*Madona and Child*, by Andrea del Sarto; the ease of the child's figure, and the infantine innocence of his face, are strikingly beautiful.—*Head of our Saviour crowned with thorns*, Guido; exquisite expression of acute suffering endured with resignation, admirably marking the character of Him who was "a man of "sorrows and acquainted with grief."—*St. Jerome and an Angel*, Guercino.—*The preparation to slay St. Bartholomew*; by Espagnoletto; like most of the other efforts of his pencil, bold, expressive, and horribly fine.—Five scripture-pieces on copper; small, but highly finished.

The *library* is sixty feet by twenty; over the chimney is a figure in wood, large as life, of

*The Hon. Thomas Watson Wentworth*, second son of Edward second Lord Rockingham. He succeeded to the estate of his uncle William Earl of Strafford, and assumed the name of Wentworth.

In the *white bed-chamber* is a curious original portrait of *Henry the Seventh* on wood; a rigid likeness, but hard outline.

*Gulielmus de Nassau*, Prince of Orange.—*Margaret Wentworth*, youngest daughter to the first Earl of Strafford; by Lely.—*Sir Christopher Wordsworth*; half-length, by Cornelius Janssen.—*Henry Vere Earl of Oxford*, lord high chamberlain; obiit 1625.—*Boys blowing bubbles, and eating oysters*, very fine; by Lely.—*A large Landscape*, by Paul Veronese.—*An Holy Family*, by Andrea del Sarti.—*Henry Prince of Wales*, a small half-length, most beautiful.

A small imaginary portrait of our Saviour, three quarters, painted on wood with this inscription: "This present figure is the similitude of our Lord "J. H. S. our Saviour, imprinted on an emerald by "the predecessors of the great Turke, and sent to "Pope Innocent the Eighth, for a token to redeem "his brother that was taken prisoner."

A large Landscape with ruins; Nic. Poussin.

Over the door, a *Portuguese Courtezan*, and an old man paying his court to her by feeding her parrot; Paul Giordano.

*Charlotte de la Tremouille Countess of Derby*; ætat. 18, 1634. She was wife of James the 7th Earl of Derby; her name will long stand high in the annals of heroism, for her gallant defence of Lathom-House and the isle of Man. It was her

proud boast to have been the last person in the British dominions who submitted to the Republic. —*Her Sister*; Ætat. 10, A. D. 1634.

*Christ taken from the Cross*; a fine piece, in which the three women are introduced, and a light diffused over the figures from the lamp. Carracci.

*Claude de la Tremouille Duc de Thouars*, a peer of France, but more truly honoured as the father of the above-mentioned Countess of Derby.

*Sigismunda*; a fine head.

*Thomas Wriothesley fourth Earl of Southampton.* He was second son of Shakespeare's celebrated patron, and succeeded to the title on the death of his father, who survived the eldest son. Although steadily attached to Charles I. he never suffered his personal regard for the sovereign to overcome the duty which he owed his country. On the Restoration he was appointed lord-treasurer, which office he retained till his death in 1667, and frequently, though unsuccessfully, endeavoured to reduce the expences of Charles's licentious court; but he was doomed to feel that the giddy monarch, who could value his counsel on other occasions, would not sacrifice his own course of riotous pleasures and extravagance. Half-length, by Lely.

*James* II. when young. Small whole length.—*Henry Frederic de Nassau Prince of Orange*, (1629,

half-length) grandfather to William III. Obiit 1647.—*A drinking party of Peasants*, by Ostade.

*James Stanley seventh Earl of Derby*; half-length, by Cornelius Janssen. The annals of Charles I. furnish innumerable instances of courage, intrepidity, loyalty, and attachment; but no one appears to have served his cause more faithfully than this nobleman, who displayed many proofs of valour during the civil wars, particularly at Wigan, where, with six hundred horse, he withstood a corps of three thousand, commanded by Colonel Lilburne; and after receiving seven shots on his breast-plate, thirteen cuts on his beaver, five wounds on his arms and shoulders, and having two horses killed under him, he effected his escape to Worcester, in which battle he was made prisoner, and executed, in violation of a promise of quarter. This may, perhaps, be attributed to his spirited and irritating answer returned to Ireton, who offered him his own terms to surrender the isle of Man; and which is preserved in detail by Lord Orford in his 'Memoirs of Noble Authors.'

*An Earl of Derby*, fifty-eight years of age.—*A Female Spinner*; very fine, by Teniers.—Small head of *Christ*, and another of *Mary*, both exquisite specimens of Carlo Dolci's characteristic softness.—*A Dutch Fisherman*, by Mieris.

*Rembrandt*, by himself. He was son of a miller near Leyden, and though highly esteemed as a painter, yet is better known as an engraver; but his works in either branch are highly valuable and rare. The most perfect collection of his etchings was possessed by the late Mr. Dalby of Liverpool, and on his death (experiencing the lot to which all collections are subject) were disposed of by public auction, when fifty-seven guineas were given for a single print. Obiit 1674.

In the *white dressing-room* is the finest picture in the collection, a *sleeping Cupid*, by Guido.

*Holy Family*, by Raphael; tender contour, and fine colouring.

*Dr. William Harvey*, half-length. He was physician to James I. and his successor, and a great benefactor to the College of Physicians; but his contribution to society at large was infinitely greater, by his discovery of the circulation of the blood, which was justly declared by a contemporary writer to have been preferable to the discovery of the new world. Obiit 1657, Æt. 80.

A *reputed* original half-length portrait of *Shakespeare*, inscribed, "This portrait belonged to John "Dryden, esq; and was given to him by Sir "Godfrey Kneller." See Dryden's epistle to Sir Godfrey Kneller, in his Works, vol. ii. The late

Marquis valued this picture so highly as to keep it constantly in his own bedchamber.

*A Cupid*; fine copy from Titian.—*The Six Poets of Italy*; a singularly striking groupe, by Vasari.

*Cardinal Richelieu*; an original picture, half-length. He was prime minister to Louis XIII. and one of the greatest politicians that ever directed the affairs of any nation. Whilst employed in rendering absolute the power of the crown, he had the address so far to engage the minds of the people, and promote the honour of the nation, as to make them willing parties to the sacrifice of their remaining liberties. He instituted a botanic garden at Paris; founded the French Academy; established the royal press; rebuilt the college of Sorbonne; and, by his counsels to Mazarine, laid the foundation of all the wonders displayed by France during the reign of Louis XIV. He died 1642, and was interred in the college which he had rebuilt; where a superb mausoleum was erected to the memory of one who had so liberally promoted learning, and furnished a magnificent specimen of the arts which he had so largely patronized.

*A Virgin and Jesus*, from the Orleans collection; by Raphael.

*James Graham first Marquis of Montrose.* In the catalogue of Charles's followers, distinguished

by their valour, intrepidity, loyalty, and attachment, we find no one shining more eminently conspicuous than this nobleman, who early attached himself to the royal cause, and was nominated captain-general of Scotland, where his military exploits are amongst the most brilliant in history. When the king sought protection in the Scotch camp at Newark, previous to his being delivered up by that nation for 400,000l. to his English subjects, he was prevailed upon to command all his garrisons to surrender. By this order, Montrose was induced to throw down his arms, and retire to France; thence passing into Germany, he was much caressed by the Emperor, vested with the rank of *Marechal*, and employed to levy a regiment for the Imperial service in the Low Countries. But Charles II. allured by the promise of support from Scotland, sent to him from the Hague, renewing his commission of captain-general, in which rank, with a handful of mercenary troops collected in Holland and Germany, and small supplies of arms and money from the courts of Sweden, Denmark, and the Emperor, he sailed for the Orkneys; and on his advance to Caithness, he was opposed and defeated by Leslie, his whole army killed or made prisoners, and he himself, in the disguise of a peasant, was delivered up to the enemy, by the trea-

chery of Lord Aston. Every species of indignity and insult was offered to his person, which was paraded through the streets of Edinburgh in his assumed habit, tied to a high cart, in order that he might be more fully exposed to the scoffing multitude; and was brought before the Parliament there sitting, when he did not humble himself by lamenting his past conduct, but fully vindicated every act of his life, except that in his youth he had been seduced for a short time to tread in the paths of rebellion. He was sentenced to be hanged on a gibbet thirty feet high, and the execution was marked with every aggravation of cruelty that could be devised; but he died as he lived, displaying an exemplary proof of heroism rarely to be met with but in Plutarch. Obiit 1650.

*Emilia Sophia Marchioness of Athol*; daughter to James seventh Earl of Derby, and sister to Henrietta Maria, wife of the second Earl of Strafford.—*William Richard George 9th Earl of Derby.* Obiit 1702.—*Lucretia stabbing herself*; an affecting picture, by Guido.—*Joseph and Potiphar's Wife*; by Spanialo, a pupil of Dominichino.—An admirable copy of Vandyck's famous picture of *Lord Strafford and his Secretary.*—*Orlando and Armida*; Myeris.—*Peasantry on horseback*; in which the characteristic figure of Wouvermans, the white horse,

marks it for his work.—*Catherine Stanley Marchioness of Dorchester*, third daughter of Francis Earl of Derby; obiit 1678. Whole length, by Lely.

A large picture by Guercino, *Hagar, Ishmael, and the Angel*; a beautiful expression of grief in the countenances of the first, and of pity and benevolence in that of third. Hagar's face is a portrait of Guercino's favourite woman; it occurs in almost all his pieces.

*Francis Clifford Earl of Cumberland*, whole length; father to the first wife of Thomas Earl of Strafford.—*A Magdalen*, by Titian. Deep contrition, and the most perfect prostration of soul, characterize this face.

One of the most splendid cabinets in the kingdom, composed of tortoise-shell and gilt brass, compleats the ornaments of this room.

The grand *drawing-room* is forty feet square and twenty-four high, and contains,

An *Earl of Rockingham*, half-length.

*Sir William Wentworth*, father of Thomas first Earl of Strafford, was a Yorkshire gentleman of great landed property, and created twenty-second baronet in the list of precedency by James I. Ob. 1614. He married

*Anne*, daughter of Sir Robert Atkins, of Glocester, the historian of that county.

*William second Earl of Strafford, and his two sisters Anne Lady Rockingham, and Arabella Lady Mountcassel;* groupe by Vandyck.

*Hon. Mr. Watson Wentworth*, father of the first Marquis; was member for Higham-Ferrers during the reign of Queen Anne, and a liberal benefactor to the poor clergy of the county of York. Married

*Alice*, daughter of Sir Thomas Proby.

*Thomas first Marquis of Rockingham*, was made knight of the Bath by George I. and advanced to the peerage in the succeeding reign. He rebuilt Wentworth-House. Ob. 1750.

*Lady Proby* was daughter to Sir Robert Cotton Bruce, wife to Sir Thomas Proby, and grandmother to the first Marquis of Rockingham.

*Charles late Marquis of Rockingham*, by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The *museum*, as it is appropriately called, is a repository of several valuable antiques, and exquisite copies of them. Ranged down the sides of the room, are ten columns of light yellow; the pedestals and capitals white marble, each supporting a bust of the same material.

Four fine statues by Nollekens, *Diana*, *Venus*, *Juno*, and *Minerva*.—A *Silenus sitting on a goat*, with a bunch of grapes in his right hand; an antique.—Bust of *Bacchus*, crowned with grapes;

antique, but when the arts were low.—The emperor Adrian's Wife; a well-preserved antique bust.—Egyptian female bust; antique.—A *Bacchus*, ditto.—Bust of *Nero*, ditto.—*Paris*, ditto, not so large as life; the fatal apple in his left hand, which induced the destructive hatred of Juno and Minerva, and the pernicious friendship of Venus; in a shepherd's dress, and pastoral crook in his right hand.—A sitting *Jupiter*, ditto; grand and majestic, though small.—An unknown female bust; antique.—*Cybele*, with a turretted head; ditto.—*The rape of Ganymede by an eagle;* the limbs of the former graceful and delicate.—Bust of *Bacchus;* antique.—*Cupid and Psyche kissing;* ditto.—Two fine *Centaurs*, ditto.—Head of *Laocoon*, a grand bust by Wilton.—*Antinöus*, naked; antique, hair not so bushy as usually sculptured.

Every thing *without* the mansion is consistent with the magnificence and expence which reign *within* it. The menagerie and stables, in its immediate neighbourhood, are executed upon a princely scale; and the more distant decorations of the extensive park (which embraces one thousand six hundred acres within its inclosure) evince the grand conceptions of the noble Marquis under whose directions the whole was principally executed. To enumerate and analyse the august and

diversified views which are caught from particular parts of the wide domain, would exhaust my powers of description, and fatigue your attention. I should only, indeed, be ringing tiresome changes upon waving woods, fine expanses of water, grand slopes, swelling hills, temples, towers, pyramids, and obelisks; without conveying to your mind one adequate idea of the happy combinations of those different objects, which afford such pleasure to the eye, whilst contemplating them in nature. Let it be sufficient for me, then, to lead you to the chief artificial decoration of Wentworth park, the *Mausoleum*, (of fine free-stone) built by the present Earl Fitzwilliam, in honour of his glorious predecessor, the late Marquis of Rockingham. It stands on an elevated spot of ground, to the right of the grand entrance into the park from the Rotherham road; is ninety feet high, and consists of three divisions. A Doric basement story, square; another above this of the same figure, but of Ionic architecture; each of its four sides opening into the form of an arch, and disclosing an elegant sarcophagus standing in the centre. This is surmounted by a cupola, supported by twelve columns of the same order, taking a circular arrangement. At each corner of the railing that incloses this superb edifice is an obelisk of great

height. But the most interesting part of it is the interior of the lower story; an apartment rising into a dome, ornamentally stuccoed, and supported by eight pillars, encircling a white marble statue of the late Marquis of Rockingham in his robes, as large as life, by the admirable chissel of Nollekens. This stands on a square pedestal, one side of which is inscribed with the titles of this great man. The remaining three form a noble, but just, tribute to his memory, being dedicated to deserved eulogium, and the effusions of disinterested friendship. The verses and laudatory lines are as follow:—

" Angels, whose guardian care is England, spread
" Your shadowing wings o'er patriot Wentworth dead:
" With sacred awe his hallow'd ashes keep,
" Where commerce, science, honour, friendship, weep
" The pious hero—the deeply-sorrowing wife
" All the soft ties which bless'd his virtuous life.
" Gentle, intrepid, generous, mild, and just;
" These heartfelt titles graced his honour'd dust.
" No fields of blood, by laurels ill repaid,
" No plunder'd provinces, disturb his shade;
" But white-rob'd Peace compos'd his closing eyes,
" And join'd with soft Humanity her sighs;
" They mourn their patron gone, their friend no more,
" And England's tears his short-liv'd power deplore."

" A man worthy to be held in remembrance, because he did not live for himself. His abilities, industry, and influence were employed, without interruption, to the last

hour of his life, to give stability to the liberties of his country; security to its landed property; increase to its commerce; independence to its public counsels; and concord to its empire. These were his ends. For the attainment of these ends, his policy consisted in sincerity, fidelity, directness, and constancy. In opposition, he respected the principles of government. In administration, he provided for the liberties of the people. He employed his moments of power in realizing every thing which he had professed in a popular situation; the distinguishing mark of his public conduct. Reserved in profession, sure in performance, he laid the foundation of a solid confidence.

"He far exceeded all other statesmen in the art of drawing together, without the seduction of self-interest, the concurrence and co-operation of various dispositions and abilities of men, whom he assimilated to his character, and associated in his labours. For it was his aim through life to convert party connection, and personal friendship, (which others had rendered subservient only to temporary views and the purposes of ambition) into a lasting depository of his principles; that their energy should not depend upon his life, nor fluctuate with the intrigues of a court, or with capricious fashions amongst the people. But that by securing a succession in support of his maxims, the British constitution might be preserved according to its true genius, on ancient foundations, and institutions of tried utility.

"The virtues of his private life, and those which he exhibited in the service of the state, were not, in him, separate principles. His private virtues, without any change in their character, expanded with the occasion into enlarged public affections. The very same tender, benevolent, feeling, liberal mind, which in the internal relations of life conciliated the genuine love of those who see men

as they are, rendered him an inflexible patriot. He was devoted to the cause of freedom, not because he was haughty and intractable, but because he was beneficent and humane.

"A sober, unaffected, unassuming piety, the basis of all true morality, gave *truth* and permanence to his virtues.

"He died at a fortunate time, before he could feel, by a decisive proof, that virtue like his, must be nourished from its own substance only, and cannot be assured of any external support.

"Let his successors, who daily behold this monument, consider that it was not built to entertain the eye, but to instruct the mind! Let them reflect, that their conduct will make it their glory or their reproach. Let them feel that similarity of manners, not proximity of blood, gives them an interest in this statue.

"Remember; resemble; persevere."

In four recesses in the wall of this apartment within the pillars, are eight white marble busts, placed in the following order:—To the right of the entrance, in the first niche, are Edmund Burke and the Duke of Portland; in the second, Frederic Montague and Sir George Saville; in the third, Charles Fox and Admiral Keppel; in the fourth, Lord J. Cavendish and John Lee. From this sumptuous edifice a good idea may be formed of Wentworth demesne. A boundless prospect of the richest part of England lies open to the eye, infinitely diversified; the grandest feature of which is the park. The woods, the water, the tower,

the pyramid, and the house, all fall into the picture; and present a scene in which it is difficult to say whether the beauty of nature, the efforts of art, or the operations of taste, are to be most admired. Viewing Wentworth home grounds and mansion from hence, we had no hesitation in pronouncing it to be the finest place we had ever seen.

Pursuing our interesting ride for nine miles through a continuation of that fertile country which marks this division of Yorkshire for the paradise of England, we reached the park of Wentworth-Castle, the seat of the late Earl of Strafford. The grounds, which have every advantage that nature could give them, in agreeable undulations, and "solemn midnight groves," are injured in the injudicious attempt to add a beauty to them by artificial trifles; such as *made ruins*, Chinese temples, &c. A view of uncommon beauty over the lawn is caught from the portico of the principal front, a most elegant specimen of ornamental architecture. The *hall*, a room forty feet square, presented us with a portrait of

*Thomas third Earl of Strafford*, a distinguished favourite of William III. to whom he proved of signal service in his campaigns in Flanders. On the accession of Queen Anne, he was appointed ambassador extraordinary to the Court of Berlin,

and afterwards went in the same character to the States-General; from whence he removed to assist in concluding the peace at Utrecht. Soon after the arrival of George I. in England, he was removed from all official situations; but such was the estimation in which he was held by the Hollanders, that on quitting the Hague, he was presented with a gold medal and chain worth 6000 gilders. Obiit 1739.

A curious picture containing three crowned personages, *Frederick first King of Prussia, Augustus of Poland, and Frederick of Denmark*, dancing. This picture was presented to the above ambassador, to perpetuate the remembrance of a fête given by him at Berlin A. D. 1705, at which these royal personages, with the Queen of Prussia, assisted.

*Mary Princess of Orange*, daughter of James II. and Queen of William III. It is a curious fact, that even after James had forfeited all pretensions to the throne, yet so unwilling were the people to adopt any one who might appear like a deviation from the regular line of hereditary succession, that it was at first determined to place the crown on the head of Mary, and not of William. Obiit 1694, Æt. 33. Vandyck.

*Thomas Earl of Strafford on horseback.—Four Views of Rome*, by Carnialetti.

The ceiling is painted with the story of *Endymion and Morpheus*, by Amicini.

In the *Gentleman's dressing-room*, is

*Sophia Electress of Hanover*, daughter of Elizabeth of Bohemia, and mother of George I.

In the *state bedchamber* we find,

*Lady Eleanor Brandon*, daughter of Charles Duke of Suffolk by Mary sister of Henry VIII. and wife of Henry Clifford second Earl of Cumberland; by Lucas de la Heere.

In the *Lady's dressing-room* are,

The *Judgment of Paris*, and the *Death of Dido*; two fine pieces by Carlo Maratti.

*Sir Philip Sidney*; whole length; black breeches, stockings, and cloak, white satin doublet and bows; a fine picture. The reign of Elizabeth furnishes a copious catalogue of illustrious personages, who appear emulously striving to excel each other in deeds of great and fair renown; and by more than one historian has the palm been adjudged to Sidney, who was alike conspicuous in the tilt-yard and field of battle, in the cabinet and the closet. His name appears in several lists of tournaments, and his valour was displayed in Flanders. His conduct, whilst ambassador to the court of Germany, was so exemplary, that the Poles offered to elect him king; his poetry and prose were both in higher and

longer estimation than most contemporary works. But the proudest act of his life may be found at its close: having received a mortal wound at the battle of Zutphen, and being nearly exhausted with pain and excessive bleeding, he obtained some drink, and was in the act of lifting it to his mouth, when a poor soldier (whom they were removing from the field desperately wounded) fixed his anxious eyes upon the bottle; which the hero instantly delivered to him, saying, "Thy necessity is still greater than "mine." Obiit 1586.

In the *best drawing-room:*

*Diana and Actæon*; a very fine picture by Tellan. Actæon's emotions of astonishment and delight at the unexpected scene before him, admirably expressed; as well as the smile of Diana, speaking mischief. Her hand lifted up has almost the substance and spirit of life.—*Westminster-Bridge*, and two *Sea-pieces*, by Botart.

Over the chimney, *David with Goliah's Head*, by Carlo Maratti. Great ease in the posture and limbs of David, who is reposing after the conflict.

*Two sheep-pieces*; by Rosa de Tivoli.

In the *dining-room:*

*Lord Strafford and his Secretary.* There has been a dispute, which of the two pictures, that at Wentworth-House, or the one before us, was the

original by Vandyck. They are both extremely fine, but we are inclined to prefer the former; though it is probable they were both from the pencil of this great master.

*Lady Ann Campbell Countess of Strafford.*—*Anne* daughter of Sir John Wentworth of Gorsfield, wife of Thomas Lord Wentworth deputy of Calais, and her three children. 1. *William*, who married Elizabeth, daughter of William Lord Burleigh, and died without issue. 2. *Henry Lord Wentworth*, who married Anne Hopton, and was father of Thomas Earl of Cleveland. 3. *Elizabeth*, who married William, son of Sir Francis Hynde, of Madingly, ancestor of Sir John Hynde Cotton.

*Margaret Lucas Duchess of Newcastle*; by Lely. She was sister of the first Lord Lucas, and wife to William Cavendish Duke of Newcastle. When the merits of a writer shall be decided upon in proportion to the quantity of his works, then will her Grace have pre-eminent title to a niche in the temple of fame; having produced no less than thirteen folio volumes of plays and poems. Obiit 1673.

*Peter the Great*; whole length, by Amecone. He is clothed in uniform, with large boots on; the Imperial mantle over his shoulder, and a truncheon in his hand. His countenance is intelligent, and bespeaks the legislator, philosopher, and hero.

The *gallery* is a noble room, one hundred and sixty feet long, thirty wide, and twenty-four high. A small division is formed at each end, by two columns of grey marble, with gilt capitals, and as many statues in white marble (casts from antiques) between them. At the one end *Apollo Vaticanus*, and an Egyptian priestess; at the other, *Antinöus*, and *Ceres*. Here we find the following noble collection of pictures:

Seven pieces, representing *the Duke of Marlborough's Battles.—Consolation of the Virgin*; by C. Maratti.—*Gipsies telling fortunes*; by Espagnoletto: of uncommon merit; the professional countenance of the fortune-teller, in which cunning and roguery are strongly expressed, particularly good.—*Holy Family*; by Carlo Maratti.—*Apollo crowning merit*; a copy from Guïdo.—*Holy Family*; a copy from Raphael.—*View of Venice*; by Carmoletti.—*Two Battle-pieces*; by Berghem.—*A Miracle of St. Paul*; by Carlo Maratti.—*A Female*; by ditto.—*Carlo Maratti*; by himself.—*A Man and his two Wives*; by ditto.—*Gamesters*; by Espagnoletto. Three fine figures; the simplicity of the pigeon, and the *professional* sagacity of the gamester, well managed.—*Christ in the Garden*; by C. Maratti.—*John in the Wilderness*; by Espagnoletto.—*Charles* I. *on horseback*; by Vandyck.—*Queen Anne*;

*Lady Strafford*; and *Thomas, second Earl of Strafford*; all by Kneller;—*Charles* I. *and the Duke of Hamilton*; a most superb picture, whole length, by Vandyck.

*James Duke of Monmouth.* His connection with Lady Henrietta Wentworth, is subject of notoriety; and whilst we are obliged to condemn the vices of the man, we cannot avoid admiring the magnanimity of the lover, who on the scaffold refused to confess any thing against the honour of his mistress. It is a singular fact, that when about to atone for all his worldly crimes, he felt the edge of the axe, feared it was not sharp enough, and desired that he might not experience Lord Russel's lingering treatment from an unskilful executioner; which, however, was his fate, his head only being severed from his body by the fifth stroke.

*William* III. whole length.—*Thomas first Earl of Strafford, and his Dog*; whole length, by Vandyck.

*Charles* XII*th of Sweden*, in the dress he wore at Albranstadt in Saxony 1704; blue uniform, and large military gloves; high large forehead, aquiline nose, penetrating eye, and light brown hair turned back. He was one of those monarchs chiefly famed for the wars in which they have embroiled their subjects. This sovereign (who is described as bold, intrepid, and magnanimous) is rather to be

held up as an object of wonder than imitation. He was killed by a random shot, at the siege of Fredericshall, 1718. Æt. 37.

*Lady Margaret Lovelace, and Richard Lord Lovelace*; ob. 1634. So says the catalogue; but I imagine them to be the portraits of John Lord Lovelace of Hurley, so created by Charles I. in 1627, and his wife Anne Baroness Wentworth of Nettlested. Independent of this family connection with John, I am encouraged to favour this opinion, because the title never was enjoyed by a Richard Lovelace.—*Thomas Lord Wentworth* of Nettlested, chamberlain of the houshold to Edward VI. Ob. 1557.—*Miss Wentworth*, one of the seventeen children of Thomas Lord Wentworth.—*Edward* VI. a coarse original.

In Lady Strafford's *dressing-room:*

*John Campbell Duke of Argyle*; father of Anne Countess of Strafford. Obiit 1743.

In Lord Strafford's *dressing-room:*

*First Earl of Strafford.—Piercy Earl of Thomond*, brother to Charles first Earl of Egremont; he succeeded to the estate of Henry O'Brien Earl of Thomond, who had married his mother's eldest sister; created Earl of Thomond 1754, ob. 1774.—*Lady Betty Mackenzie*, sister to Anne Countess of Strafford; married James Stewart Mackenzie,

brother to John Earl of Bute.—*Lady Charlotte Boyle, Marchioness of Hartington*; she was sole heiress to Richard Earl of Burlington and wife of —*William Marquis of Hartington*; who succeeded his father as Duke of Devonshire, 1755.—*Lady Henrietta Vernon*, daughter of Earl Strafford, the ambassador, and wife of James Vernon, esq; ob. 1786.—*John Duke of Marlborough.—John Marquis of Lorn.—Lord Cathcart.—Voltaire.—John Campbell.—Marquis of Rockingham.—Countess of Strafford.—Francis Earl of Dalkeith*; married Caroline, eldest sister of Anne Countess of Strafford. Ob. 1750.—*William second Earl of Strafford.—Dorothea late Duchess of Portland*; sister to the present Duke of Devonshire, and wife to the present Duke of Portland; ob. 1794.—*Lady Mary Coke*, youngest sister to Anne Countess of Strafford, and wife of Edw. Viscount Coke.—*Second Countess of Strafford.—Mary Duchess of Norfolk.*

In the *library:*

*Duke of Devonshire.* It is rather a singular circumstance, that since the year 1618, when this title was conferred on the Cavendishes, it has uniformly been held by a William.—*Lady Lucy Howard*, wife of Sir G. Howard; *Lady Henrietta Vernon*; *Lady Ann Connolly*; three daughters of Thomas Earl of Strafford, the ambassador.—*William*

*Earl of Strafford*; married *Henrietta*, 2d daughter of James Earl of Derby.—*Sir George Wentworth*, brother of Thomas first Earl of Strafford.

In the *little library:*

*The third Countess of Strafford.*

In the *supper-room:*

*Sir Thomas Wentworth.—Thomas Earl of Strafford*; ob. 1739; married *Anne*, sole heiress of Sir Henry Johnson, of Bradenham, Bucks.

The quadrangular building called the Castle, built by Thomas Earl of Strafford in 1730, placed upon the scite of an ancient fortress, is heavy and tasteless. A good marble statue of this nobleman, by Ruysbrack, stands in the centre of its area, but is much injured by time and neglect. The obelisk erected to the memory of Lady Mary Wortley Montague has also to complain of the same enemies; and were her ladyship's memory to rest only upon the inscription in Wentworth park, she would add one to the many examples of the evanescence of *human fame*, by speedily sinking into oblivion. We were soon relieved, however, from the melancholy contemplation of the temporary duration and instability of that which mortals take such unceasing pains to procure, "the vain breath of a mis-"judging world," by the bustle of trade, and the noise of manufactories, as we approached and entered

*black* Barnsley; as it is appropriately called, from its being situated amid the smoke of engines, and the dingy dust of coal-works.

The clothing country now commenced, and the little villages that occurred between this place and Wakefield, were busied in some branch of that extensive woollen manufacture which has thrown such inexhaustible wealth into Yorkshire; cloathed its hills with fatness; and filled its broad vales with houses and population. But in attending to the operations of present industry, we were not forgetful of the remains of ancient grandeur; and left the road a mile to the south of Wakefield, to take a passing look at the ruins of Sandall-Castle, built by one of the Earls Warren, in the thirteenth century. It afterwards became the residence of Edward Baliol, who passed here those anxious hours of suspence which elapsed whilst Edward III. was raising an army to re-establish him on the throne of his fathers; a troublesome possession, which he was afterwards as glad to relinquish to his royal friend, as he had been desirous of obtaining it. In the reign of Henry VI. it afforded less auspicious shelter to the unfortunate Duke of York, who had appointed Sandall-Castle as the rendezvous of his army. Margaret, however, ever prompt and active, reached the spot with her troops before

his forces could muster there, and threatening a siege, compelled him to a battle. Shakespeare has faithfully delineated York's character, when he makes him despise the great inequality of the numbers which were opposed to each other on the occasion:

" Five men to twenty! though the odds be great,
" I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
" Many a battle have I won in France,
" When as the enemy hath been ten to one;
" Why should I not now have the like success?"

But the event did not justify his confidence. The Yorkists were routed, the Duke killed, and the castle taken. On the spot where the Duke fell, a stone memorial was erected, after the discomfiture of the Queen's party, and continued there till the civil wars in the seventeenth century, when it was removed. The ruins are picturesque, but not extensive; and evince that the situation must have been strong, before the destructive effects of gunpowder were known.

Opposed to this pleasing object, and its surrounding scenery on the left, was a more magnificent landscape to the right—the village of Heath, with its many noble mansions reposing upon the side of hill, which swelled gently out of a rich valley, watered by the river Calder. The bridge

thrown across the Calder, that conducted us into Wakefield, offers a beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture in a little chapel highly charged with sculptured ornaments, and vulgarly said to have been built by Edward IV. in memory of his unfortunate father; but known to have existed seventy years previously to his reign. Its ecclesiastical uses expired with masses and obits at the Reformation, and it now serves the purpose of a warehouse.

The town of Wakefield is laid out in several handsome streets, and ornamented with a magnificent Gothic church. Great wealth has been thrown into it by the woollen trade; an affluence which is seen in its large proportion of respectable private mansions. The business of the common weekly markets of Thursday and Friday is chiefly the sale of this article by the factors, to whom it is consigned from all parts of England, and the purchase of it by the manufacturers of the neighbouring clothing country. A large cattle fair every fortnight supplies provision, in a great measure, to the bordering counties of Cheshire and Lancashire. Though some of the white cloths, the production of the Yorkshire manufactories, be sold at Wakefield, yet by far the greatest part find a market at Leeds, nine miles further to the north, a town rising into the first importance in point of internal

commerce; chiefly owing to its advantageous centrical situation, and partly to the spirit of the inhabitants, which, however, may be considered as much an effect as a cause. Several instances were pointed out to us of successful industry, in persons who from journeymen had arisen to princely independence; a proof at once of the profits and extent of the cloth trade in these parts. The advantages which have resulted to the town of Leeds in particular from this branch of English manufactures, may be readily imagined from the increase it has experienced in population within these twenty-five years. This, in 1775, amounted to seventeen thousand one hundred and seventeen; and in 1800, to thirty thousand, exclusive of ten thousand in the two adjoining parishes.

The most curious feature of this place is its markets for mixed and white cloths, which are held every Tuesday and Saturday for the former, and every Saturday for the latter, in large halls erected for the purpose:—the one for mixed cloths, a quadrangular building one hundred and twenty-seven yards and half long and sixty-six broad; the other of the same form, but different dimensions, ninety-nine yards long and seventy broad. Here the cloths are exposed for sale in their rough state, as they are delivered from the fulling-mill. The

merchants, who are the purchasers, have them dressed, dyed, and pressed, for the retail dealers.

The progress of good sense, and gradual growth of notions of utility, within this last century, are marked by the successive improvements which have taken place in the mode of selling this valuable article. One hundred and twenty years ago the mixed cloths were exposed for sale upon the unsheltered battlements of the Aire bridge, open to all the inclemency of the weather, and all the dirt and injuries of passing carriages. It required nearly fifty years to convince the factors of the absurdity of this system, when the matter was but little mended by carrying the article into Brigge-street, and offering it to the merchant, spread on temporary stalls. In 1758, however, the trade had acquired wisdom enough to reform their plan altogether; the mixed cloth hall was built at the expence of the manufacturers; and about seventeen years afterwards, another for the white cloths upon a similar plan.

Nothing can be more judicious, convenient, or systematic, than the arrangement of the wares, and the regulations of the sellers, in these receptacles. The larger or mixed cloth hall is laid out into six aisles, each containing two rows of stalls, amounting in all to one thousand seven hundred

and seventy; every one of which is twenty-two inches in front, and is the freehold property of the manufacturer who occupies it, who can transfer it to any other manufacturer, (at a premium of about 16l.) provided he have served a regular apprenticeship to the making of mixed cloth; without which service no one can be admitted. The white cloth hall contains one thousand two hundred and ten stands, upon the same plan as the other. The hour of sale in the mixed cloth hall is from half-past eight to half-past nine; in thewhite cloth ditto from a quarter before ten to aquarter before eleven.

But exclusive of the *cloth* trade, Leeds is brought upon a par with our first commercial towns by several other considerable manufactories. One for the making of sail-cloth employs nearly eighteen hundred people. The cotton-mill, belonging to Messrs. Coupland, Wilkinson, and Coupland, is a concern of great extent; its grand and complicated operations, carried on by the power of one vast steam-engine, built by Mr. Murray, of Leeds, performing the work of forty horses, by machinery as beautiful and neat as that of a watch. Potteries and carpet manufactories also contribute to increase the riches of the town, whose advantages are rendered incalculable by rivers and canals, and inexhaustible mines of admirable coals on every side.

The promise of a picturesque ruin led us to Kirkstall-Abbey, about three miles from Leeds—a little deviation from our road, which amply repaid our trouble. Ascending to the summit of Kirkstall hill, the rich vale in which these remains are situated, watered by the winding river Aire, darkened by deep and lofty woods, and grandly backed by distant hills, opened to us at once a scene of uncommon beauty. The detail of the abbey is equally interesting to the antiquary, as its cathedral presents the compleatest example (as far as it goes) of the architecture of the 12th century, of any in the kingdom. The design is plain, neat, and uniform; the Saracenic arch inclosing the Saxon one at the western end points out that its erection was previous to the discontinuance of the Anglo-Norman style. Henry de Lacy founded it in 1157, and filled it with Cistercians, whose demesnes were valued at the Reformation at 329l. 2s. 11d.

As our object was to see every thing that Art or Nature presented worth observation within the limits of our tour, we were led to visit Harewood-House, nine miles from Leeds, the seat of Edward Lord Harewood, a magnificent stone mansion, built by the late lord, in 1760; judiciously situated on the slope of a hill, which gives it a view over a park rather pleasing than grand. But nothing within

interests the mind; no productions of the arts, unless indeed the labours of the gilder and upholsterer may be considered as deserving that character. Rich hangings and fine furniture may catch the gaze and captivate the fancy of the multitude, but taste and sensibility require some other food, and turn away with satiety from the glitter of golden cornices and the lustre of satin hangings. They will be more gratified in visiting the little ancient church, uniform and neat, half embosomed in a clump of trees in the park, and containing six table monuments, each crowned with two cumbent figures. —Here we find the upright Judge, *Sir William Gascoigne*, chief justice of the Court of King's-Bench, whose spirited conduct in refusing to obey the commands of Henry IV. and bring Archbishop Scroop to trial for treason, and whose coolness and intrepidity in committing the Prince of Wales to prison for interrupting the regular course of justice, are well authenticated in the early chronicles, and highly deserving our admiration. The last fact has been admirably worked up by Shakespeare in the second part of Henry IV.; where he not only pourtrays the virtuous independency of the Judge, but exhibits, in striking colours, the wisdom of a Prince, who loved the law, and was content to rule within its bounds.

*Sir Richard Redman*'s tomb lies next, and exhibits the effigies of himself (a knight, and lord of Harewood-Castle) and his Lady Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Aldburgh, of Harewood. They lived in the reign of Henry VI.

*Sir William Ryther, knight,* and *Sybil his wife,* repose beneath a third monument; the latter another daughter of Sir William Aldburgh. This is of the age of the former one.

Our attention was then directed to the tomb of *Sir Richard Redman, knt.* grandson of the above-named Sir Richard, and his Lady Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Gascoigne, of Gawthorpe, knt.

Adjoining to this is the tomb of *Sir John Neville,* of Womersley, *knight,* who died in 1482, and left one daughter, the wife of the renowned Sir William Gascoigne.

A sixth ancient tomb contains the ashes of *Sir Richard Franks, knt.* of the manor of Harewood.

Attached to the wall is the tomb of *Sir Thomas Denison, knight,* who died one of the judges of the King's-Bench in 1765. The epitaph is said to have been written by the late Lord Mansfield, and pays a handsome complimentary tribute to the independence and undaunted respect for the laws, which his great predecessor Sir William Gascoygne exhibited.

The ancient Norman castle of Harewood, that stood a few hundred yards from the modern mansion, was more remarkable for beauty of situation than strength. Its remains form a pleasing ruin, rearing their ivy-mantled walls from the broad declivity of a hill, which overlooks the wide vale watered by the river Wharfe. Its history is buried in the darkness of past ages;

> " It has no name, no honourable note,
> " No chronicle of all its warlike pride,
> " To testify what once it was; how great,
> " How glorious, and how fear'd."—

Its founder is unknown; and all that can be gathered of its history, is a barren list of the names of the families which successively possessed it, till its demolition by the Parliamentarian forces in the civil wars: its lords have been the De Courcies, the Fitz-alans, and the De Redvers. We extended our walk for half a mile beyond the castle, to visit the spot which had given occasion to one of the most beautiful dramatic compositions in our language—the play of ' Elfrida,' by Mr. Mason; who sacrificing historical truth to *effect*, has converted the perfidious wife of Athelwold into an angel of light, and fascinated us with a bewitching picture of ideal truth and constancy. The spot in which

Athelwold revenged the perfidy of his favourite, is, as the poet describes it,

> " A darkling dell, which opens in a lawn,
> " Thick set with elm around,"

and is pointed out by tradition as the scene of the murder in 963.

Yorkshire now began to lose its natural beauties and artificial adornments. We had left the clothing country, and its numerous villages peopled by the happy race of manufacturers, who, remote from the contamination of large towns, pass their hours in industry and innocence, unenslaved by those vices which are too often found to result from the association of numbers in one place. The proudly wooded hills, and broad expanse of fertile vale, had also disappeared; and an uninteresting face of nature introduced itself in the room of these grand and impressive objects.

In the midst of this scenery, Harrogate is situated, eight miles from Leeds; and though this town have divided itself into two parts, the higher and the lower—the former seated upon a high flat, the other spread over a bottom—yet neither has any claim to the picturesque. A fine air, and an extensive view, which commands York Minster, and other objects, at twenty miles distance, may recommend High Harrogate to the visitor; but its

relation in the bottom has no attraction, except for those who are condemned to drink its intolerable sulphuric waters, which offend both smell and taste in the highest degree. Three or four inns, or lodging-houses, and about one dozen of wretched shops, compose the upper town; and here are found the chalybiate springs, the old spa, and Pewit well. As many public inns, and a few private lodging-houses, form the lower town; which contains also the sulphur wells and a newly-discovered chalybeate spring, to which the proprietor has given the name of the *Crescent Spring*. We found the regular charges high, and the extraordinary ones imposing, at this place; which certainly would have but few attractions for any except the victims of disease, did not the distorted eye of fashion sometimes see beauty in the very bosom of deformity. The terms of lodging and boarding are, a private bed-chamber and parlour 1l. 1s. per week; breakfast, dinner, and supper, 6s. per day. Servants, 1l. 1s. per week.

The approach to Knaresborough, from the Harrogate road, is by a bridge thrown over the little romantic river Nid, from whose battlements a beautiful and singular picture was laid before us, both above and below. Turning the eye up the stream, we caught a small reach of it, playing

through verdant meadows, terminated by the rising grounds of Lady Cunningham's park, and overlooked by her modern elegant mansion. Below the bridge, the rocky banks shoot up into precipitous eminences, at the feet and on the sides and slope of which part of the town is built; blending together a curious association of rock, water, wood, and human dwellings. A very pleasing and retired walk, called the *long walk*, winds through the wood that clothes the steep declivity on the south side of the river; following whose meanders for half a mile, we were conducted to the old bridge, at the foot of which is a public-house, called the *Mother Shipton*, said to be the mansion where this old lady, so renowned in English necromancy, drew her first breath in the year 1488. The following lines of invitation over the door of this *hospitium*, invited us to apply to the landlord, who is entrusted with the key of the walk, for a sight of that curious natural phœnomenon, the petrifying well:

> " Come, gentle reader, turn this way,
> " Pass on the walk, the rock survey;
> " There Mother Shipton keeps her cell,
> " Hard by the fascinating well."

Led by our *ciceroni* to the banks of the Nid, we saw a vast mass of petrified vegetable matter pro-

jecting fifteen feet from the face of the rock, and eighteen yards high, beetling over a small pool, and distilling into it from every part a thousand little streams, which give the surprising quantity of eighteen gallons in a minute. This water is so laden with calcareous matter, that whatever is exposed to its action becomes covered with a stony incrustation in the course of eight months, and assumes the appearance of a petrifaction; a conversion by which old hats, wigs, bird's-nests, &c. are made a source of some profit to the man who has the custody of the well. The spring that effects this transformation rises in a bed of stiff clay, fifty yards from the brow of the rock; but exhibits nothing of its petrifying quality, till it have percolated the lime-stone rock for about thirty yards, during which course it picks up the particles that it afterwards very conscientiously deposits again upon its front. Near the pool the little museum of the *ciceroni* is seen, the curious repository of his collection of incrustations, over the door of which an inscription explains the horrible figure of Mother Shipton, the Yorkshire Sybil, within:

" Mark well this grot, don't miss the place,
" Nor startle at her haggard face;
" As you are come to see the well,
" Pray take a peep into the cell."

From this walk we had to the greatest advantage the ruins of Knaresborough-Castle on the opposite bank, unassociated with modern houses, which introduce themselves at every other point of view; the church too assumed a beautiful situation, and the southern part of the town, hanging amongst the rocks, was very picturesque. But little of the castle remains, though in its day it was much connected with the historical events of the kingdom. Serlo de Burgh founded it in the early Norman times, whose descendant transferred it to the Estotevilles. A connection of this house by marriage, concerned in the perpetration of that sacrilegious act, the murder of Becket at the altar, made Knaresborough-Castle the safe retreat of himself and his accessaries for one year, and having defied the royal power, was only reduced to obedience and repentance by the authority of the church. The crown now became possessed of it, and granted it occasionally to favoured subjects, Hubert de Burgh, Piers de Gaveston, and John of Gaunt. It then re-echoed the sighs of a captive monarch, Richard II. for whom it was made an intermediate prison between Leeds and Pomfret-Castle, the scene of his death. But after having served this republican purpose, its proud head was doomed to experience the ingratitude of

the friends of the levelling system, and to fall under the desolating hand of Lilburne, the Parliamentarian commander.

Returning over the old bridge, we visited the chapel of St. Robert, a hermit in Richard Ist's time, who, with an industry we cannot but admire, at the same time that we lament its wrong direction, excavated an apartment in the face of a high rock, nearly perpendicular, twelve feet long, nine wide, and eight high, adorning its roof with Gothic decorations, and its sides with an altar, recesses, and other sculptural representations. A knight-templar, carved in the rock, stands near the door of this little retreat, whose front shaded by ivy, sprinkled with lichens, and corroded with age, would be a very pretty object in a picture, if accompanied with a few fanciful appendages. Above this chapel, upon the same lofty rock which hangs over the margin of the river, is the *hermitage;* and further up the ascent *Montagu fort*, another excavation, the work of a poor man and his son, living chiefly by the precarious profits arising from the curiosity of travellers, who are led to survey this example of modern labour. The view from hence is rather extraordinary than beautiful, being a bird's-eye one over a scene of the most singular nature.

The woman who shews the chapel, indulged us with a sight more remarkable than even the residence of St. Robert—her own son William Smith, a boy about 12 years old, whose hair may be considered as a great natural phænomenon. The texture of it somewhat resembles the finest wool, but in spite of this softness and delicacy, it stands projecting from his head like the *nimbus* around that of a saint, or the 'quills upon the fretful porcupine.' The quantity is prodigious; but the wonder of it has much lessened with the increase of the child's size, as the hair does not appear to keep pace with the expansion of his body. He must have been the most whimsical figure imaginable at half a year old, when this natural appendage to the human head suddenly grew to its present voluminous mass.

As we entered Borough-Bridge, we left our vehicle and stepped into a meadow to the left hand, a few hundred yards from the road, attracted by three rude stone pillars, which range themselves parallel to the turnpike in nearly a strait line. They are called the *Devil's arrows*, and supposed, with great probability, to be Druidical. The southern pillar is five feet square at the base, twenty-four feet high, and one hundred and sixteen paces from the centre one, which is of nearly equal bulk, but stands a little out of the right line. The northern

one is almost eighteen feet high, and has been calculated to weigh thirty-five tons. The middle and southern pillars are upwards of twenty-two feet high, and supposed to weigh thirty tons each.

From these remains of high and rude antiquity, we hastened on to Newby-Park, the seat of the Right Hon. Weddell Robinson Lord Grantham; passing through Borough-Bridge, the *Isurium Brigantum* of the Romans, and the scene of the battle between the forces of Edward II. and those of the confederated Barons in the year 1321, when the ill-starred Thomas of Lancaster was made prisoner. His execution at Pomfret speedily followed. An agreeable ride of three miles carried us from this place to his lordship's house, built of brick the beginning of the last century, situated on the eastern bank of the river Aire, in a fertile flat, surrounded by most agreeable pastoral and sylvan scenery. All without the house, the walks, and shrubberies, and avenues, are of a piece and congruous; and shew the correctness of that taste which is again discovered on a less scale, but in an equal degree, within the house, in the nature and arrangement of its ornaments.

In the *hall*, exclusive of a fine organ, are—A grand cattle-piece, with *Cows and Sheep*, by Rosa da Tivoli.—*St. Margaret*, by H. Carracci.—A large

table, inlaid with one hundred and seventy-one specimens of ancient and modern marble; and two others of Egyptian granite.

In the *breakfast-room* are the portraits of *Thomas first Lord Grantham*, grandfather of the present noble possessor;—of *Thomas*, his father;—and of the late *William Weddell*, esq; (painted at Rome) contemplating the statue of a dying Cleopatra; a subject that points out his classical turn, at the same time that his countenance marks a mind peculiarly adapted for the pursuit of every thing connected with elegance and taste, arts and letters.—*Lady Grantham*; grandmother to the present Lord.—The chimney and slab are formed from blocks of curious Egyptian granite.

In the *library* are another portrait of the late *Mr. Weddell*, with a face pale, studious, and interesting; a fine table in Mosaic of different marbles; and a painting of *Apollo rewarding Poetry*.

The *drawing-room* (forty feet by twenty) is hung with the most exquisite specimens of Gobelin tapestry in Europe, and ornamented with two other fine tables of variegated marbles.

The *ante-chamber* is singularly beautiful, chaste, and classical; fitted up with stuccoed Etruscan ornaments, and admirable *clair-oscuras*, in different

compartments. The ground of the wall is a pale green, relieved by light purple mouldings.

From hence we were led into the *dining-room*, sixty feet by twenty. This disproportioned length is corrected by semicircular recesses formed at each end with fluted Corinthian pillars. In the recess at the upper part are several large transparent alabaster vases standing upon pedestals, intended to receive candles, that may cast "a dim religious "light" over this apartment, and assist the magic effect with which the mind is impressed when we look through the door in the recess at the opposite extremity of the room. Here we throw a glance into the *penetralia* of the temple—the museum, or gallery of statues; a series of the most precious antique marbles which taste could select, and money procure. This repository consists of a suite of three small apartments; the first is square, the second a rotunda with a domed ceiling, and the third another square; a vista that is terminated by an antique *sarcophagus*, filling a recess at the end of the farthest apartment. All the rooms are finished with stuccoed ceilings, and *basso relief* walls; and the brightness of the Parian and Pentilican marbles is softened down by a pale strawberry ground. The statues are as follow. In the first apartment:

*Silenus*; a short thick figure, conveying a good idea of the poetical character of this *senex ebrius*, this old sottish god. Under his right arm he carries a skin of wine, (called by the ancients the *uterus*) supporting its weight on his thigh.—A *Ganymede*, of modern statuary; small and beautiful, with the most happy delicacy in the limbs of the effeminate youth.—A vase, antique; supported by a lion's head and leg of ancient sculpture.—*Septimius Severus*, who died at York; an antique bust; the *toga* fastened upon the right shoulder with a *fibula*. Much expression in the countenance, but the stiff and formal disposition of the front curls evinces that the piece was chiselled when statuary was in the wane.—A medallion of antique porphyry over it; *Hercules*, and another figure.—*Geta*, (whole figure, antique) the son of the Emperor Septimius Severus; with the scroll of admission into the senate in his hand, a *bulla* upon his breast, and clothed in the *toga virilis*. The whole of this is stiff.—*Caracalla*, Geta's brother; profligate and cruel; a large antique bust. A grand expression of fierceness and cruelty in the countenance, which exemplify the *trux Caracalla* of the historian. Over it, an antique medallion in porphyry, *Two Fauns sacrificing*.—An antique vase.—*Galatea*, the Nereid; antique; according to Homer, the daughter of Nereus and

Doris; by her side a *Cupid bestriding a Dolphin.* One end of her mantle is tucked up under her right arm, the other is held above her head, out of which she is squeezing the water.—*Epicurus*, the celebrated philosopher, holding a scroll with both his hands; a very fine antique.—A *Dacian King*; a valuable antique. Small whole-length figure, composed of white and black marble; the hands and face of the former; the bonnet and rest of the figure of the latter. When we view this specimen of very ancient art, we cannot but be astonished that the sharp and minute parts which compose it should be in the most perfect preservation.—An antique colossal head of *Hercules*; the expression solemn, majestic, and thoughtful; the beard supremely grand. It stands upon an antique three-faced altar, with figures on each front representing performers in the Dithyrambic rites; among which is an admirable female Bacchanalian maniac.—A small *Muse*, modern and beautiful; and under it an interesting little figure, *a Girl bemoaning the loss of her Bird.*—A medallion of antique porphry; *groupe.*

In the *vestibule* to the second apartment, or *rotunda*, we find two antique vases of composition, ornamented with fancy patterns of the most beautiful design and workmanship.

The *rotunda* contains:

A female antique bust; unknown. The front hair thrown back carelessly and gracefully, and twisted up in a small roll at the back of the head; the left breast is bare, and the robe fastened over the right shoulder by a row of four *fibulæ*. There is much grace in the fashion of the dress, as well as beauty in the workmanship.—*Brutus*, the assassin of Cæsar; a full-length noble antique, naked figure. The face extremely thin; the expression of countenance penetrating and severe, but "more in "sorrow than in anger." He grasps in his left hand the fatal dagger by the blow of which he sacrificed private friendship at the altar of public good. The statue stands upon an ancient circular altar.—A *sitting Muse*, antique; the drapery of which is very fine; a square antique altar supports her.

A beautiful naked *Venus*, antique; of the same delicate workmanship, inimitable grace, and scientific proportions, as the celebrated statue *de Medici*. It is, indeed, the jewel of this collection; and said to have been bought at so high a price as induced Mr. Weddell to conceal from his friends the enormous expence in which this indulgence of his favourite propensity involved him. At her left side is the trunk of a tree, (for a supporter) and Cupid leaning upon it; fruits and flowers of the most admirable sculpture entwine the trunk, which is crowned

by a large shell, another emblem of the goddess, in which she sailed to Cyprus:

" Hæc et cœruleis mecum consurgere digna
" Fluctibus, et nostra potuit considere concha."

*Caligula*; antique bust with a young face; for he was early made Imperator. The *toga* fastened with a *fibula* over the right shoulder.—An antique female bust, unknown.—*Pallas*; a fine antique, full length, as large as life, with the emblems both of learning and war; casque on her head, and an owl on her right hand. The Gorgon's head covers her breast, and a girdle of snakes passes under her left arm, and over her right shoulder. The expression of the countenance rather solemn than fierce.

*Faustina*, the wife of Antoninus Pius; an whole length antique of extraordinary beauty. The posture graceful, easy, and natural; and the expression of the countenance serene and angelic, such as a Pagan might have thought she would have worn after her *apotheosis*—an honour which was conferred upon her by the senate when she died. The undulating stile of the hair shews the becoming fashion in which the Roman ladies dressed their heads in the time of the Antonines.

A *Jupiter*; antique bust. The god of Virgil rather than Homer; serene and solemn. Profuse hair, flowing beard, and projecting eye-brows.

An antique *Term;* the upper part female, with beautiful face, and wings on the shoulders; a *cantharus* in the right hand, and in the left four united torches inflamed, the emblems of the four elements. —Opposite to it is a *Piping Boy*, antique; standing on a small circular altar.

In the further apartment, we find

A *Negro's Head*, antique; black marble.—*Augustus*; an antique colossal bust; inelegant.—A small square *sarcophagus* with a moveable cover; elaborately sculptured with high relief.—A large ditto, ornamented in the same manner, representing *Children at their sports.*—A *Dancing Faun*; small whole length antique.—Colossal bust of *Alexander*; antique, with a casque upon the head; the hair uncommonly bold and free. It seems to have been the affectation of the hero himself, and of his admirers after him, to have representations of him made upon a gigantic scale; in order to impress upon posterity more forcibly the idea of his greatness; as if mental superiority were naturally associated with an extended form.—A medallion of antique porphyry; *Omphale*, labouring under the club and lion's skin of Hercules.

*Apollo*; an antique whole length statue; the god is resting himself against the trunk of a tree, after having destroyed the Python. This is a fine statue,

to which we may very fairly apply the remarks of Winckleman. "His attitude speaks celestial "grandeur; the elegant shape and turn of his "limbs seem to have been formed under a climate "blessed with Elysian plains. His youth is the "flower of eternal spring; a flower as incapable of "acquiring, as it is of losing, any thing; perfect, "tender, and sweet. Here we see nothing com-"mon to humanity; no nerves, no veins; a divine "air diffuses itself over the surface of the figure."

Bust of *Pallas*; antique. The head of white marble, the remaining part of Egyptian alabaster; deep yellow, and transparent.—Medallion of antique porphyry; *Hercules contending with the Lyrnæan Lion.—Bacchus and a young Satyr.* The god carries the emblematical *poculum*; his figure is graceful and elegant; the face animated.—An immense antique *sarcophagus* of veined marble, grey and white, capable of containing two hundred and fourteen gallons. Admirably preserved; the mouldings being as fine and sharp as if just chiselled. Its supporters are four lion's feet; and its ornaments four lions' faces.—A bust by Nollekens, *the late Mr. Weddell*; a countenance full of benevolence, mildness, humanity, and taste.—The small *head of a dog*, very fine; a copy from the great work of the celebrated Myron.—*A Stork with a Serpent in*

*his bill*; antique; standing on a beautiful three-faced altar—the first front representing a *trophæum*; the second, Victory offering a chaplet with one hand, and bearing an olive-branch in the other; the third represents her seated, supported by her shield, and a *hasta pura* in her right hand.—A small bronze antique, *Mercury*; extremely fine.—*Lucilla*; antique colossal bust; the hair disposed in singular and formal curls. She was the daughter of the Emperor Antoninus, and wife of Lucius Verus.—A *Sleeping Hermaphrodite*; modern, but exquisitely beautiful.—A young antique *Bacchus*.—A medallion of antique porphyry.

The *stair-case*, which is very elegant, afforded us two excellent reliefs—*the triumph of Aurelian*, and *Brutus condemning his Son to death*; an immense Sicilian jasper slab; two fine columns of curious marble; and a picture by Calebresi, *Judith exposing the Head of Holofernes to the Jews*. These, with two busts and a *basso-relievo* in the flower-garden lodge, finish the collection of antiques at Newby; which, it may be fairly said, is the most valuable and select of any in the kingdom of a similar extent, with the exception, perhaps, of Mr. Townley's superb museum.

On our arrival at Ripon, we visited its church, to pay a parting tribute to the memory of the late

Mr. Weddell, and heave a sigh over the monument of departed taste, urbanity, and benevolence. Under his marble bust is a tablet with the following inscription:

"To the memory of WILLIAM WEDDELL, esq; of Newby, in whom every virtue that ennobles the mind was united with every elegance that adorns it, this Monument, a faint emblem of his refined taste, is dedicated by his Widow;

Whom what awaits, while yet she strays
Along the lonely vale of days?
A pang, to secret sorrow dear—
A sigh—an unavailing tear—
Till time shall every grief remove,
With life, with memory, and with love.

Obiit 1789."

These beautiful lines, you know, are Gray's; but adopted with peculiar felicity by one who has never ceased to feel the severity of a loss as heavy as it is irremediable. The church is a long irregular pile, built at different periods. This is sufficiently evident in the choir, the north side of which is of Saxon, the other members of Gothic, architecture. Its remarkable ornament is a screen of most beautiful and tasteful work. An handsome obelisk in the spacious market-place of Ripon is a monument of the liberality of the late William Aislabie, esq; whose celebrated residence, Studley-Park, is only three miles from this town.

To this place (which is one of the most perfect and correct specimens of the stile of gardening that succeeded the Dutch manner, and which, from its decorations, I would call the *classical stile*) we were conducted by a good private road, approaching the house through a long-drawn avenue finished at the further end by an obelisk, and letting in at the opposite termination a view of Ripon church; the two western towers of which are here seen to great advantage, assuming a very imposing appearance. The avenue is a mile in length, formed by noble trees, and therefore extremely grand of its kind; and if ever proper, as connected with any *modern* residence, would have been so here. But there are objections to it which no extent of dimensions can do away; radical faults, which never can be gotten over—the want of variety, and the appearance of art. An avenue only gives one confined picture to the eye, which is always before it, and never diversified. Imagination cannot create, because every thing is already defined; nor can fancy be gratified by interrupted appearances in the view, temporary concealments of objects, or new combinations of natural features. The regularity of the form also adds to the disappointment of the lively faculties of the mind; the operations of art are suggested to it, and these ge-

nerally produce gloomy ideas, as connected with the exertion of thought, and the labour of the body.

The general character of the grounds of Studley-Park appeared to us to be highly favourable to the gardener to display his skill and taste upon, being moulded into pleasing hills and dales, and thickly clothed with noble timber—firs, elms, and oaks. Whether or not he have availed himself of these advantages, the following correct description of the decorations will enable you to judge.

The house, a jumble of modern masonry, and the later Gothic, detained us only a few minutes, to regard the prospects, which are chiefly views of Ripon church, and other distant solitary objects, let in through avenues, and therefore objectionable, as having the appearance of pains being taken to produce them. From hence a path descended to the lower lake, which we took, and soon found ourselves on the velvet bank of a regular piece of water of eleven acres, deformed by a small island in its centre, with a large unintelligible stone perched upon it. Around this pond the banks rise rapidly on every side, darkened from top to bottom with majestic woods. From hence the circuit round the grounds is four miles, which includes all within them that is worthy remark. The first walk we entered is called the

*back walk*, which opens a view to the left of the *half-moon* water, and the *canal*, (names expressive of their disgusting forms) backed by a proud bank of shade, out of whose bosom the upper members of a Gothic tower discover themselves. A cast from the antique, *(two contending Gladiators)* forms one of the ornaments of the little plat of turf on this side the canal; whilst to the right the eye is prevented from excursion by a lofty wooded bank, darkened with firs, the favourite tree of the spot, some of which are one hundred and eighteen feet high. Another opening, a little further on to the left, lets in a pretty Doric building, the temple of Piety, and a circular pond, under the tutelage of Neptune, whose figure is seen in the centre of it. The same grand back of wood as before frowns over its surface. The roar of an invisible cascade now excites attention, and we are prepared to see a body of water thrown down from a considerable height, and forcing an interrupted passage through opposing rocks; but, "*parturiunt montes*," the wished-for scene is opened, and on reaching the bath we discover a little formal fall, produced by the waters of the upper canal seeking to unite themselves with those of the lower. Two casts from the antique, a *dying Gladiator*, and *Hercules* and *Antæus*, introduce themselves into this picture.

Pursuing the winding walk from the bath, we catch the head of the upper canal, a grotto shrouded with shrubs, within whose dark recess we see a cataract, the effect of which would be very good, were not the figure too formal, and the other contemptible fall of water visible. A vista now occurs, discovering the canal lengthwise, the other pools cut into a variety of mathematical forms; and three antique statues—a jumble of puerilities that we are hardly recompensed for by the lofty wood that hems in the whole scene, with its elegant Gothic tower. The next opening embraces a view of the lake, the canal, the groupe of *Hercules and Antæus*, the superb bank of wood, and the *rotunda* pushing its head above the shade, supported by eight Doric pillars; beneath which the eye reposes on a long extent of velvet sod, sprinkled with trees. Crossing the head of the canal, the path penetrates a gloomy recess towards the *reservoir*, where we catch to the right the Gothic seat, and to the left the prettiest feature of the grounds, a little wild scenery called *Quebec;* consisting of an irregular pool, with its own natural island in the centre, covered with wood. A pillar is here erected to the memory of General Wolfe, but happily for the picturesque effect, it has been long compleatly hidden by the trees. Reaching the *Temple of Piety*,

so called from the story of the 'Grecian Daughter,' in *basso relievo*, we had, from its portico, all the elaborate ornaments which were already seen individually, thrown upon the eye together at once; the canal, temple, half-moon of water, statues, bath, &c. and beyond these a noble wooded bank, deserving better accompaniments. The path now quits the canal and dips into a wood, changing its name into that of the *lower walk*. Here a new feature is introduced—a rocky bank, through which a subterraneous passage is cut, but without producing the usual effect of these underground roads, as the light of the day is visible at the other extremity of it. Emerging from hence, we find ourselves in an open pasture of considerable extent, near the Gothic tower, whose platform commands some good sylvan scenery, disfigured, however, by an insignificant Chinese temple, and a tower. From the windows of the building we have different objects—the house, the lower water, an obelisk, banqueting-house, and canal.

Pursuing a strait path through *Minchistraw-grove*, we experience for a few minutes that pleasure which is derived from contrast, by a little natural scenery, unexpectedly breaking in upon us; but the delusion is short, for at the termination of this grove the *rotunda* presents itself, and a bird's-eye

view of all the artificial grounds, and their elaborate ornaments, which we have hitherto seen. Entering upon the *rotunda* walk, we direct our steps to the alcove, a seat with the same map-like view below it as before; the wood, however, in front investing itself with more majesty by the amphitheatrical form it here assumes. The *Gothic seat* is our next station, but before we reach it, a little opening at the corner of a walk admits a different sort of landscape to the eye—a fine valley, formed by high wooded banks, through which the river Shell leads his waters down a series of small cascades. All this opens more fully from the *Gothic seat*, with the addition of Fountain's Abbey, a glorious Gothic ruin, rising out of the meadow immediately in front of the station. For a moment we were imposed upon, by the surprise arising from such a magnificent object bursting upon the view unexpectedly; but as soon as *judgment* resumed its office, all pleasing emotions were destroyed, by the senseless incongruity and unnatural association in the scene before us. Instead of the wildness and desolation which Nature invariably throws around *her* ruins, the inevitable effects of neglect and desertion; here all is regularity and correctness, velvet lawns, mathematically formed gravel-walks, and artificial cascades; and no one feature to lead to

appropriate contemplation, the recollection of extinguished grandeur, or the conviction of the evanescence of all human labour. Descending by the walk, called after *Ann Bulleyn*, we proceeded to the Abbey, along the banks of the reservoir, which is skirted to the right hand by a solemn line of spruce firs; the abbey still in front, but almost *offending* the eye by one broad uninterrupted view of its walls, in which is no partial concealment, no opportunity afforded for the creation of fancy; an effect that might easily have been produced by scattering a few trees over the carpet of sod before it, or hanging its walls with masses of ivy. *Robin-Hood wood*, into which we now enter, (so called from being the scene of the severe battle fought between that noted outlaw and a friar of Fountain-Abbey) exemplifies the truth of the above observation, by giving us the ruin through the trees to the right hand; which is thus rendered extremely grand, interesting, and picturesque. Its detail on approach is equally beautiful; the members being plain, uniform, and light; all built, probably, at the same time, about the beginning of the thirteenth century. We particularly admired the clustered pillars of the transept, which must have been, when perfect, surprisingly fine, ascending in slender shafts to the springing of the roof. At the eastern end

of the choir stood the high altar, whose situation is marked by the remaining Mosaic pavement, on which it was placed. Taking a view of the interior from the extremity of the Lady's chapel, the vista is beautiful; a range of dilapidated building of the chastest Gothic, three hundred and sixty feet long, finely relieved with wood. At the termination of this, stands one of the towers, two of which formerly graced the western end. The northern one only remains, lifting its venerable head to the height of one hundred and seventy-four feet. This is divided into three parts by two bands or little projections of stone from its face, each inscribed with sentences that are now easily made out. They are as follow.—On the east side: *Soli Deo Jhu. Xto. honor. et glia. in secla. sclor.* On the west side: *Agno Dei Jhu. Xto. honor. et glia. scla. sclor.* On the upper band at the north side: *Et virtus et fortitudo Deo nostro in secula seculorum. Amen.* On the lower band same side: *Soli Deo honor. et glia. secula seculorum.* On the south side: *Soli Deo honor. et glia. in secula seculorum. Amen.*— A door leading out of the southern aile conducted us into the cloister-garden; the abbot's-garden; the magnificent chapter-house, originally divided by two ranges of pillars into a nave and side ailes; the extensive cloisters, three hundred feet long;

and various other buildings in this noble abbey, which was founded in 1132 for Cistertian monks, and enjoyed a yearly revenue at the Dissolution of 1073*l.* 0*s.* 7½*d.*

Quitting this ruin by the *abbey-walk*, we returned into the artificial grounds on the opposite side of the river Shell, with a fine mass of wood to the right, and a wall of shrubby rock on the left; presently ascending a rugged pathway to the *higher walk*, where a pleasing back view is afforded of the upper part of the abbey tower, its roots hidden by trees. We now enter upon the *upper sandy-walk*, and soon get another peep at our old acquaintance, *Hercules and Antæus*, the parallellogrammic canal, and the opposite bank of wood, with its buildings, the rotunda and Gothic tower; a picture again presented to us under a different combination, from the alcove above the sweep, with the addition of the *Temple of Piety*, prettily seen above the trees. The *ladies' hill walk* rereceives us from the alcove, appropriately ornamented with little plats of grass, and parterres of flowers; but not so delicately terminated by the *walk of Priapus*, a figure of which god occurs in the point where the two paths unite. The latter affords a peep at a very pleasing feature of country, a deep glen, called *Kendal walk*; dark and solemn,

agreeably contrasting with the airy and fantastic scenes we have been wandering through; where (to use Hamlet's expression) we have all along "been "too much i' the sun." From the opposite wooded terrace the god *Pan* just discloses his sylvan form. Descending to the *banqueting-house*, we find ourselves in an elegant stone building with emblematical sculptures on its face, and a pretty carpet of lawn before us. From hence the object has been to unite all the artificial ornaments of the place into one view; the Gothic tower, the pantheon, the temple, and the seat; which, crouding upon the eye all together, satiate and disgust, instead of affording pleasure. Here was the favourite retreat of the late Mr. Aislabie, who during the summer almost constantly ate his meals at the banqueting-house. A good figure of *Venus de Medici* stands within the grand apartment, but we were distressed at seeing so *modest* a lady cast in *bronze*. From hence, dropping down the *well-walk*, where no new features occur, we shortly perceived the point from which we had set out two hours before, having threaded all the principal mazes of these very elaborate pleasure-grounds.

We had the pleasure of refreshing our eyes with some agreeable natural scenery, after all this ornamental gardening, in the picturesque village of

Goffa, with its little roaring stream, and humble mill; which lies about two miles from Studley, in the way to Hackfall; and is, indeed, a direct and passable road both for horse or carriage to that place, notwithstanding the assertions of the Ripon innkeepers and post-boys, who (in order to employ their chaises) terrify the traveller with stories of ruts "unfathomably deep, beyond the "reach of frost," Sorbonian bogs, and other unconquerable difficulties. Notwithstanding these representations, we ventured to take the shorter road to Hackfall, by which six miles were saved out of twelve; and were rewarded for our hardihood by a ride full of very agreeable scenery, which continued to spread itself before us till we reached this other celebrated place of Mr. Aislabie, where he seems to have followed the hints of his own taste, as much as he complied with the dictates of fashion in Studley-park. There is no house at Hackfall; but when the owner visited this spot, he occupied an apartment in the gardener's dwelling, a neat little cottage at the entrance of the grounds. Here, providing ourselves with a *cicerone*, we were conducted through a small wicket, into a wild woodland dell, the bottom of which to the right is watered by a limpid brook, feasting the ear with its agreeable murmur, as it rolls over its pebbly

bed. The very entrance into these grounds is marked by the finest touches of natural scenery, which instantly flashed upon the mind the superiority of these wild and artless features over elaborate and formal decoration. The path, following the brook that forms innumerable little falls in its course, which is almost impervious to the sun, conducted us to the *summer-house*, a seat erected opposite to a beautiful series of cascades, called the *alum springs*. These are three in number, tumling down the rough face of a rock, which struggles to make itself visible through a thick skreen of wood, into a brook sixty feet below the falls. From this point the dell grows still more wild, and the hills to the right more abrupt, the cascades more frequent, and the rocks more grotesque; forming a scene of abstraction perfectly answering the description of the poet's "Mansion of Con-templation:"

"Here may she imp
"Her eagle plumes; the poet here may hold
"Sweet converse with his muse; the curious sage,
"Who comments on great nature's ample tome,
"May find that volume here. For here are caves
"Where rise those gurgling rills, that sing the song
"Which Contemplation loves; here shadowy glades,
"Where through the trem'lous foliage darts the ray
"That gilds the poet's day-dream."

Proceeding onwards, the scene opens to the right, and lets in a lofty hill, an immense mass of wooded rock, whose point is crowned by a good ruined tower, called *Mowbray-Castle*, which, from its isolated situation, has an extremely happy effect. But this is speedily shut out from the eye by the thickening gloom around us, and all is close and quiet till we descend to the *fisher's-hall*, a little octagon room, constructed in the Gothic taste, of calcareous petrifactions, and opening a view unparalleled in its kind. *Behind*, every distant object is excluded by a mountainous bank of wood, except a pretty little ruin upon a point, and a narrow ribband of cascade falling down the rock. To the *right*, the brook, which we had been following, throws itself over a series of natural craggy steps; above this the august promontory on which Mowbray-Castle stands, rises to the height of six or seven hundred feet. Directing itself to the *left*, the eye catches another wooded hill, whose sides suddenly forming themselves into precipices present a long line of perpendicular rock; and at length uniting with the valley, are washed by the river Oure, who forces his impetuous course through it in a broad and winding stream, confined on both sides to his rocky bed by abrupt banks, clothed with venerable woods.

The next object is the *grotto*, approached by a devious path through the trees, and crossing a little torrent, that hurries from the left-hand hill to the bed of the river. Here the fancy is delighted by a noble flight of cascades, roaring down a steep declivity one hundred and fifty feet high; opposed on the other side by the aërial ruin on the summit of Mowbray point. A new and different scene now occurs, a little fairy spot of ground, sacred to stillness and retirement. This is a small verdant carpet of turf, terminated by the *fountain-house*, so called from its concealing the machinery of a *jet d'eau*, which throws a stream of water to the height of forty feet from the heart of an island in a pool to the left; an artificial littleness rather out of taste, as the opening to the right lets in one of the grandest scenes of Nature that the imagination can conceive. Here a long reach of the river Oure is beheld, rushing over its rugged bottom with uncontrolable fury; but lashing in vain the sides of its perpendicular rocky barrier, whose broad extent of uncovered face is happily contrasted by the solemn amphitheatrical crown of aged wood which waves to the wind far above the precipices. The *tent walk* shuts out for a short time, by the closeness of its shade, every distant object, and allows the mind a momentary repose, from the contemplation of such

successive magnificent scenes, as almost tempt the exclamation of the poet,

" Visions of glory, spare mine aching sight!"

This sequestered sylvan scenery conducts to the *tent*, which gives name to the Arcadian spot through which we have passed; and here another view is let in of the mural rock, and its proud over-shadowing woods, that form the right-hand bank of the impetuous Oure, as well as a pretty pastoral picture of distant meads and rural dwellings. But soon the excursions of the eye are again precluded, by a darker shade, which grows around us as we descend through the *coal-pit walk* to the troubled waters of the river that has hitherto flowed below us. Here it unfolds a wider sweep to the visitor, stretching away both to the right and to the left; the former reach suddenly shut in by the bold promontory, crowned with Mowbray-Castle, whose face is overhung by a vast mass of calcareous incrustation, called the *weeping rock*, which, like the dripping-well at Knaresborough, distils with water that cases with a stony coat whatever is presented to its action. At this point the lower walks terminate, and we return towards the point from whence we set out, but by a new series of paths, which, managed with the utmost art and judgment, present a quick succession of different

views. Climbing the *limestone hill*, we ascend through a plantation of fine half-grown oaks to a resting place, where the eye is refreshed with softened scenery, through a woody vista; a long and distant reach of the Oure, Masham's spired church, rich meadows, waving corn-fields, and neat farm-houses. A gentle declination conducts us from hence to the *rock walk*, taking its name from the right-hand boundary, formed by a sudden perpendicular rise of the rock on that side. From this hollow another undulation of the ground brings us to *Holland hill*, a wooded eminence, on whose summit is found the rustic temple—a little open octagonal shed, commanding a prospect that sweeps over a diameter of thirty miles, with a foreground of high rock and deep woods. Here the path again assumes a new name, and under the appellation of the *quarry bank*, ascends towards *Mowbray point*, catching in its way the spire of Masham, and a worsted manufactory. Near the summit of this elevation is perched a sentry-box, which gives a map-like view of the right and left reaches of the river, and its grand accompaniments; lets in Kedlington church, and an immense flat, studded with villages and towns, and only bounded by the dim-descried Hamilton hills. Yet this is but tame and uniform, when compared with the grand and diver-

sified picture which unfolds itself from the building called the *point;* whose foreground, a rapid river pent up between steep rocks, and midnight woods; middle distance, a wide sheet of inexhaustible fertility; and boundary, a long line of mountains; form a combination better imagined than described.

Quitting this spot, we follow the *new walk*, which skirts the western side of the grounds, and admits, as we proceed, a pleasing peep to the left of the *alum spring*, seen now from above, and falling into the rock immediately *under* the eye, but losing much of its beauty and effect by the foreshortening. Here the entertainment is concluded; the walk pursuing its darkling course through a shady wood for a quarter of a mile, reaches the little wicket which admitted us into this enchanted region; a place of which it may be said, that Art has gone hand in hand with Nature, to unfold her beauties and heighten her attractions. Not considering her as a rival, she has kindly assisted her on her course, rather than jostled her out of it. Indeed, when we compare Hackfall with Studley, and recollect that both the places were laid out under the direction of the same gentleman, we are tempted to consider them as having been intended by their owner as *contrasts* to each other; as a sort of practical argument held out to the public, to convince

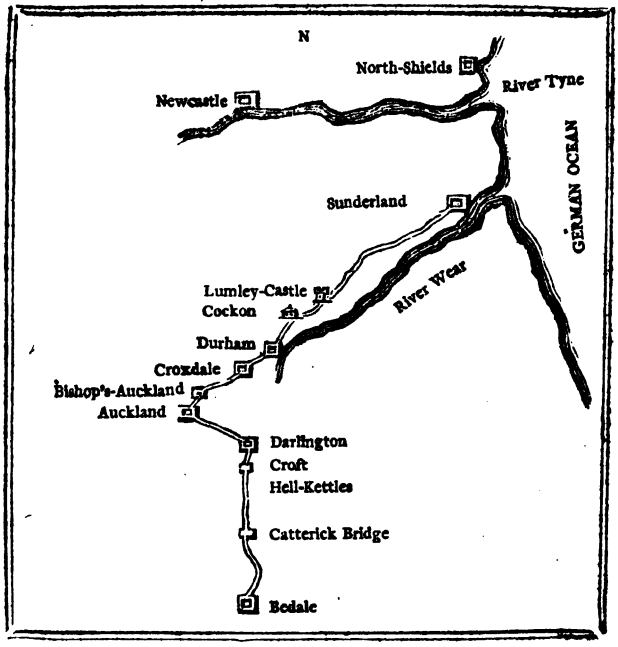
them of the superiority of the natural style of gardening over the meretricious system, which in his days it was the fashion to adopt.

On quitting Hackfall, we could not but wonder and regret, that there is no house upon or near its delicious grounds; that its beauties are seen by the eye, and walks trodden by the feet, of the stranger alone.

A cross stony road led us through Masham to Bedale, eleven miles from Hackfall; on our way to which place, about four miles to the south of it, we took from an eminence a final view of that glorious part of Yorkshire over which our route had conducted us. Sorry as we were to bid a final adieu to it, we could not but allow that it made all the amends possible for its desertion, by throwing at once before our eyes such a boundless sheet of hill and dale, wood and rock, meadows and fields, houses, villages, and towns, as equally baffles the painter's pencil to delineate, or the tourist's pen to describe.

Your's, &c.

R. W.




## LETTER IV.

### TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, *Newcastle, June 22d.*

WITH the scenery of Hackfall we bade along farewell to picturesque beauty; for in proportion as we approached the eastern coast of the kingdom, the features of Nature became more tame and insipid. Our attention, however, was called at Catterick to an artificial curiosity—the

mound near the church-yard; supposed to be part of the Roman works connected with the station *Caturactonium*, which was situated in the neighbourhood of Catterick-Bridge, thrown across the river Swayle, a mile beyond the village.

Upon the military way made about sixteen hundred years ago, and still hard as adamant, we continued for some miles, and at length passed into the county of Durham at Croft-Bridge, an handsome modern structure over the Dar, with seven elliptical arches, whose *ribbed* roofs offer a singularity in pontic architecture. On our entrance into this palatinate we were presented with a natural phænomenon, called *Hell-Kettles*, three pits or holes in the ground filled with water, and said to be bottomless. Tradition informs us, they had their origin in a dreadful volcanic eruption which happened here A. D. 1179, when, after a vast swelling in the ground, and a discharge of fire and smoke, on the dissipation of the darkness, the earth was found to have fallen to its former level, and the only alteration in its surface was the three abysses we have just mentioned. The error with respect to their depth was, however, detected two or three years ago, in consequence of a search made for the body of a gentleman, who had drowned himself in one of these cauldrons. The

Dar, occasionally shewing itself to the right, accompanied us to the town, which receives its name from this stream; a place irregular in plan, and only remarkable for its beautiful and elegantly simple church. The population of the town is calculated to be between six and seven thousand, who are chiefly supported by fading manufactures, of diapers, huckabacks, and stuffs; not employing at present a tenth part of the hands which worked at them previously to the war.

The magnificent inn, a solitary house at Rushford, built by Sir John Haydon, in the neighbourhood of his noble seat at Windleston, afforded us such excellent accommodation and kindness of attention as deserve recollection and remark; indeed it was almost the only pleasing spot we saw for a dozen miles, in a country rather flat and uniform. But this character alters as we approach Durham, six miles from which, on the summit of Fairy-hill, a fine view of that city and a vast tract of circumjacent country, bounded on each side by hills, are at once unfolded. But the detail of the scenery in the neighbourhood of Durham is not made out till we get near its walls, when the singularity and beauty of it at once surprise and delight. A lofty circular hill, rising abruptly from the river Wear, which leads his waters round its rocky banks,

has been chosen for the proud and secure situation of the castle and cathedral. Under the protection of these a city of considerable extent grew up, and scattered itself down the steep of the hill, and along the other bank of the river. But all the beauty of Durham is confined to its outside; like all other old cities built in times when men were content to sacrifice comfort to safety, or before they had attained to adequate ideas of refinement or convenience; the streets are narrow, dark, and dirty—the houses old, gloomy, and ugly. Carpet and cotton manufactories formerly gave some little life to the *sombrè* of the place; but the same complaint existed here as in other towns; war had paralyzed their operations, and the melancholy skeletons of what they had hitherto been, now only remained.

The cathedral and castle afforded us an agreeable employment for the morning; in both we had the the perfection of early architecture. Of the former the western end is a fine specimen of the Anglo-Norman, plain and massive. Its few ornaments are of the zig-zag kind; a favourite stile of decoration at the æra of its erection, the latter end of the eleventh century and beginning of the twelfth; when Carilepho began, and Ralf Flambard executed, the work. Its length is four hundred and eleven feet,

and its breadth eighty. The length of the transept is one hundred and seventy; of the *Gallilee*, one hundred; of the *sanctum sanctorum*, one hundred and thirty; and the height of its great tower two hundred and twelve feet. The *baptisterium*, built of oak, and finished with the richest tabernacle-work, is the finest in the kingdom.

A little to the east of these is a cross in the pavement, the limits to which females might be admitted; beyond this they were prohibited from proceeding, as some events which had occurred to St. Cuthbert, (the tutelary saint of the place) whose bones lay reposed by the great altar, had rendered that holy man rather afraid of the sex during life, and desirous of keeping himself uncontaminated by their approach to his remains after death. But they were recompensed for this exclusion by the gallantry or kindness of Bishop Pudsey, who, in the twelfth century, added to the western end of the cathedral the *Gallilee*, or *Lady's-Chapel*, a beautiful building, consisting of five ailes, separated from each other by airy Norman arches, fretted with zig-zag decorations. This is connected with the cathedral by a grand arch-way of the same architecture, and was dedicated to the sole use of devout females. Here, amongst many other monuments, is that of the venerable Bede, (who died in

734) the most learned man in Europe of his time, a meteor in an age of darkness; a plain flat stone, without any inscription. Proceeding up the great nave, venerable from the awful vista of "long-drawn ailes and fretted vaults," we leave on the south side the monument of Ralph Lord Neville, the gallant and the rich, who took David Bruce prisoner; and whose influence, when alive, procured him honours after death which laymen had not hitherto attained to—sepulture within the walls of the cathedral of Durham. The magnificent ceremonies of his interment realized the fanciful picture of the poet's description of Arthur's burial, brought to the church-yard in a chariot drawn by seven horses:

"There, with chaunted orison,
"And the long blaze of tapers clear,
"The stoled fathers met the bier;
"Through the dim ailes, in order dread
"Of martial woe, the chief they led,
"And deep entomb'd in holy ground,
"Before the altar's solemn bound."

In the southern transept we see the curious clock of elaborate work, built in the year 1632, and in the pillars, windows, and skreens, a thousand varieties of architectural ornament. From the great nave two marble steps conduct into the choir, an august edifice one hundred and twenty feet long; heavy, but solemn. The throne, built when the

pride of the palatinate bishops equalled their power, is exalted far above the prebendaries and canons below; the centre has a chair of state, canopied with a tabernacle roof richly embossed with golden ornaments. A skreen of most beautiful pattern and the lightest workmanship divides the choir from the sanctuary, made of alabaster in the year 1380. In the latter member of the fabric (by far the most sacred of the whole) formerly stood the shrine of St. Cuthbert, on an elevated piece of stone masonry thirty-seven feet in length, and twenty-six in breadth. In the centre of this, a black marble slab marked the spot where the dust of the saint is deposited. No vestige now remains of the splendour which surrounded the shrine, and the riches offered at its sanctuary; but the number of its votaries whilst the reign of superstition continued, may be calculated from the hollow impressions made in the hard stones surrounding the monument by the feet of the pilgrims who performed here their prostrations, genuflexions, and obeisances. From hence we descend by several steps to the last member of the church, the eastern transept, or *nine altars*, as it is called, from the circumstance of its having formerly been adorned with that number, dedicated to as many saints; the pilasters, mouldings, columns, and roof, all of the same beautiful architecture which distin-

guishes the great tower, and marks it of later times than the body of the church. The buildings adjoining the cathedral, the cloisters, chapel-house, and library, are all constructed in a heavy gloomy style, and rather impress the mind with horror than solemnity on entering them. Vestiges of the splendid superstition of ancient cathedral service are seen in five rich copes, still preserved in the vestry, the dresses worn by the dignitaries of the church four hundred years ago.

The castle of Durham, intended for the bishop's winter palace, (although he be seldom here, except to meet the judges) stands close to the cathedral, on the same inaccessible rocky eminence, and is connected with it by *Turnstall-gate*, an ancient portal built by the bishop of that name. It is of Norman architecture; the keep probably as ancient as the time of William the Conqueror; originally extremely strong and calculated to keep a jealous eye over, and afford immediate assistance to, the subjacent town, perpetually in danger of incursion from the borderers, during the wars that subsisted between the English and Scotch. In conformity to this intention of strength and security in the edifice, which precluded elegance and lightness, all within is gloomy and sombrous. A monstrous hall first receives the visitor, one hundred and

eighty feet long, thirty-six feet high, and fifty feet wide, formerly appropriated to the princely feasts which the bishops were accustomed to afford to the neighbourhood on certain days of the week; but now only echoing to the clatter of dishes and the ringing of knives and forks in assize time, when the judges and their suite are entertained here during their stay at Durham. It contains a few busts, casts from the antique, two of which (Cæsar and Antinöus) were confidently pronounced by our ancient matronly *ciceroni* to be Adam and Eve, and the following full length portraits:

*John Overall Bishop of Norwich*; by Camden reported "a prodigious learned man." He was educated in Trinity-College, Cambridge; thence elected to the mastership of Catherine-Hall; and, from his learning and piety, selected by Queen Elizabeth as a proper successor to Dr. Nowell in the deanery of St. Paul's. In the following reign he was promoted to the bishopric of Lichfield, and in 1618 translated to the diocese of Norwich, where he died the following year.

*John Cosin Bishop of Durham*; who was (whilst prebendary of this diocese, and dean of Peterborough) accused of favouring superstitious innovations in the church, and amongst the first whose benefices were sequestered by the parliament; upon

which he retired to Paris, and officiated as chaplain to the protestant part of Henrietta Maria's family, and was afterwards appointed to the see of Durham. Obiit. 1671. Æt. 72.

*Thomas Cranmer Archbishop of Canterbury.* His rise and fall may be ascribed to the same cause—his zeal in furthering the divorce of Henry VIII. from Catherine of Arragon; whilst it gained him the favour of the sated husband, it entailed on him the resentment of his daughter Mary, who could not forget the injury sustained by her queen-mother. The conduct of this learned prelate has been equally the subject of exaggerated praise and undeserved censure; but truly heroic was the fortitude with which he closed a well-spent life of sixty-seven years. Thirlesby Bonnor, with two of the Queen's proctors, went to Oxford to degrade him; and having dressed him in all the ornaments of an archbishop made of canvas, he was stripped of them piece by piece, but refused to surrender his crosier; they then put him on a yeoman-beadle's gown, and a townsman's cap, and remanded him to prison. He was persuaded to sign a recantation; and was afterwards burnt before Baliol-College in 1556, when he thrust his hand into the fire, for being the instrument which produced his recantation.

*Matthew Parker*; the second protestant archbishop of Canterbury. He was not only a great patron of learning, but a liberal encourager of the arts; he formed large collections relative to the History of England, which he bequeathed to Christ's-college, Cambridge, of which he had been master. He published the Bishop's Bible, and several of the old English historians; translated the Psalms into English verse; and was the founder of the Antiquarian Society. Obiit 1575, Æt. 72.

*John Whitgift Archbishop of Canterbury;* frequently stiled the *English Pope*, from the zeal and eagerness with which he carried into execution the penal statutes against all who dissented from the established church, during the reign of Elizabeth. Obiit 1603, and was succeeded by

*Richard Bancroft*; who was translated from the see of London. He proved himself a no less rigid disciplinarian than his predecessor. Chelsea college was *originally* designed for the reception of students, who should answer all Popish and controversial writings against the Church of England; and the institution, if not projected, was certainly warmly patronized by Bancroft, who bequeathed to it his very valuable library, in case it was built within six years after his decease. But the plan never having been compleated, his books were by

another clause devised to his successors for ever at Lambeth; where they now are deposited, and have been considerably augmented by subsequent bequests. Obiit 1610, Æt. 67.

*Launcelot Andrews Bishop of Winchester*; who successively filled the sees of Chichester, Ely, and Winchester, and materially bettered all the places where he had preferment; one of the most pious, learned, and amiable prelates that ever were advanced to the episcopal chair. Well skilled in fifteen languages, his discourses are infinitely better than the usual stile of writers of those times, but so overloaded with Latin quotations and quaint phrases as no longer to be held in very high estimation, in consequence of the improvement which has taken place in that species of composition. Obiit 1626, Æt. 71.——*Archbishop Laud.*

The *black parlour*, so called from its being fitted up with wainscoating of that tremendous hue, is a good specimen of all the other apartments, which seem to be well calculated for producing that hypochondriacal affection known by the name of the "Blue Devils." We were gratified, however, in the *gallery*, by the most beautiful piece of Saxon masonry we had ever seen; it is an arch-way, formerly connecting this passage with an apartment, but for many centuries, perhaps, stopped up and

unknown. The present bishop, whose munificence fully equals his ability, to make improvements and alterations in this venerable pile, accidentally discovered the arch-way, and directed it to be cleaned and repaired. The number of mouldings, the variety of ornaments, the beauty of the pattern, and the nicety of the workmanship, render it unquestionably the most interesting monument extant of the Anglo-Norman architecture.

In the *common dining-room*, from the circumstance of its late alterations, a man might make a comfortable meal. Here we found half-lengths of *George* II. and his *Queen Caroline Wilhelmina of Brandenburg*; and on looking from its windows, had an extremely singular view of the town which crouched below us, and the river nearly encirling it, its bridges, and wooded banks. To these we descended by a path from the church-yard, and here entered upon the celebrated walks opened and kept in repair by the dean and chapter, which accompany the bending of the stream, and command several singular and interesting peeps at the city and its august ornaments, the castle and cathedral. The banks, rocky and abrupt, on one hand, and sloping gently to the river on the other, darkened by a solemn depth of shade, sequestered and retired, in the immediate neighbourhood of a busy scene of society, afford a

retreat of the most beautiful and agreeable nature imaginable. The variety of the scenes which they open also is remarkable; deep glades and solemn dells; scarred rock and verdant lawn; sylvan glades and proud castellated edifices. From the elegant new bridge, the last-mentioned feature is seen to great effect; the castle and cathedral blending their battlements and turrets together, rise with inconceivable majesty from the sacred groves which clothe their rocky foundations. The combination here of trees and buildings, water and rock, home sylvan scenery and fine distance, is at once beautiful and grand.

Quitting Durham by the Newcastle turnpike, we bent our course towards Cocken-Hall, the property of Mr. Carr Ibbetson; and for this purpose turned out of the great road at the three-mile stone, and stretched across a country hardly passable in the finest weather for wheel-carriages; a nearer way than by Chester-le-street, but accompanied with difficulties that more than equal the advantage of lessened distance. On reaching the mansion, which stands upon a hill, and overlooks a pleasing country, we were unspeakably disappointed to find that the small but select collection of pictures which rendered Cocken-Hall one of the shew places of Durham, had been removed on the preceding

year; that the groves had been cut down, the walks neglected, and all the elegancies of the place destroyed. Its natural beauties, however, still remained; and to these, and the neighbouring ruin of Finchale-Abbey, we proceeded in silent sadness, accompanied by an hind, who promised to point out what features the place had lost since the desolating angel had commenced his career there. The grand object of Cocken, and from which almost all its beauties arise, is the river Wear, which leads its serpentine course over a rocky bed, through banks of uncommon picturesque beauty, immediately under the grounds belonging to the house. Beneath the lofty perpendicular face of rock which rises most sublimely over the water, was the principal walk, varied by infinitely diversified combinations of wood and rocks to the left; and opposed, on the other side of the river, by a soft pastoral scene of gentle slope and wooded meads.

Amid this pleasing tranquil rural picture, on a little plot pushing into a sweep of the river formed by the receding rocks on the other side, are seen the venerable ruins of Finchale-Abbey, the retreat of pious Godric in the twelfth century, who spent sixty-six years within its walls, in a series of mortifications and penances that astonish the lukewarmness of present religionists. It was given by

Bishop Flambard to the monastery of Durham, subject to the life of Godric; and continued part of its possessions till the Reformation, when its revenues amounted to 147l. per annum. Its ruins are considerable, many of them intelligible; and being sprinkled with ivy, and accompanied with surrounding wood, rock, and water, the whole would form a scene strictly picturesque, were it not spoiled by a modern-built farm-house attached to them, which throws out a contemptible little bow-window towards the furious stream that rushes impetuously over its rocky bed, immediately at the foot of the building. Perched up amid the venerable remains, this combination presented a good sample of modern coxcombry and affectation, contrasted with old-fashioned simplicity and sincerity; and with all that self-importance which generally accompanies intrinsic littleness, appeared to consider the attention and regard paid to its solemn associates, as a tribute due at least equally to itself; reminding us of the *conceited cock* in your favourite epigram:

" A cock, within a stable pent,
  Was strutting o'er great heaps of dung;
And aye, as round and round he went,
  The mettl'd coursers madly flung:
" Bravo!" cries he, " a decent noise;
  " *We* make a tolerable pother;
" But, let's take care, my merry boys,
  " We tread not upon one another."

Another cross road, difficult to find, but sufficiently good, led us to Lumley-Castle, three miles and a half from Cocken; a noble mansion belonging to the Earl of Scarborough, seen before it is approached, proudly lifting its battlements above the woods around it. The road, dipping into this shade, follows the brow of a deep ravine, through whose bottom is heard the roaring of the river Wear; the waters of which are hidden from the sight by intervening trees. On the summit of this elevation stands the castle, commanding the vale of Wear, a picture surprisingly rich and extensive; a square edifice, with a projecting tower at each corner, crowned with lesser towers, that rise out of every angle of them, and an area in the centre. The battlements of the larger towers are *machiolated*, or so constructed as to admit the passage of stones, fire, melted lead, or scalding-water, between the face of the tower and the stone-work of the turrets; the formidable manner of driving enemies from the gates and walls, before the invention of gunpowder had enabled assailants to attack from a distance. The chief entrance is at the west front, up a wide double flight of steps. The east front, however, is most august. It has a projecting gateway in the centre, commanded by turrets, and a machicolated gallery. Several armorial bearings are

executed above the gate in very good masonry. This front of the building is untouched, and affords us a good example of the stile of castellated architecture in the reign of Richard II. when it was erected by Sir Ralph Lumley. It almost approaches the brink of the steep descent which hurries down to the foaming Wear, admitting only a path or terrace between its walls and the brink.

The *hall* is a striking apartment, and instantly brings back the times of old to the mind, the feudal practices, and ancient English manners. It measures ninety feet in length, has its gallery for minstrelsy; exhibits a figure on horseback, clad in armour; and has its walls cloathed with imaginary portraits of the Lumley family. They are as follow:

1. *Leulphus.* 2. *Uchtred.* 3. *Gulielmus*, who married Hesleden. 4. *Sir William Lumley.* 5. *William de Lumley*, who married Dandre. 6. *Sir Robert de Lumley*, who married Lucy Thevenge. 7. *Sir Marmaduke Lumley*, who married Margaret Holland. 8. *Sir Ralph de Lumley*, the first baron, in his parliament robes, who built the mansion. 9. *Sir John de Lumley*, who married Felicia Redman. 10. *Richard* II. in his royal chair, Lord Lumley in his robes kneeling; above the figure, "R. R. II. A.D. 1385, A. Reg. 8." 11. *Sir Thomas Lumley*, who married Margaret daughter of Sir James Har-

rington. 12. *George Lord Lumley*, who married Elizabeth Thornton. 13. *Sir Thomas Lumley*, who married Elizabeth natural daughter to Edward IV. 14. *John de Lumley*, who married Joan daughter of Henry Lord Scrope. 15. *Richard de Lumley*, who married Ann daughter of Sir John Conyers. 16. *George Lumley*, who married Jane daughter of Sir Richard Knightly. 17. *Elizabeth*, daughter of Lord Dareye, of Chiche, and second wife of Sir John Lumley, who was restored in blood the first year of Edward VI. There are also several marble busts in niches.

The *dining-room* is a magnificent room, coved ceiling, and stuccoed; but unfinished. Its views, both home and distant, are beautiful; we there find

*Ralph Lumley*, a small whole length. Marked 1567. Ætat. 78.

*John Lord Lumley* was son of George Lumley, who was executed for high-treason *temp.* Henry VIII. but this peer, on the death of his grandfather, petitioned against the attainder of his father, and was relieved from its penalties, by receiving from Edward VI. the title and estate of Baron Lumley. Previous to the coronation, he was made knight of the Bath by Queen Mary, and held considerable employments under Elizabeth; but was imprisoned on suspicion of encouraging the designed marriage

of Mary Queen of Scots with the Duke of Norfolk. His name afterwards appears in the commission for the trial of that unfortunate princess; and in the following year for that of Secretary Davison, accused of sending the warrant for Mary's execution, without the knowledge of Elizabeth; for which he was sentenced to imprisonment, and a fine of 10,000l. He was not less in the estimation of James I. who purchased his valuable collection of books, (after his decease) which formed the ground-work of the royal library. Ob. 1609.

*Ferdinand de Toledo Duke of Alva*, whose life displays as many and as great military exploits as were ever atchieved by an individual commander; but the glory of which was totally eclipsed by the rigour and cruelty which he practised upon those who were conquered by the Spanish forces. Of his savage temper some calculation may be formed, from his boast of having, during his command in the Low Countries, caused eighteen thousand persons to perish by the executioner. Ob. 1582, æt. 74.

*Jane Fitzallan*, eldest daughter and co-heiress of Henry Earl of Arundel, wife of John Lord Lumley. She is deservedly celebrated as a learned lady by Ballard and Lord Orford, having translated many Latin and Greek authors.

*James Duke of Monmouth.*

In the *music-room*, we find

*Ambrose Dudley Earl of Warwick*, son of John the great Duke of Northumberland; he was regarded as one of the brightest ornaments in the court of Elizabeth, by whom he was created Earl of Warwick. He signalized himself by his valour at the battle of St. Quintin, and his passive fortitude in defending Havre de Grace, of which he was governor, and wherein he received a wound in his leg, of which he died 1589.

*John Lord Lumley*, 1583, in splendid steel armour, studded with gold.

*Thomas Ratcliff Earl of Sussex*, a grand full length. He was equally a favourite with Elizabeth and Mary, and lord-deputy of Ireland in both reigns. Obiit 1583. He is represented in elegant white armour, with gold embroidered breeches; and this motto—*Amando et fidendo troppo son ruinato.*

*Duke of Suffolk*, 1598. Either the title or date on this picture must be erroneous, as the last Duke of Suffolk died 1553.—*Judge Lumley*, 1583.—*Richard Bertie* married Catherine widow of Charles Brandon Duke of Suffolk. Ob. 1582.—*Villiers Duke of Buckingham.—Killegrew and his dog.*

*Sir Thomas More*, in a furred robe and Capuchin cap. This bright ornament of the 16th century was the first *lay chancellor* on record. His pro-

found erudition, mild worth, and deep penetration have endeared his name to posterity; though they were not sufficient recommendations to the tyrant Henry, who acknowledged no laws above his own will and pleasure; and who having, without ceremony, placed himself at *the head of the church*, expected as ready sacrifices to convenience from all his subjects; but More, who could not so soon "quiet saucy conscience," resigned his situation; and still continuing to deny the king's supremacy, was doomed to experience the weight of his power, and was executed on Tower-hill, 1535. Æt. 62.

In the *drawing-room*,

*Sir Anthony Browne* was master of the horse to Henry VIII. and one of the executors to his will. This is a most curious half-length.—*Lord Townshend.*—A singular groupe of four half-lengths, portraits of high antiquity; purporting to be *Zebedee*, his *wife*, and *two sons.*—*Lady Sydney*, daughter to Secretary Walsingham, wife to Robert Earl of Essex; by Holbein.—*John Duke of Argyle;* whole length.—*Sir Thomas Saunderson Lumley, third Earl of Scarborough;* whole length.—*Thomas Windham, M.D.L.* drowned on the coast of Guinea, 1550.—*Sir George Saville*, connected with the Lumleys by the marriage of his sister Barbara to Richard late Lord Scarborough, whose

second son inherits the estate, and bears the name of Saville.—*Sir John Petre;* half-length. A very fine picture, but wilfully defaced by a scoundrelly broker, because it was not to be purchased.

*Andrew Doria,* a very fine half-length on wood; inscribed *pater patriæ,* and never was title more deservedly bestowed on any man. He was of an ancient Genoese family, and appears literally to have been a *warrior by profession,* having been equally engaged for and against Francis I. and Charles V. to both of whom he successively proved of service and injury. He nobly refused the sovereignty of his own country; and preferred to have his name recorded as its deliverer, by repressing the conspiracy of Lewis de Fiesco. He died at Genoa 1560, æt. 94; when his countrymen did honour to themselves, in erecting a monument to the memory of this great patriot and naval commander.

*Henry Howard Earl of Surrey;* half-length. He was amongst the numerous victims who yielded to the relentless temper of Henry VIII. who never spared woman in his lust, nor man in his wrath. This proud ornament of the age in which he lived fell a sacrifice to the jealousy of that monarch, who suspected that he aspired to the crown, because he had quartered the arms of Edward the Confessor on his scutcheon; he was, therefore, condemned

and beheaded, after the formality of a trial, 1546. Pope, in his 'Windsor-Forest,' has paid this tribute to one of the first refiners of English poetry:

"Here noble *Surrey* felt the sacred rage,
"*Surrey* the *Granville* of a former age;
"Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance;
"Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance."

*Henry Earl of Arundel*, (half-length) the last of the name of Fitzallan. He was greatly instrumental in fixing Mary on the throne, by whom he was appointed steward of the household, and retained his employment under Elizabeth; during whose reign he first introduced the use of coaches into England, having imported one of these vehicles from France, where he had retired, on finding that Leicester had supplanted him in the queen's favour. But, on his return home, he joined his rival and others in a plot against Cecil. Ob. 1579.

*Robert Dudley Earl of Leicester;* half-length; in a very fashionable dress of Elizabeth's time, crouded with point. He is reported to have introduced into England a fashion which has fortunately not continued in such high estimation or constant use as the invention of his rival, namely, "the Art of Poisoning;" having, according to 'Howel's Letters,' vol. iv. p. 451, endeavoured to

persuade Walsingham that it would be lawful to poison Mary Queen of Scots. Ob. 1588.

In the *dressing-room*,

*Sir William Petre*, secretary of state to Henry VIII. Mary, Elizabeth, and Edward VI. It is probable that he owed his good fortune, in retaining his post in reigns of such different tempers, to the politic maxim of a contemporary statesman, namely, "by being supple as the willow, not stubborn as the oak."—*Sir Anthony Browne Viscount Montacute.*

We had now reached the *coal country*, marks of which appeared at Lumley, where are pits and engines in the very neighbourhood of the castle. All beauty of scenery vanished from this point, and nothing occurred to make amends for the loss but two or three little villages, entirely inhabited by colliers, who are employed in the mines to supply the immense fleets of Sunderland with their freights of coal. That of Warden-Row presented a very agreeable picture, as we passed through it on the Sunday evening, peopled entirely by these sons of the earth and their families; we here saw a decency in persons and habitations, and a decorum and civility in manners and behaviour, that one seldom meets with in more refined societies of men; which told so much in their favour, when placed in comparison with most of the towns through

which we had passed, as drew from V— a similar observation with the stranger at the Athenian theatre, that though the inhabitants of other places may know what courtesy is, yet those of Warden-Row practice it.

Sunderland, situated on a tongue of land, descending steeply to the river, is not seen till it be nearly approached, and offers an handsome entrance through a street of modern houses, a new creation grown out of the improving trade of the place. It consists chiefly of one good street of great length, another of less consideration in a parallel direction, and several lateral ones diverging from the principal one at right angles. An immense increase of population had arisen from the successful prosecution of the coal trade, which was rapidly increasing till the war checked the spirit of speculation. It numbers, however, at present, under every disadvantage, including the adjacent hamlets of Bishop-Wearmouth, Monk-Wearmouth, and the north side, are estimated at forty-two thousand inhabitants.

Four different bodies of people extract a profit from the Sunderland coals, before they appear in a foreign market:—The colliers, who dig them; the proprietors of the mines, who sell them to the third description of people, the *fitters*, a sort of middle-

men, who bring the article from the mines, and deliver them to the fourth description of persons concerned—the merchants. The largest profit is derived to the *fitters*, whose risque is nothing, and payment prompt. They receive about a shilling a chaldron for coal sold, and for the trouble of providing keels and keelmen, who, however, are paid for by the ship-owners; and the fortunes acquired in this place are generally by them. Indeed, of late the trade altogether was rather a losing concern; and during the Northern disagreement, when the ports of the Baltic were shut, many of those concerned in it were compelled to live upon their capitals. The truth is, a very large proportion of the coals are taken off by the Northern ports; but, by being excluded from a sale there, the merchants were under the necessity of sending them to London. Here the market was over-stocked, and the article consequently remained unsold, or at least was disposed of to disadvantage. The merchants, therefore, as the lesser evil, relinquished their speculation, and laid up their ships; but still continued subject to a considerable loss in the maintenance of the crews, who, being chiefly apprentices, were to be kept in food and cloathing, notwithstanding they could make no return by their labours. On the opening of the Northern ports, however, trade

found its level again, and is now carried on as briskly as before. The Sunderland coals are very good, but so slow in their combustion, that they are proverbially said to make three fires.

The greatest object of curiosity in Sunderland is its iron bridge thrown across the river Wear, forming an arch so lofty as to allow large ships to pass under it with only their top-gallant masts lowered. Tom Paine (as I have before observed) was the original inventor of these extraordinary structures, the grandest specimens, perhaps, of the powers of modern art; Mr. Burdon afterwards improved upon his ideas; but Mr. Wilson, who now lives upon Sunderland bridge, put the finishing hand to the invention, by suggesting the perfect plan on which this vast fabric is constructed. It is formed of cast-iron, and cost 30,000l. The span of the arch is two hundred and thirty-six feet; height one hundred; and the spring of the arch thirty-three feet. The foundation-stone was laid on the 24th of April 1793, and the bridge opened for service on the 9th of August 1796. A man who attends at the toll-house for that purpose, introduced us to a platform which commands a view of the interior of the bridge; where our astonishment was still more excited by tracing the detail of this magnificent erection. We here observed that it

was formed by six longitudinal ribs, each consisting of one hundred and five joints nearly two feet in length, bound together by huge cylindrical tubes of cast iron, forming horizontal and perpendicular cross-pieces. Large circular rings of solid iron, gradually diminishing from the abutments to the centre of the bridge, connect the ribs with the platform. The largest of these measures in diameter forty-two feet, and weighs upwards of two tons. The obvious advantages of these structures over stone bridges—a lessened expence, a speedier erection, and a greater durability—have rendered them very common since this at Sunderland was put up. Mr. Wilson very properly enjoys nearly the exclusive advantage of designing and superintending them; and has lately shipped for Jamaica one upon an immense scale, to be erected at Kingston in that island.

Passing over this noble bridge, we changed our eastern direction, and taking a north-western route, advanced through a country deformed by collieries, curious but unpicturesque, towards Gateshead, built upon the southern steep bank of the Tyne, and separated from Newcastle only by the interjection of that river. This is a large place, containing 714 houses, 1467 families, 2806 males, and 3238 females; and enjoying the same trade,

though not so large a portion of it as its important neighbour. On passing the bridge connecting this place with Newcastle, we could not but recollect the fatal catastrophe which had happened at the same spot in the year 1771, when a heavy fall of rain occasioned such a prodigious inundation in the river, as swept away the old stone bridge, which had braved the tempests of heaven and the rage of the waters for five hundred years, and carried off at the same time ten houses, in which were six living human creatures. Nothing could heighten the terrors of the scene so much as the "loud "laments" which issued from the unfortunate sufferers, who for a long time had the horrible prospect of inevitable destruction before their eyes, by the lingering fall of the house in which they were, nodding over the abyss of waters before it fell; and no human exertions availing to prevent the crash, or save the inmates.

The vast trade of Newcastle is visible on first entering it, from the bustle of its quays, and the animation of its streets. This chiefly consists of the coal-trade, which it has enjoyed for several centuries past. As early as the thirteenth century, the inhabitants of Newcastle exported this useful fossil to the continent, and in the ensuing one found a market for it in the metropolis. Singular

to say, the backwardness in the articles of convenience, or the ignorance of our ancestors, was such, that even in the reign of Edward I. coals were considered in London as a nuisance, and on a petition of the inhabitants of the metropolis in 1307, a proclamation was issued by the king, forbidding the burning of coals to the trades which were supported by their use. This absurd prohibition continued in force for above half a century, when good sense at last triumphed; it was permitted to bring the article to London under the small duty of sixpence per ton for every ship that came from Newcastle. Increasing very rapidly from this time, the coal trade became an important object of attention to government, which issued, in 1421, several regulations respecting the length of the keels, in order to ascertain the quantity of coals shipped at the port, and the duty to be paid there. Improving with the gradual extension of commerce, Newcastle is now the first place in the world for the coal-trade; its exports are calculated at 589,600, and its home consumption at 100,000, Newcastle chaldrons. This immense produce is supplied from collieries in the neighbourhood of the place; the principal of which, their names, and depths, are as follow:

| NORTH. | | SOUTH. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| *Below Bridge.* | | *Below Bridge.* | |
| | Fathom. | | Fathom. |
| St. Anthon's | 135 | Sherift-Hill | 80 |
| Heaton-Main | 80 | Tyne-Main | 65 |
| Walker - - | 100 | Brandling ditto | 70 |
| Bigg's-Main | 90 | Usworth - - | 77 |
| Wall's-End - | 105 | Hebburn - | 132 |
| Burton - - - | 105 | | |
| Wellington - | 121 | | |
| Flatworth - | 86 | | |
| *Above Bridge.* | | *Above Bridge.* | |
| Wylam - - | 32 | Whitefield - | 45 |
| Walbottle - | 51 | Pontop - - | 80 |
| Baker's-Main | 25 | Tanfield - | 45 |
| Montagu ditto | 60 | South-Moor | 45 |
| Kenton - - | 70 | Low-Moor - | 60 |
| Adair's-Main | 95 | Team - - | 60 |

The stratification of these works is for the most part more horizontal than that of other great fields of coal, particularly below the bridge to the east of the town, where the general declination to the north-east may be about one foot in seven yards. Brown and white freestone, here called *post*, and argillaceous *schistus* of various thickness and hardness, called blue, grey, or black metal, or metal-stone, (according to their hardness, and proportion of gritty and micacious particles) are the accompanying *strata*; their orders and thickness, as well as of the beds of coal varying in the different works. The coal produced from these mines

is, for the most part light, friable, full of *bitumen*, caking in burning, and leaving a cinder after repeated burnings with little ashes, and these of a reddish brown colour. This is the better sort; the inferior burns more quickly, makes less cinder, and leaves white ashes, but is not much esteemed. The whole of this is brought down from the works in waggons along rail-roads, and poured, by covered wooden channels called *staiths*, (run up at the edge of the river near the works) into boats, or *keels* as they are here denominated, a clumsy oval vessel, carrying about twenty tons each. These convey the freight to the vessels. The coal-mines are chiefly, though not all, worked by companies of *undertakers*, who receive leases from the landed proprietors for that purpose. From these people the *fitter* receive the article, and deliver it to the ship-owner, who pays them in notes of six weeks date, and runs the risque of the sale in London. The number of people employed on the river in this vast trade are as follows; Colliers, 6700; Keelmen, 1547; Trimmers, 1000; Seamen, 9000.—The population of Newcastle, exclusive of Gateshead, is 28,294; of which 15,945 are females, and only 12,349 males. The houses amount to 3276, and the families to 6845; a calculation that gives $8\frac{2}{3}$ to a house, and

$4\frac{1}{2}$ to a family. The number of shipping cleared out from this port last year will at once give you an idea of the extent of its trade. There were 7840 vessels employed in exporting coal, coal-tar, and cinders; grind-stones, lead in all its forms; iron, wrought and cast; glass, pottery, bricks and tiles, particularly fire-bricks; colours, copperas, soda, butter, bacon, &c. and in importing timber, bar-iron, hemp and flax, seeds, corn, tallow, smelts, port-wine in vast quantities, and brandy; and West-India produce, brought by three or four ships yearly direct from Jamaica.

The manufactures of Newcastle, also, (including some other places on the river) are very numerous; they may be divided into two classes.—*First*; such as depend chiefly on the cheapness of fuel:

1. Glass-works; of these there are twenty-one on the river, at Newcastle, Lemington, and South-Shields; where crown and broad window-glass, and flint green and common wine-bottles are made.

2. Potteries; of these there are seven employed in the manufactory of Queen's-ware, and some others for coarse and common ditto.

3. Iron-works; which divide themselves into, 1*st.* the extensive wrought-iron work (the largest in the kingdom) called *Crawley's*, where every thing is made, from the heaviest anchor to the

common hoe; and an important discovery lately adopted, of converting pig iron into bar ditto. To this work must also be added that of Messrs. Hawkes', at New-Deptford, on the south shore, contiguous to Gateshead. *2d.* The steel-manufactories at Swallwell, Team, &c. *3d.* A new smelting-work at Lemington, where the iron-stone procured from Whitley and Scarborough is smelted.

*4th.* A great many founderies.

4. Lead-works; which also admit of the following divisions: *1st.* Five works for the manufactory of white and red lead, and litharge. *2d.* Two or three refineries for extracting the silver from lead.

5. Several extensive works for the manufacture of copperas from the *pyrites* in the coal-mines.

6. Colour-works.

7. Salt-works; these, indeed, have much declined since the great extension of the Cheshire salt trade. The salt is chiefly produced from sea-water, by evaporation; but some is procured also from salt-springs; one of which is applied to

8. A Soda-work; for the making of which its brine is particularly exempted from the salt-duty.

9. Soap-works.—10. Two extensive works for coal-tar, varnish, and lamp-black.

11. Smelts and sal-ammoniac works.

The *Second* great division of the manufactories of Newcastle are those connected with shipping:

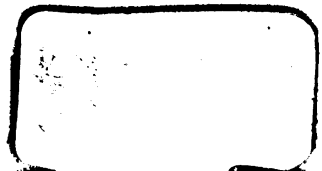
1. Many Ship-yards and Docks.

2. Several Roperies; particularly a very extensive patent work belonging to Messrs. Chapman.

3. Several Sail-Cloth factories.

To the above list may be added Mr. William Parker's patent Shot-Manufactory, rearing its lofty head above the other buildings of the town. This structure is built in the form of a circular tower one hundred and seventy-three feet high, mounted on the inside by a spiral stair-case. At the summit within the roof is a gallery from whence the workmen pour the liquid lead, to make the shot; which passing through a sieve, falls like a shower of rain into tubs of water placed at the bottom of the building; acquiring by these means that exact spherical figure which gives it the superiority over every other sort of shot. The manufactory employs about 80 people. From the balcony on the outside of the tower, a grand view is taken of the town, the river "studded thick with many a sail," and the adjoining dingy but well-peopled country.

Your's, &c. R. W.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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